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Mounſeur de BALZAC:

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THE CHOYCE LETTERS OF *MONSIEUR DE BALZAC.*

WRITTEN

To severall Grand and Eminent Persons in *France.*

Whereunto are annexed the Familiar Letters of *Monsieur de Balzac* to his Friend *Monsieur CHAPELAIN.*

Never before in English.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Dring* at the *George* in *Fleetstreet* neere St *Dunstans* Church. 1658.

THE CHOICE LETTERS OF MONSIEUR DE BALZAC.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

THE STATIONER TO THE READERS.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am not ignorant that the Book which now fills your hands, is uncapable to receive either Supplement or Ornament, from any Preface. And, it may be, in these wild times, there are few can be accused of such a degree of Conceitednesse, as to imagine that Balzac may be Complemented. Let this letter then be reckoned as a Tax payd to Custome: being sadly sensible that the labours of greatest merit are like to suffer as abrupt, & rude, except the Reader be courted and invited in the Dedication: There is one grievance more, which I earnestly deprecate; You commonly date the worth of the book, from the Abilities you taste in the Epistle; and if this Humor prevaile here, I am Undone. Besides, you destroy my harmlesse designe, which was to try whether the Noble

conceptions of the Monsieur, would admitt of any Advantage, and appear more orient, as they are foil'd by this trifle:

If any shall dispute the Decency of the Title, and aske, How these letters came to be call'd choise, since none fell from the same incomparable pen, which did not challenge the same Denomination; I shall easily yeeld: but, must crave leave to affirme; that by persons of high discernment, these have bin gather'd as prime Stars from the other Sporades, and are here presented in one entire Constellation: There was nothing but Gold in the whole Mine; but here you will find such as has bin tried and stamp'd and pass'd in all places, not only Currant, but Admir'd.

He is much a stranger to the world, that does not know that the style of Monsieur Balzac was consider'd in France, as the Treasure and Test of Elegance: And he was esteem'd the best proficient, in that which they call flos linguæ, the Delicacy, fineness, and Idiom of language, who had attayn'd the neareſt Resemblance of this Author; Observe the vigour and flame of his fancy, the Cleanneſſe and Roundneſſe of his expression, the spirit and briskneſſe of his Notions, the prudence and Insinuation of all his Addresses, and you will judge him a fit Parallel for any of his Predeceſſors, that Rome or Athens has most celebrated.

The Comedian was handsomely careſs'd by him that said, If Jupiter would speake Latine, He might find Apparrell for his thoughts in Plautus his wardrobe; Possibly, if the same Jove had occasion to

transſ-

transmit his pleasure (those Gods wanting the mysticall waies of Communication which we now ascribe to spirits) be had chosen no other Mercury, but this Frenchman:

I am unwilling to be guilty of so much folly, as to define or distinguish Letters, and then list them under their severall Colours, descanting upon those perfections, which render them peculiarly gratefull to knowing men: lest any should suspect that this one Letter was not written by myselfe. Gentlemen, I shall not blush to acknowledge, that 'tis much my Interest this volume should be generally read: For I believe there is Charme enough in it to dissolve the most covetous Resolutions: And that such revenues of pleasure and improvement will arise from the perusall of this book, as may prevailingly tempt the greatest husbands to buy more.

Your humble servant

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THE CHOISE LETTERS OF M. de BALZAC,

THE FIRST BOOK.

LETTER I.

To Monsieur de St Chartres, *Counsellour to the King in the grand Councill.*

SIR,

I Cannot apprehend upon what inducement you persist so resolutely to love me. My unsuitable deportment might have extinguisht the ardour of your passion; and I know not any reason that could oblige you to court the amity of the most unsociable and useless person in the world. Certainly, 'tis a very strong and generous inclination, that moves you towards a subject so little attractive, and brings your Cares even as farre as this Desart, wherein they can neither meet the entertainment

they [illegible] with [illegible]
am [illegible]
ter, [illegible]
much [illegible]
the [illegible]
gag'd [illegible]
ceiv'd [illegible]
rudeneſſe and auſterity of my humour as long as you pleaſe, whilſt I continue a perfect hatred to the profeſſion, that ſet raiſ'd me in [illegible] opinion. I have diſcarded all my *Hyperboles* and my *Antitheſes*, with the reſt of the paint of *Rhetorick*. Therefore, notwithſtanding my devotion to the perſon you ſpeak of, 'tis a greater violence then I can enforce upon my ſelfe, to undertake the Title and Office of a Wit; and write letters to her, without either matter or occaſion. Since my quiet is not unregarded by you, I beſeech your dexterity to divert ſuch kind of tempeſts, and that I may receive this courteſie from you in lieu of that you deſigne in my favour from Monſieur the Commiſſary. Two yeares are paſt, ſince I was in the thoughts of his Lord the Treaſurer: and if in that ſpace, I had fed only upon returnes from the Exchequer, you may imagine my fare would have been extreamly ſlender and Philoſophical. I ſhould now be as meager and hollow as the Creatures that *Pharoah* dreamt of, and the Patriarch *Joſeph* interpreted. There is an Epigram of *Martialls*, we have ſometime read together, which might have afforded me compariſons to my dryneſſe, but that I was willing to give you notice, by the way, of my knowledge in the Hebrew, and that I could uſe the Dialect of ſome *Rabbins* of my acquaintance: the pleaſantneſſe of the raillery, will aſſure you, that I am not caſt down with melancholly and diſcontent. But yet, to declare my ſelfe well ſatisfi'd, and to pretend to belong to the Court by my Letters, now I do not ſo by my Penſion; would be ſuch an abſurdity, as might entertaine the ſpleen of the *Momus's*, and I ſhould have no reaſon to be offended at their mirth. If I am paid, I ſhall be oblig'd to the Pay-maſter, and yet not maligne any perſon. Though I be not paid at all, I here find reall conſolations againſt affections a thouſand times greater: And I ſhould ill ſerve very ill of Philoſophy, if having received more valuable benefits from her, then fortune ha's denyed me, I ſhould in this condition repine at any thing whatſoever. 'Tis for your friendſhip, Sir, that I acknowledge an engagement to my ſtars

and I beseech you to believe that I am and shall ever be most passionately,

SIR,

January. 18. 1639. *Yours, &c.*

LETTER II.

To Monsieur de Bois-Robert Metel, *Abbot of* Chastillon.

SIR,

I Cannot approve your scrupulous and excessive modesty, nor esteem it other then an injury to my affection that you tell me, you are deficient in your husbandry and improvment of it as you ought. It is too well rooted to need such curious looking to, and is none of those tender plants that fade immediately, if they misse one dayes watering. Things of robust and vigorous natures, do not require such continuall care and vigilancie; and their own firmenesse secures them enough, without the solicitous diligence of another. I will not put you to any trouble to preserve me, leave me to my own fidelity, and you shall never complaine of my losse. It is sufficient that I know you love me, and I acknowledge I have received such infallible proofs of this truth, that it is not possible for me to doubt its reality. You may spare all further care then upon what is essentiall, words are no longer the marks of intentions. There is a traffick of smoak driven as well by Letters, as by voice: and the honestest man that I saw in *Italy* would not vouchsafe so much as to unseale those that were deliver'd to him on the Holydaies of the Carnevall, (you understand the manner of that Country.) This was indeed to put the just valew upon trifles, and so rate them agreeably to their worth. There could be no greater justice render'd to Complements, then not to read them when they were received, in regard they were not intended when they were written. For my part, I do so little account of those affections in picture, that if the opinion I have of your generosity were capable of augmentation, it would have been rais'd to greater assurance, in that you treat me with lesse ceremony and talk. It is certainly very reproachfull to have grown old in an absolute conjunction of souls, and notwithstanding to be still at Protestations the first rudiments of friendship. Let us leave them all to those people that are delighted with repetitions of the same things, or have to deal with distrustfull and stubborn natures. This office is long since per-

form'd betwixt you and me; and since we have attain'd the end, to what purpose should we perplexe our selves about the meanes, and never let our Rhetorick be at quiet? Be pleas'd to believe me, and we shall do well enough. Those common Principles must be laid once for all, never to be stirred but in case of necessity; The first whereof is, that your affaires require more then four and twenty houres to the day, and my idleness is yet desirous of a greater excesse. The other, that you are and will be my friend in your heart, without troublesome obligation of it by fruitlesse civilities; as I likewise am and will be with the same reality,

SIR,

23. Aug. 1640. Your, &c.

LETTER III.

To Monsieur Du Pui, *Counsellour and Library-Keeper to his Majesty.*

SIR,

THe infinite value which I set upon your love, has's made me receive the tokens of it with a sort of extasie and triumph: and although as to the essentiall part of friendship your generosity do's sufficiently assure my possession, yet it is great contentment to me, that I have that in my Cabinet which unquestionably confirmes my Title. I received together with those dear pledges, the advantageous testimony you were pleased to bestow upon my Book, which I intend shall serve me as a buckler against all the insolences of Censure and the injustice of those perverse judges you speak of. I do not covet the suffrages of all the world; even the *Heroes* have come short of universall approbation. The most just and cleare cause has been brought into question and disputed. I have seen a Gallant in *Euripides Tragedies* accuse *Hercules* for a pitifull and cowardly Lubber; the morall whereof is this, that there is alwayes some body in the world that are of contrary opinions to the whole rest of mankind, and whose extravagant singularity is not scrupulous to put the lye upon the affirmation of all men upon earth. *Pro* and *Con* are of equall antiquity in the world with *Meum* and *Tuum*, and Reason is not of longer duration then opposition and disputes. Sound opinions have never been in peace or free from the Alarmes of Malice and Ignorance: and even at this day, how many *Sebilius's*, *Stella*, and *Heroes* are

upon

open warre upon poore truth? That part of it which has the holinesse of Religion and her Mysteries for its object, is of much greater importance, then that which is only interested in the contrivance of a Comedy, and the purity of language; and yet there were counted a hundred *Atheists* and *Sectaries* for one of a right perswasion. Every thing under Heaven is contradicted; yea, even what God himselfe hath spoken. We must look for unity of *Tenets* somewhere else; here we can find nothing but *Diversity* and *Mutiny*: for as long as there are heads and passions; there will be contentions and suits. I esteem my self Victor in all those that concern me; since you do me the honour to uphold the justnesse of my cause: and since it is at the house of Monsieur *de Thou* and not at that of Monsieur *de* —— where the true and lawfull Senate is held, whose right it is to judge our Book-affaires. Let the worst come, I do not so take things to heart as perhaps you imagine; since I write less to please others then to divert my selfe, and have need to be rouzed up that way from my repose, lest it turne into a Lethargy: it suffices me that your goodnesse dispences with my Papers as a Course prescribed by my Physician; and that you do me the favour to believe, It is not necessary to be perfectly eloquent to be perfectly what I am,

SIR,

Octob. 20. 1644. *Yours, &c.*

LETTER IV.

To Monsieur d'Argenson *Controller of the Revenue in* Poictou, *&c.*

SIR,

I Begin to conceive my solitude lesse obscure since I received the Title of *Illustrious* from the hand of one of his Majesty's Officers, and to esteem my selfe a more considerable person, in that you have daign'd from amids your high employments to cast an obliging aspect upon the valleys of my Hermitage. To reverence to you my manner of living, is an enterprize on which I dare not presume; neither would the Relation befit the Curiosity of him that understands the affaires of all Courts and States. Yet I must not dispute my obedience; and will tell you in a word either what I do or what I do not. My life, Sir, is a profound and drowzy pensivenesse, which yet is sometimes interrupted by not unpleasing visions. Hunting is the delight of my neighbours, but I affect it not: nor have I still in memory

of Husbandry, the divertisement of our Monsieur *d' Audiat*. Our woods do not afford me a Nymph to entertaine the tediousnesse of the time with, as the good man *Numa* had, and our honest friend *Des Turreaux*. I am no gamester at *Hoc*, *Primus* or Tick-tack. So that I am forc'd to busie my selfe sometimes upon my books to discusse the torpor and languishing of idlenesse. But 'tis for you know, that my meditations are not seldome brought to a perfect birth; I imploy paper and a Scribe, and am continually sending somewhat to my good Lords and friends, wherewith either to justifie my lazinesse, or request pardon for it. Since you intend to be at *Poitiers* the Fifteenth of this month, I have design'd a present of this nature to meet you there. And were not my Coach crippled by the lotte of two of my horses, I should my selfe be the bearer of my offering, and assure you in person, that I am with as much ardour as ever,

SIR,

Aug. 1. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER V.

To Monsieur the Abbot de Talan.

SIR,

HAd not Monsieur *de* —— given me assurance of your facility to pardon, I should not have presum'd to appear before you after a negligence of so many ages. You may please to judge the proportion of my remorse by the large period wherewith I compute the duration of my fault. I should have sinn'd above forgivenesse, according to the punctuall regularity of Complement on the other side the Mountains, and the Courtship of *Italy*. But I perswade my selfe you will allow somewhat to the French liberty. You have heard, there was once in *Italy* an honest man that made a Hymne to the *Goddesse Sloath*, and took it on him as a piece of honour to be her Priest. My ambition is not depraved yet to such extravagancie, and I shall not be competitor with him for his function. The cloudy fumes of my melancholly have not yet so overcast my reason, to make me in love with nothing but night and sleep. Although I am much affected with this Recesse of mine, as prohibiting admission to all Letters and Newes, yet I cannot but confesse that it is destructive to all civill society and commerce, and of neere resemblance to that wild condition of mankind before their union into Government. I acknowledge

my duty, although I wholly faile in the performance of it. It is true, I am sometimes enchanted for whole yeares together, and do no more correspond with my dearest friends, and next neighbours, then with our Enemies of *Spaine*, or the People that are separated from us by the maine Ocean. But it is also a truth, that in my profoundest drowsinesse I delight to be awakened with the remembrance of such persons as I infinitely honour and esteem, in which number I am proud to reckon you. It is yet a greater truth, Sir, that I shall ever most constantly observe the essentiall part of friendship, and remaine with much fervency, though with little blaze and shew,

SIR,

July. 14th. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VI.

To Monsieur de la Nauve, *Enseigne to the Quernes Guard.*

SIR, *My deare Cousen.*

I Conceive not your purpose in your so wasthull profusion of your Rhetorick, and heaping such elaborate complements upon me. Certainly, you could not have implored more, to gaine a coy Mistresse, or impose upon a credulous Enemy. It's a cleare evidence you have breath'd the Aire of Florence, and been scorched with the Sun of Rome; and that you are but lately arrived from the land of Eloquence. But though you come from that country, me-thinks you ought not to have us'd their style of *Italy*, when you are treating with an ancient *Gaule*. These caresses which would oblige another man, are in a manner injurious to me; and you wrong my affection in imagining it to stand in need of your fine language to feed and maintaine it's heat. I can professe of my selfe, without vanity; that I am an honest and good man; and on the other side without flattery, declare you for a person exceeding generous. And these being undisputable certainties, how can you apprehend any hazard of our friendship by our silence? does it depend onely upon a dozen lines every month? or is it built upon a foundation of Paper, that is, upon one of the slightest and weakest things in nature? I am not of this beliefe; and though I might justly blame my own pertinacious slothfullnesse, and alledge the multiplicity of your affaires for the discontinuance of our correspondence, yet I had rather referre it to the confidence of a perfect affection, which giving us an undoubted assurance each

of other, may safely dispense with both; for the observance of those petty Lawes which the world prescribes it selfe. If the *Shepherd*, be so happy as to be visited by the *Active* and *Industrious*, he will indevour to infuse some of his Maximes into him with his treatment of Muscadine grapes, and the fare of the village; using that of Virgil in lieu of all complements.

Aude, hospes, contemnere opes ——

In September, I expect the performance of your word, and am ever with all my soul,

SIR, *My deare Cousen.*

4 June 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VII.

To Monsieur de Gombervile.

SIR,

I Had not a lesse firme perswasion of the immutableness of your affection before, then I have now upon the receit of your Letter. Men knew how to love and to be faithfull too, before the art of writing was discover'd: And since that invention they have lyed, deceived, and betrayed one another with greater facility and cunning. Nay, the crafty malicious ha's even practis'd poisoning by Letters; and revenge ha's been ingenious to turne these marks of friendship into instruments of destruction. Yet I do not inferre from hence, that we should therefore never trust to a way of communication which may in possibility prove so dangerous. I onely say, we are not to be so precise about evidences of that dubiousness, and which serve oftentimes as well to disguise and corrupt truth as to declare it. 'Tis from our hearts that we receive sincere testimonies and assurances of our mutuall passion, though our commerce ha's not been manag'd with the stirre and heat of answers and replyes, yet neither ha's our quiet been cold and lifelesse; nor is silence the same thing with oblivion. Certainly if silence will not be allowed in the rank of Vertues, yet it containes innocence in it, and do's nothing at all detract from the purity of engaged fidelity: But which is some thing more, it conserves it in the memory, by locking and keeping it up in restraint. There is a certaine Author, either ancient or moderne, that in favour of this happy silence pronounces it, *The nourishment of the soul and its' conceptions.* I presume therefore,

that

that these tenne yeares past, you have had my company with you in contemplation. My pourtrait, (but far better drawn and by a more masterly hand, then that which you have of *Perdrinet's* doing) ha's never been out of your sight; and undoubtedly you have meditated of me during all this long intermission of our converse. You see what justice I do your friendship; and will not you judge as candidly of mine? And unlesse I should now assure you that I resound your name over all this Province; that I fill this part of the world with relations of the wonders of your generosity, and of the greatnesse of your accomplishments, and that when I would feast my fancy and entertaine it magnificently, I betake my selfe to the Court of King *Polexander*, could you possibly do bt of the certainty of such manifest and historicall truths? Since you know me so perfectly as you do, I conceive there is no necessity of unripping my breast to you every day: and being also fully perswaded of the affection I have for you, you cannot in reason doubt, that I am in all sincerity, or to speak in the style of those that come from *Paris*, that I am effectively,

SIR,

13. Feb. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VIII.

To Monsieur de Bellejoy.

SIR,

HOwever you are of a contrary opinion, your friend ha's reason to curse his profession. The stipend of a Partisan is preferable to the reputation of a Poet, and 'tis better to lodge in gilded Palaces, then to chante of the Golden age and lye in an Hospitall. The famed *Torquato Tasso* wore tatter'd breeches, and stood in need of charity. There is a Letter of his abroad in the world, wherein he implores the largesse of a crowne. And yet there is a certaine *Ignorant* that I could name, who counts his wealth by Millions, and pities the indigence of a Senatour of *Venice*. He dreames of purchasing Principalities and Kingdomes, if there were any to be sold; and his high raptures have scarce left him humility enough to judge himselfe deserving of lesse then Crownes and Scepters. But, I beseech yee, what meanes Monsieur the Kings Advocate to engage himselfe into the trouble of writing books? This is such an unseasonable absurdity as admits of no excuse. Surely 'tis too much Vacation

with

with him in his Law-Practice, and there is no great crowding in his apartment at the *Palais*. I cannot tell what he would have me say concerning the first race of our Kings, and his Latin observations upon the *Salick* Law. If he should send me the contract of *Pharamond's* mariage, and an extract of *Meraüit's* last will and Testament; or, to go higher, if he should present me with the originall of the Twelve Tables of the old Roman Lawes; with the first draught of those of *Solon*, or the Manuscripes of those of *Lycurgus*, and *Charondas*; yet all these rarities would not have power enough to awaken my benummed curiosity, or tempt me in the least to a desire of knowing more then I do already. My humour is become so fastidious of every thing that is Grave or Serious, that my appetite cannot possibly be restored, but by somewhat that is very delightfull and Merry. In the mood wherein I am at present, I would give both the Goddesses of Equity and Justice, with all the skill in the Lawes, the Ethicks, and the Politicks; for one drinking-song. I am not able to continue the trade any longer. The expectation of golden Letters from me is too unreasonable for my stock to furnish. But even now, I was overwhelm'd in a great crowd of complements of diverse languages; so that rather then go about to pay my debts, I am resolv'd to break, and make a solemne renunciation to all my Greek, Latin, and Freneh. I would sooner choose to get my selfe naturaliz'd in *Base Bretagne* and buy the place of a Tax-gatherer in the Town of *Quinpercorentin*. 'Tis more then four nights, since I clos'd my eyes to sleep. Have pitty, Sir, I beseech you, both you and the kings Advocate, upon

SIR,

19. March. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IX.

To Monsieur de Clairville.

SIR,

I Had very unquiet apprehensions of the Catarrhe of Monsieur de ——, and your Letter ha's not deliver'd me from them. How well complexion'd soever he appeares to your eye, I ever suspected the falseneese of that scarlet in his cheeks from the first day I saw him. There are deceitfull shows of a firme constitution, and roses of an ill omen. 'Tis not Art alone that is guilty of dawbing and counterfeit; Nature do's some times dissemble,

semble, and flatter us with a false Glosse. And hence it is, that I do not alwayes passe my judgment in favour of florid faces and a good colour. Yet I would not have you adde despaire to a man who ha's already received the allarme. Onely advise him thus from me, that he take care to settle his mind in peace, and that I forbid him studying with as much caution as riot. Since you assure me he ha's a great beliefe in my counsells, I enjoyne him to make no more Prefaces or Paraphrases; indeed, not to do any thing at all either in Prose or Verse, as an Author or Translatour. And this upon paine of incurring the displeasure of the dumbe Muse I lately shew'd him, which is added by a certaine Greek to the other Nine. She was well satisfi'd, as she affirm'd, with the secrecy of his thoughts, and a quiet possession of his Soul. O prudent Muse! transcendently more discreet then all her sisters. Of what incomparable excellency is silence, and how great the vanity of words and ceremony! We commit sins enough beside this, and there is nothing admits of a more easie reformation. But we had rather get rheumes and catarrhes, distill our brains by drops, and become hecticall and consumptive over our papers, then forbeare to make Prefaces and Paraphrases. In expectance of better newes of the health of Monsieur *de* ——, I rest,

SIR,

Jan. 10. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER X.

To Monsieur de Bois Robert Metell, *Abbot of* Chastillon.

SIR,

VVIth your permission I will begin my Letter as you end all yours, and tell you that I am overpress'd as well as you, although it be not with so faire a burden. I professe my selfe a fugitive from the world and a desertour of civill society. I proclaime this as much as possibly I can. And yet this world and this society make semblance not to understand me. They take no notice of a vow, which I caused to be publish'd in print, that every one might know it. My silence is molested every day by other mens Eloquence, and in penance for my sins I am forc'd to become the mark against which all the complements of France are levell'd. Is it impossible for me to be quit of this trade of a Letter-maker, which drawes persecution upon me from every side? And is there no way to resigne it into the hands

of

of some of our Brethren of the Academy, who perhaps love the employment and new acquaintances better then I do? Is it not extreamly ridiculous to have no businesse; and yet to write as much as a dozen Bankers; to be idle in perpetuall action, and notwithstanding alwayes at leisure, not to have so much spare time as to pick strawes on Holy dayes? I would faine keep my selfe for a few, and admit comerce only with some select persons. But what reason is there to expect a punctuall answer from me to Questions that come from *Roterque* and *Givandan*? or that I should make an Elogium upon a book sent me from *Castelnau d' Arry*, and give my approbation to a piece of Barbary-Latine, or low Brittany French? In which I must delude some with flattery, and incurre the displeasure of others by my freedome? Pardon me, I beseech you, the untoward humour wherein I am: I did not think it would have transported me so farre. Three great packets have irritated it, and almost made me forget what I owe to the civility of your friend. I intend to give him thanks more at large: But it cannot be till the returne of the next Post. I need at least a weeks time to compose my braine, and reduce the acrimony of my Rhetorick. I am ever most passionately,

SIR,

7. April. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XI.

To the same.

SIR,

I Do but little trouble my selfe with the thought of Eloquence, and much lesse of Fortune. I am fallen into that extream degree of languishment, that I have scarce strength enough to tell you of my deplorable condition, or courage to desire the health I want. You have done me singular favours, but I am destitute of taste even of the best things. I am at the same passe with that man of the Country of Epigrams, who desired thirst of him that offer'd him wine. 'Tis not Sir, that I am become so precisely devoted to sobriety, but because I have lost my appetite. Fortune which is able to fill the widest desires of ambition is not able to content the morosity of Melancholly. Even *Joy* her selfe would be hardly put to it, to cheere my dejected spirits; unlesse perhaps that *Holy-Joy* that resides in heaven, and very rarely descends to earth; where it lyes hid in the

breasts

breasts of the reverend Fathers, and glimmers upon the countenances of young novices.

Latitiam, quæ Cælicolum per limina semper
Discursat, sæpeque imos petit hospita terras,
Curarumque expers, lachrymisque exsosa virago
Exultat, tenuque abigit suspiria Cælo;
Hanc soli hic novêre deo gens plena, sodales,
Ignati et Franciscæ, tui, et quos carcere clausit
Infontes Bruno, Bernardique optima proles,
Innumeræ æternumque omnes gemus.

But I must here distinguish between my selfe and my melancholly. I do not cease to acknowledge the civilities that are done me, although I am not sensible enough to apprehend them with pleasure; and in the Lethargy of my other faculties, my reason acts strongly enough to keep me from being ingratefull for the new obligations I have to you. Be pleas'd to do me the honour to believe it, and never doubt of my constant fidelity. I will dye, as I have liv'd,

SIR,

10. Aug. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XII.

To Monsieur de Bonair.

SIR,

YOu cannot conceive how much I am displeas'd with the negotiation of Monsieur *de* ——— This was not to solicite for his friends Pension, but to make a purse and desire charity for a lazar. When I imagine the pathericall beseechings to which he was necessitated to descend for the obtaining of an ordinary answer, I blush for shame at tenne leagues distance, and a month after the thing done. Pardon my weakenesse; I am the worst beggar in France, I cannot crave importunately, or be glad of a favour that is gotten so. Monsieur *de* ——— was too obliging to debase himselfe so much in my behalfe and to esteem nothing unworthy of his quality, whereby he might do me a kindnesse. I shall desire much lesse from him another time. I had rather have only his good wishes naked and pure, then his good turnes that come with so much violence, and are rather extorted then granted. And the case would be equally

eligible

eligible to me for one to fling bread at my head, and that the bread were rather made of stone then flower. I am,

SIR,

Feb. 14. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIII.

To the same.

SIR,

IT is not for want of any kind endeavours on your part, that I am not in a state of congratulating the propitiousnesse of fortune. Were she an enemy that could be possibly reconcil'd you should be the mediatour to accommode our fewd. But without question she will never trust the businesse to you: and on the other side I should forward it so coldly, that it would be extreamly difficult to bring your good intentions to effect. Notwithstanding all adventures, I am already deeply engag'd to you; and search no further into the cause for which you are pleas'd to lay a new favour upon me. Yet I will not omit to tender my civilities, to the person you know of, and to testifie my acknowledgments to him in the manner you injoyne me. But a convenient time must be regarded; and the complement shall nevertheless be sooner at *Paris*, then the money can be brought to *Angoulesme*. In the meane time you may please to shew her the Letter of the late Marshall *d' Effiat*, which she is so desirous to see, and you shall receive with this Packet. She will there observe that in former times men could be pleasant and obliging in those places where now they deride and destroy; and that the raillery wherewith favours and courtesie were clothed in those dayes, was more honest and becomming then this which outbraves modesty and want. I am with much passion,

SIR,

4. Jan. 1640. *Your, &c.*

To Monsieur Charlot, *Farmer Generall of the Taxes.*

SIR,

I Never thought it would come to be necessary to recommend the Muses interest to you, who make profession of generously Monsieur *de Balzac* whose merits have given him an universall esteeme, complaines that you refuse him that contentment which

which he promiſ'd himſelfe from your favour. Although his rare qualities, beſides the juſtneſſe of his requeſt, may ſeem to ſpeak enough for him with a perſon ſo noble and intelligent, yet I was willing to write thus much to you, and aſſure you that I reſent the denyall you gave him as an injury done to me; as that on the contrary I ſhall alſo be partaker with him in the obligation, which your ſpeedy ſatisfaction of his deſires ſhall lay upon him. In confidence that you will not faile herein, I reſt,

SIR,

Paris 14 March. 1629. *Your moſt affectionate ſervant, d' Effiat.*

LETTER XIIII.

To my Lord Bouthilier, *Lord Treaſurer.*

My Lord,

YOu think you have done me but one favour, and I account I have received two. For in my Arithmetick 'tis a ſecond benefit, that you did not expect till I requeſted for the firſt; and the favour you have done me is not of much greater value with me, then what your readineſſe to anticipate my deſires ha's ſpar'd me. A man that petitions with trembling, and falls back upon the leaſt refuſall; who ha's all the neceſſary qualities that go to the making up of an ill Courtier is very much oblig'd to you for pardoning him ſo many feares and inquietudes as he ſhould have undergone in his addreſſes to you; and for that you have not had leſſe regard to his modeſty then his wants. Theſe goodneſſes are not after the faſhion of our age, nor even of a better then ours. For Antiquity ha's complain'd before us of a certain art of *Difficulty* whichgreat ones practice in the doing of good offices to enhance their price. They would have not onely Petitions and ſollicitations from their ſupplicants, but if they durſt, even be propitiated with Hymnes and Sacrifices. You act, My Lord, by principles more humane, and yet withall more noble. The obligation I have received comes ſo immediately from your ſelfe, that I did not ſo much as contribute my deſires to it, but you were pleaſed to prevent them. What I conceive I am bound to aſſure you of, in teſtimony of my gratefull reſentments, is this, my Lord; that I receive the obligation with all its circumſtances, and there is no part of it, to which I have not an eſpeciall regard. I am not ignorant, that

that in these dayes Philosophers are but little usefull to
State; or to learne what reason persons that are farre di
from the verge of the Court, have to hope for any influen
from it. I see that favours are distributed with much frugali
And the Astrologers have inform'd me of a mortall confe
tion in the Heavens, that hangs over the most deserved pe
ons. These considerations made me resolve to have nothi
nor desire nothing: and I commended the good mannagem
of him that did at first refuse me with scurvy Tickets. But,
Lord, you have corrected the Malignity of the Aspects, a
qualifi'd the Influence of the starres, in my favour. You w
pleas'd, to exempt me, by the prudence of your Conduct, fr
being involv'd in the calamities of the times, and partaking
the common losses. What shall I adde further? You h
either recover'd one from death, or raised that which was
ready dead. For in effect, I began to reckon my annuall a
lowance in the number of things past, and to style it, My pens
of happy memory. After my consideration and astonishme
at these evenements, all that I can do is to proclaime the Mi
cle, to blesse the hand that wrought it, and to protest to y
with the zeale and devotion of a soul sensibly oblig'd, tha
eternally am,

My Lord,

May. 12. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XV.

To the same.

My Lord,

YOur favours are conveyed with so gracefull and oblig
circumstances, and your manner of giving is so transce
dent above the vulgar, that if I did not apprehend somethi
in it beyond the advantages of the present, I might be def
vedly esteemed of such grosse ignorance, as not to be able
distinguish betwixt rarities, and ordinary occurrents. I owe y
new acknowledgments for a new favour; for which I shal
endeavour a retribution, if it were possible for my gratitude
be as ingenuous, as your goodness; and I had the gift to emb
lith fine language, as you have the art of adding value a
richnesse to gold. It is precious in its owne nature, but it re
ceives a higher price, from the stamp of your civility and co
ming to me from your own hands, I confesse I discern so
attract

extractions in it, as would have been unperceivable, if I had received it from the payment of an under-Officer. You made choice of this meanes to augment your gift, without enlarging the summe, and 'tis one of your delusions to multiply four thousand livres to me, even to infinity. For so I construe the course you were pleas'd to use in conferring an obligation upon me beyond the ordinary standart of courtesie. Since there is subtility and contrivance in your benefits, they must not be receiv'd so negligently and grossely as if they proceeded from a blind faculty and acting without understanding. The forme of it is worthy of as great esteem as the matter; and therefore I ought to be, not onely in the quality of one obliged for a favour done me, but as rationall and one curious of novelties,

My Lord,

20 Sept. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVI.

To Madam de Villesavin.

Madam,

IF you esteem things by their rarity, you ought to set a high rate upon my Letters. They come not oftner then Anniversary Festivalls; and though you oblige me every day in the place where you are, yet there needs a whole twelve months time to send you one bare thanks from hence. It is not that I begin to be a frugall husband of my words, after a squandring away of whole Volumes; and that I am growne Covetous of that only Estate I am thought to be rich in: But Madam, this estate being no more but the figure of sound, proceeding from the mouth, and the issue of a small emotion of the braine, I am ashamed that I am not able to present you with that which may properly be called *Some thing*; and it vexes me alwayes to employ my zeal, only to let you know it is unprofitable. To what purpose do we cruck with our protestations and drive a trade with our wishes? And to what end is it to expose to sale that which we want, and to enhance what we desire to gaine? to put our selves in the high straine onely to get a reputation to our poverty, and to guild the front of a Cottage made of earth and stubble? It is certainly farre better to say nothing with silence, then to say nothing in long harangues and discourses. I am confident Madam, you have a better opinion of an insolent m

n reality, that confesses himselfe so without pretences of sufficiency, then one that takes up all the sleights false artifices and points of Rhetorick only to dresse up an image of gratitude. I am not minded to undertake so unacceptable a service, and which I should manage with so ill successe. This would be the way to increase my debt by indeavouring to get a discharge; and after I had kept a great bustle, I should still find my selfe in the same place. I will take a clean contrary course, if you please and present my selfe to you once a yeare, onely to declare to you, that I will never pretend to acquit my selfe from my engagements, but eternally remaine,

Madam,

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

To the same.

Madam,

NEither my selfe nor my affaires are worth the trouble you take upon you. When you have an opportunity to oblige me, you think nothing beneath you: And you who are the most moderate person in the world do herein commit exorbitances. You break the limits of decorum, even you who so religiously observe them in all things else. Who was ever so surprized as I, when I understood you had given a visite to Monsieur *de* —— and that onely in favour of my interests? I cannot comprehend, Madam, how this person could receive such an honour, without descending from his high termes, and seeking their pardon by giving me immediate satisfaction. But there are a sort of souls, whose hardnesse is proofe against all soft perswasions: there is a Colony of Savages planted about *Paris* that understand nothing either *Faire* or *Honeste*, neither History, Oratory, the Muses or *Apollo*. Complements make no impression upon them, and they would resist even the power of Exorcismes. I conclude not from their barbarous nesse that you wanted authority, but I gather that vertue do's not exercise her credit, saving in the Civilited World. You can do, Madame, all that you promise me, to get my businesse effected another way. Your goodnesse is ingenious, ready and powerfull to oblige me, but I have already received the greatest obligation from you that possibly I can. For it is certaine giving me money would have been much lesse, then contributing of your patience

to

to my affaires, and receiving a denyall in my behalfe. I know not, whether in the like case my stomack would be as good as yours, or whether I could venture so farre in your service, though I am with all my soul,

SIR,

5 July. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVIII.

To Madam de Bourdet.

Madam,

Let the curiosity of people be as diligent and as laborious as they please, there can never be found odours that may be paralleld to those which you inspire into your sweet bags. The most subtle essences of Rome have a mixture of *terra damnata* and impurity, in comparison. The Spanish perfumes are sophisticate, and hurt more then they delight. These are all pure and innocent, quickning and recreating the heart after they have flattered the brain and reviv'd the spirits. They may be called a Masterpiece of Delicacy and Physick united. I may say that by your favour there remaines no sort of honest and ingenious pleasure undiscover'd: and yet I may proceed further, that if you were Queen of *Arabia the happy*, or the fortunate Islands, you could not have presented me with any thing worthier of those two faire Kingdomes. It is true, Nature is the first which labours in the production of odours, but it is you who afterwards cultivate her fertility and put her estate to improvement. Though Amber, Jasmin, and Orange flowers be in themselves excellent, you raise them into a temper that advances the noblenesse of their being. These exquisite things attaine their perfection in your hands; you purge them from all the defects of their matter, and bestow something on them beyond what they receive from the Sun. So that though he should come neerer us, by I know not how many degrees, and had the same power at *Sainctes* that he hath at *Memphis*, yet he would ever stand in need of your art. If you did not second him, he could not digest those rich and precious vapours, whose Oeconony and disposure is yours alone, into their just and requisite temper. But do not think, Madam, that I commend you for a vulgar Artist, and that thereupon I have a designe to reduce your merits to your fingers ends. I know your value is high, and it is certain your Province is owner of an ornament in

you, that deserves the Envy of the Court which shall some other time be discuss'd more largely and with effect. You will give me leave to tell you in the meane time, that it is no small matter to be Associat with the Sun, to guide his productions to their end, to understand the Art of making flowers durable, to build prisons for the most subtle and thin spirits that inhabite the aire. You confine them after such a manner, and your structure is so admirable, that they still streame forth, and notwithstanding remaine still lockt up in their fountaine. This halfe restraint hinders them onely from being lost in a totall liberty, and if they had been lesse barr'd up, it might happily have been, I should onely have received the tidings of their flight, and your civility. Because my good kinswoman procured it for me, she thinks she hath received it as well as I, and desires to testifie the thanks she owes you for it. Be pleas'd not to disallow that she comes in to my assistance, and charges her selfe with the conclusion of my complement. I resigne the hardest taske to her as being the most eloquent, and leave her all the part of returning thanks, to assure you in a single expression that I am,

Madam,

Jul. 15. 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIX.

To Monsieur de Piczac, *of the Kings Privy Council.*

SIR,

THe gentlewoman who presents this Letter to you assures me that I am your favourite, and promiseth her selfe great things from the power I have in you, upon my recommending of her cause unto you. For my part, I willingly believe what I extreamly desire, and there is no need of much eloquence to perswade me you do me the honour to love me. If it be so, Sir, I beseech you, let this poore Oratrix experience that your friendship is no unprofitable happinesse, and that my recommendation, shall not disadvantage a good cause. She is persecuted by the most notorious Barreter of our Country, and I do not think there ever came a more formidable one out of Normandy. His very name makes the Widdowes tremble and Orphans runne away; there is no parcell of meadow or vineyard within three leagues of him secure to the possessor. He thinks he is charitable to the children, when he vouchsafes to be con-

tented

reason to take but an equall dividend of their fathers estate. He dwells in desarts, and other places, sacred to the exercise of discord; and if you think it fit for me to use the phrase of our honest *Plautus* He is oftner seen in the Court then the Pretour. Shall I conclude his Eulogy in one word. He is *Attila* in Epitome, that is, *the scourge of God* to all his neighbourhood and the cruellest persecution that the world ever suffered or History relates. He is, possibly, proceeded from one of lesse tyrannicall principles. You will do a meritorious work, or rather an action of Heroick charity, in contributing somewhat to the chastisement of this publique enemy. You will in one single person oblige a thousand more that are concerned; But I shall not have a lesse engagement to you, then if you regarded only my selfe, who am your Suppliant, and most passionately,

SIR,

Sep. 12. 1649. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XX.

To Monsieur de ———

SIR,

IF I were as officious as I have been sollicited to be, you had received from me within this fortnight, a hundred and fifty recommendations compleat. Even at this very hower I have occasion for denyalls, and I should continue in the old posture of my immoveable stubbornnesse against all sorts of requests; but it is impossible to stand out against the assaults of friendship, and I have strength enough to resist the importunate, and come off safe with my modesty clean; but I am not hard-hearted enough to disoblige good men, or neglect the kind Offices of Civill life. Sometimes a man must suffer himselfe to be overcome, and not obstinately keep the same Guard. Although I am gone out of the world, I willing re-enter it, when either Honour or Vertue calls me thither. In such a case, a vow undertaken at the foot of the altars might be dispensed withall. My first designe was not altogether so religious: at present it would be beyond superstition, and a scandall to all Morality, if it should deterre me from doing that pleasure to Monsieur which he attends from me. This gentleman hath been my deer friend, ever since the reigne of Henry *the Great*, and known to be such by all France that can but read. I beseech you, Sir,

lee me not be discouraged, that I should be unserviceable to him by my intercession, for being able onely to wish him successe, in a businesse where he expects greater effects from my interest in you; It is in your power to grant me his *Epistre*, either wholly or in part. One would please me much better then the other, and since there is scarce any case but you mitigate without any mans entreaties. I promise my selfe the obliging and deciding stroake of your pen, that will expunge this for my sake, and leave nothing deficient in your benefit: the Graces are not lame or crippled; they are all lovely Goddesses and faire in perfection, and having seen them so in *Seneca's* books, you would not have mishapen, and out of my knowledge in the favour which I hope from you, who have all *Seneca* by heart. The way to interpret him admirably and understand him better then *Liserius* who hath commented on him, and *Malherbe*, who hath translated him, is to do what he advises you, and be as beneficent as you are good. I once more beseech your aide in this affair, and to believe that I am perfectly,

SIR,

Jan. 3. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXI.

To my Lord Bishop of Angoulesme, *Almoner to the Queen of great Britaine.*

My Lord,

BE pleas'd to admit my second addresse either in the way of an acknowledgment or a further instance in the behalfe of the Reverend Father ——— it were great pitty that his eloquence should lye idle; and his zeal is so impatient of rest, that if he preaches not in your Church, he will have much adoe to be kept within his Cell. I conceived you had formerly granted me this favour for him, and I did already assure him of it. But what I attend from your goodnesse may be Christned with what name you please. If you would not have it styled the confirmation of a benefit formerly received, let it be the conferring a new one; I am contented to owe it you as long as I live, and as if I received it every day; and will thank you for it as often as you please, for I think it not any trouble to returne you my respects, and protestations that I am

My Lord,

Jul. 25. 1643. *Your, &c.*

Let

LETTER XXII.

To Monsieur de Lorme, Counsellour and Physitian to the King.

SIR,

FOr an infinite number of good offices which I have received from Monsieur *Dounat*, I have promised to recompense him with your favour; so that you are he that must pay what I owe him, and this is the only way I have to acquit my scores with him. I will believe, you will not be backward to supply me with your assistance herein; you have ever used so unlimited a goodnesse in my behalfe, that I cannot apprehend any niggardise, or closenesse from that very soul which I have found liberall even to profusion. Do by me Sir, as you are used to do; and persevere to oblige me in a second person. Love a man whom undoubtedly you will esteem. The desire he hath to but know you, proceedes from the skill he already hath of many rare things; but you are his last and highest Curiosity. He wishes this happinesse, because he thinks to meet with every thing in you; and that you have enough to satiate his appetite of knowledge: yet I do not entreate an absolute abandoning of your selfe; your leisure and our discretion must regulate the favours we expect from your goodnesse. I onely tell you that my friend doth deserve very particular ones, and that if you do discover to him the mysteries of the Arabians (for in those of the Grecians he is perfect) he will not receive your instruction like a profane plebeian, or a meere novice. His name is in great Letters in the Archives of Padua, and he is newly come from under the tuition of the great *Cremonimus*, almost as great and learned as himselfe. Not that he is a blind Proselyte of his deceased Master, I can assure you, he is wedded only to his legitimate opinions, and never was any faithfull person more strongly perswaded then he, *that the God of Abraham and Isaack is the God of the living and not of the dead, &c.* When you have seen him, you will finish his Character. I am passionately,

SIR,

Jan. 8. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIII.

To Monsieur de Zuylichem, Councellour and Secretary of State to his Highnesse the Prince of Orange.

SIR,

I Have a favour to request of your Court, which your reputation, I conceive, may procure me. 'Tis a longer Licence for Monsieur *de* ———. His merit being so well known to you, I will not make a rehearsall to you, how he hath been continually in the service above these ten yeares, and on his body beares honourable testimonies of his courage, I onely assure you thus much, that he had ere this been on his way towards the Army if I had not detain'd him fast with all my strength and imployed the utmost power that friendship gives me, to make him deferre his journey. His affaires are so important, and of necessity require his presence, that it would be the utter losse of them to abandon them in the condition they now are in; Nevertheless this would not be enough to stay him, and being more sensible of the least interest of Honour then of the most considerable businesses he hath: were it not for this violence that I exercise upon him, he would break all other chaines that bind him, to arrive at his Charge, yet before the fifteenth of March. So that if any prejudice befall him for this stay wherein I am the Authour, you see clearly whom he hath reason to complaine of, and how little I shall be satisfied with my counsell, if it be of the nature of those medicines that corrupt the *Liver*, when they comfort the *Stomack*; and if I could not propound him the conservation of one thing without the ruine of another. Wherefore, Sir, it is as well for the honour of my own judgment, which is engaged in the advice I have given him, as for contenting a person whom I love no less then my selfe, that I importune you not onely for your favour, and your good offices (which I know are very prevalent with his Highnesse the Prince of *Orange*) but your expedients, and *contrivances*, which I am confident, are most dextrous and effectuall in all kind of affaires now. Besides that the rigour of the Law does in some cases admit mitigation, and justice does not exclude mercy, there is nothing impossible for a prompt and intelligent head (as yours is) that can profitably employ industry, when it is fitting to be sparing of Authority; and rescue that by some *By-way*, which would be otherwise lost at Common Law. Monsieur *de* ——— when he presents you this Letter,

Letter, will conferre with you more particularly upon this subject: and offer you his opinion what wheeles are to be set on work, to make his friends businesse feazible. I beseech you once more to undertake it for my sake, and if you conceive my name of any power in your mouth, or that it were known enough to be alledged to his Highnesse, I durst engage he should not have cause to repent of granting me a favour, which I should trumpet out so loud, and send so farre, that, it may be, Posterity would thank him for it. It is a great while since I have had a high Veneration, of that Prince as one of the demi-gods of my Cabinet. But if he desires I should beare a more tender and ardent passion towards him; if he would be the object of *my* love, as he is of my Estimation; how delightfull would it be to me to terme him my Benefactour, and receive something from a person, whom I should not cease to admire, though he should take away all I have. I wish him Lawrells alwayes greene and fresh; and if the Warre must end, a long and peaceable enjoyment of the purest fame that ever was; and a Glory that even the Enemy shall acknowledge, with generall accord by the very Historics of Spaine. In expectation of some newes from you, I rest,

SIR,

Feb. 1. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIIII.

To Monsieur the President de Pontac.

SIR,

MY first designe is altered by the arrivall of Monsieur *de* ——. I was about to have made a request to you, and be informed me that I owed you a thanks. I understood from him, that he had found you so disposed to oblige me, that all his Rhetorick lay on his hands. He told me too, that even Monsieur *de Thou's* great name was used to you unnecessarily. In fine, Sir, I knew, that I needed onely to have employed my selfe, to do my selfe any good offices with you. I am very fortunate to be so much considered in a place, where I thought I was scarce known, and to find my selfe all at once in your good opinion where you ought not to have afforded me a room untill after a long tryall of my service. But I see clearly from whence all this proceedes. Rigorous justice is seldome coupled with perfect Generosity: this last, which is properly their own,

is

is more impatient to produce her effects and lesse regular in observing formalities. She would not be, as now she is, the honour of your owne Province, nor celebrated in all others, did she so scrupulously attend desert: she will oftentimes prevent it, and I am one of the examples of this happy unworthyness: you have rewarded my good intention, and answered my very thoughts, as Heaven answers the religious silence of people upon earth. You promised me that which I had not so much as asked for; but yet having promised it to me after so handsome a manner, you give me courage to request it of you more vigorously though my whole library should reproach me for it. I will not stick to say, that my Niece became obliged to you for the conservation of her just right, I shall also be obliged to you for that which was only wanting to the tranquillity of my life. Though Philosophy promised me it, yet she alone is not able to present me with it, nor appease my disquiets; but by stripping me of my dearest affections, that would be too high an act of cruelty. Lay hold therefore on this advantage which you have over her, that I may owe you my repose for protecting the affections she had deserted; and that my contentment proceed from your courtesie, and not from the strength of my imagination. I hope all good successe by all the faire presages you have given my friend; and if the destiny of a cause may be read in the eyes of a judge, he doth not any whit doubt the event of this he counsells me. Therefore to end, as he prescribed me to begin, and since I am already in your chaines; since I am already fastned to you by this obligation, I will, for the future, onely continue to style my selfe,

SIR,

Jan. 6. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXV.

To the same.

SIR,

YOur facility hath attracted a persecution on you, and you will be importuned afresh, since you have laid a baite for an importunate man. It is dangerous to give such persons admittion, and not dispute their first approaches. There is another sort of people, Sir, who take civilities for Deeds sealed before a notary, and presume they should be warranted even to the utmost of their wishes. I am not altogether one of those unjust pretenders,

dors, who exact favours as peremptorily as Creditours do their Debts. My sollicitations too are somewhat lesse violent, then those relolute suppliants, who part with their modesty to gaine their boon. But, in truth, not being able to doubt either of the solidity of what you say, or extent of what you are able to do, I cannot deny but I build upon the aide that you have promised us, and expect from your protection all the good fortune of our cause. Heretofore the Gods and *Cato*, were of a contrary opinion in the most important difference that ever was. I hope in this, that is not of so much concernment, they will agree together for my sake. I meane, Sir; A *Cato*, more mild and gentle then that *Cato* who rayled at fortune, can wind her about to our side in this occasion, and bring good luck to the businesse he undertakes. Pardon me the liberty of this last word, for it is your easinesse and goodnesse that suggested it to me; and I take heart besides that, from the violent passion, wherewith I am, and ever will be,

SIR,

Dec. 15. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVI.

To Monsieur the Mayor of Angoulesme.

SIR,

I Promise my selfe, you will condiscend to the request this bearer will make to you from me: it concernes the publique as well as my particular interest; and I know you are so exact in the functions of your Charge, that to discover an enormity to you, is almost to redresse it. At the entrance into the Suburb *Lanmeau*, there is a way, not to be complained of in ordinary expressions: it is more intricate and perplexing then a Labyrinth, it would teach a man to sweare that can say nothing but *Verily*, it would change all the meeknesse of a father of the Oratory into choler. It does not fortifie *Angoulesme*, though it makes people dread to approach it on that side. I had like, the other day, to have been cast away there, and wracke in the mire. If it had been in the maine Ocean, in a scurvy shallop, and by the impetuousnesse of a tempest, it had been but an ordinary adventure: but upon the continent, in a Coach, and the serenity of the fairest weather, nay and in your Mayoralty, it is a mischiefe cannot be comprehended; there is no comfort for it. *Those words of an Ordre*, which I entreat you for, will reduce

things

things to a better passe, and oblige all the Country round Joyne, then, the benedictions of them without the City, to that which you receive within it, and suffer not the face of your Corporation, in the embellishing whereof you are industrious in other places, to be disfigured by so foul a spot in this. But after you have considered the Publique, would not you value me at something, and bestow a favour on a person who is known not to be ungratefull for the courtesies he receives? There are some in the world will tell you more, and assure you, you have an opportunity to extend your reputation beyond the limits of your own Province, and make the year of your Mayoralty last long. I shall know, at the returne of this Bearer, whether those men speak truth or not, and whether you so highly esteem the thanks I shall pay you, after the request I have made to you: whereunto I have nothing further to adde, but the assurance I give to be sincerely,

SIR,

Ju. 4. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVII.

To Monsieur de Villemontée, *of the Kings Councell, and Controller of the Revenue, in* Poitou, Saintonge, Aunix, *&c.*

SIR,

I Will not relate to you the adventures of that person who spoke to you, whose conditions are as deformed as his body: I will onely tell you, that I do not conceive his testimony fitter to be received then mine: and though I give it in an affaire that concernes my selfe, you have so good an opinion of my honesty, and discretion, as to think I would not recommend to you any unjust interest, or make you any uncivill request. I beseech you, Sir, then be pleased to consider, that this place which hath so great a reputation, yeelds but a very small revenew. *Ulysses's Ithaca* was very renowned, and yet it was but a nest hung upon a rock; mine, as you may imagine, is somewhat lesse. It is, peradventure, a handsome desert, but not a rich Parish. The wayes in it are very faire but the fields very barren, and so consequently this Country more agreeable for the secrets and meditation of a Philosopher, then fit to fill the stores of a House-keeper. Hitherto the Souldiery have only looke on us, not medled with us: now, I beg you for a protection from unarmed enemies. With their wandes, and bits of paper they

make

make themselves more formidable then the *Cretes*. Their way of writing hath no affinity to mine; and the language they speak, is unknown to me. But on the other side, they understand neither Humanity nor Reason; neither *Schooles* nor the Morality taught in them. If you please, Sir, let them learne what distributive justice is from you, since they have not been at leisure to learne it from *Aristotle*; for I am confident you will reforme all things according to reason. Besides proportioning the burden according to the feebleness of him who is to beare it, it will be a sensible obligation to me of the greatest adherents to your vertue; a man that extolls you with all his power, and that is with all his soul,

SIR,

Aug. 20. 1642. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVIII.

To Monsieur de la Thibaudiere.

SIR,

I Just now heard tidings that you were within six leagues of this place; and you, it may be, will be so good as to let me heare from you by your selfe; but in the meane time, if the Storme of your troopes should approach our villages, and that of my residence be threatned, you know very well what I have title to exact of you on such an occasion. I entreate all that your favour with Monsieur *d' Aumont* can procure, and injoyne you to make my interest your own: friendship is imperious, and her termes are absolute. You have read the confident requests written by *Cicero*, *Lucian*, and other our honest friends of Ancient time. I pretend to be loved by you after that handsome manner, though it be not to be met withall any where but in History; and though I know, common fame is not in that particular favourable to your vertue. That accuses you for being little sensible of other mens griefes, and being cured of an infirmity, whereof it is seemly to be sick: but grant, it did not accuse you falsely, and that you were more Stoicall then *Chrysippus* and *Cleanthes*, I am confident, I should give you back againe the passions that Philosophy had bereaved you of, and make the first breach in your heart. But publique fame is a lyar, and Report calumniates you; that heart has long since been softned for me, and it is certaine, I am no lesse your deare and well loved friend, then,

S R,

Jan. 15. 1642. *Your, &c.*

The

THE SECOND BOOK.

To Monsieur de ——

LETTER I.

SIR,

YOur Letter of *June* was delivered me in the middle of *August*, and I answer it in a Condition more capable to move pitty, then conferre comfort. My old diseases have of late assail'd me, increas'd by a Meagrim which does so torment me, that it would be a wonder, if a griefe so neighbouring to the brain should leave the faculties of it at liberty. I am confident your goodnesse will pardon my weaknesse, and I hope you will not take it ill that in this generall dissipation of my most reasonable thoughts, I cannot make you equall returnes, but am forc'd to send you drosse for gold, and things of no esteem, for things most excellent. It is sufficient Sir that I am able highly to value (as I do) the most eloquent and handsome dresse you are pleas'd to put on your sadnesse: Yet I must needs tell you, if I should still continue, though accompanied with all forts of Arguments, and Colours of Rhetorique, I would take upon me not to allow your perseverance therein. I would know willingly what you meane by that magnificent aggravation of your misfortune, by that Art, and those Ornaments you make use of in the setting forth your losse? Instead of letting it wax old, and dye with time, it seemes you seek to renew it, and feed your selfe with it every day; and whereas tis expected you should by little and little blot it out of your mind, you would preserve it fresh and ever new, that (if possible) by the most lively and lasting'st Colours it might be kept to eternity. But how can an eternity be lookt for from the frailty of a picture, since we cannot meet with it in the strength of marble? Years spoil and consume it, it glitters finely, and then mouldes into dust, and returnes to its first nothing. It is from hence Sir, I find my greatest advantage to assail you, and summon you to yield up to Reason. We have in our Friend lost a most worthy Senatour, I confesse it. But the Senate it selfe shall be destroyed,

destroyed, and one day there shall be no more Counsellours of *Paris*, then *Conscript fathers* of *Rome*, or *Areopagites* of *Athens*. We have in the same friend been deprived of a Mathematician, an Orator, and a Poet: I confesse this too; but do not you sufficiently know, man lives onely among casualties and walkes onely upon ruines? How long is it, I beseech you, Since Mathematicians, Orators, Poets died? We should accustome our selves to such like accidents as these; they are as antient as the world, and yet we look on them as strange things, and novelties of to day. These are no Prodigies, they are very vulgar and ordinary; and he who said *There were none but the first death, and none but the first night that deserved astonishment and sadnesse*, spake a truth wherron we ought to reflect more then we do. Every thing without exception is condemned to the same punishment; and not onely Parliaments and Judges are things not immortall, but learning shall perish as well as the learned; and the height of Astrologie shall be no more priviledged, then the lowenesse of Grammar. God who will dissolve the Heavens to build more beautifull ones, will not protect Globes and Astrolabes in the destruction of their object. He will not leave us any notion of our small acquaintance here, in the happy *future* he prepares for us, because we shall have no leisure there to enjoy them: our felicity shall be altogether serious. He will abolish both Prose and Verse; he will put down Prayers and Hymnes, and all other imperfect formes of speaking to him, and make way for a more noble and excellent manner of praising him. I cannot, then, think it strange, whatsoever your exclamations say, that Artists and their works have an end, since the Arts themselves as well as their instruments must find a period. But grant it were not so, yet me thinks Sir, this *End* is no such horrible thing. I am so little at Amity with the world that I do not much deplore any whomsoever, for being no more in it. These five and thirty yeares I have been tyred with it, and every thing in it displeases me: so that I murmur and exclaime against it. My friends are the only objects in it, that are not distastefull to me; and I hope you take it not ill, that I put you in that Role, since with passion I am,

SIR,

Aug. 19. 1638. *Yours, &c.*

Let-

LETTER II.

To Monsieur L' Huillier, of the kings Councell, &c.

SIR,

I Am alwaies concern'd in some trifling employment or other, so that I have neither businesse nor leisure. My unhappy fate hath impos'd this voluntary servitude upon me which most commonly takes me up in frivolous affaires, and prevents me in the discharge of my more necessary duties. This is the only thing in my opinion, that can justifie my silence to you, and oblige you to pity, instead of Condemning me; I have owed you a Letter a great while, and the newes of Monsieur *de Priesk's* death would require something more of me, if I should take counsell of my first suggestions, and act according to the usuall Custome. But all good offices are not to be done to all kind of persons. It would be an affront to Philosophy and a doubting the profession you make of it, to treat you like vulgar men. I remember *Seneca* sometimes comforted women and a Servant, but I do not observe that any body undertook ever to comfort *Seneca*. I assent to you concerning whatsoever they speak most highly and magnificently of your friend: and if you will allow me to make use in French, of a sentence borrowed from Greece, I adde that we have lost in that rare person, a *piece of the wracks of Antiquity, and a relique of the Golden Age*. All the vertues of Heroick times were retired into this lovely soul. The universall corruption had no power over the goodnesse of his Temper; and the evill that touch'd him, could not defile him. His generosity was not bounded by the sea, nor confin'd to this side the Alpes. He lowed his favours and civilities on all sides; and had remercîments sent him from the remotest corners of *Syria* and the top of Mount *Libanus*. In an indifferent fortune he had the thoughts of a great Lord, and never ceas'd to be a *Mecænas*, although not supported by the amity of *Augustus*. So that in this regard I shall not scruple to averre that he maintain'd the primitive splendour of gallantry in France, and the good esteem that forreine nations do yet retaine of her. I am of as certaine belief as you Sir, that he will be lamented of what ever is great and illustrious, reasonable and intelligent, both within and without the Kingdome. I am confident *Italy* will celebrate his memory in all her learned assemblies, and that in the Ages of the Princes *Barberini*. Rome cannot be indifferent to the memory of one so deare to the

Muses,

Medes; and I make no question but the *Holy Father* who valewed him so highly, cannot forbeare to bewaile him; for in the midst of that serenity, which, above us, environnes him, this cloud of sadnesse reaches his height. But concerning all these things which you write to me, far more eloquently then I am able to repeat, your discretion without doubt can afford your self greater Consolation then what you seeme to desire from your friends. If your losse were not common to you with the *noble Multitude*, it both *Soveraignes* and *people* were not interested in your griefe, it might be thought almost insupportable; but since there's no body but beares his part with you, certainly there is a great deal of sweetnesse in an affliction that makes all the world on your side; nay should you esteem your selfe unhappy in this respect, it could not but be with some kind of Contentation. There is, in earnest, I know not what that pleases in the very wounds of this nature: when *Princes* are equally concern'd with *private persons*, and *Paris* joynes with the *Country* in the same fellowship of sadnesse, why should we pitty or lament? It is a *funerall*, little lesse splendid then a *Triumph*, the praises and acclamations abroad take away all the bitternesse of domestique Complaints; and me thinks, the possession of that Glory, which cannot be ascertain'd but by death is very well worth three or four scurvy yeares that might have been annexed to old age. To this glory if I could contribute any thing I should esteem my selfe happy, and towards this I offer you my hands and labour, though I cannot erect either Colossus'es or Pyramides: yet, Sir, without offence to those who have a larger, and more sublime fancy, who would set whole Forests and Mountaines on work. I have heard that some Artists have wrought in little, with much commendation; It is possible to be famous for ones Art, and not be prodigall of the Materialls: a great deale of matter may be comprehended in a few words, which by a long discourse is enervated. There are bad *Preachers* and scurvy *funerall Orations* enough in the world already. I beseech you let not me increase the number, and be one of those officious enemies, who thus with a good intention injure the patience of the Living, and memory of the dead. I have too great an Ambition of pleasing you, to give my selfe the trouble or runne the hazzard of disturbing your quiet. And if you were indispos'd, I do not set so high a rate on my medicines to make experiments on such a soul as yours. Take it not ill then I beseech you, that I obey you after another fashion then you

commanded me; and that I go whither you desire me, but by a way that to my selfe seemes most convenient. Procure *Messieurs de Pui* to approve of it too: for in my judgment they are no lesse inveterate enemies then my selfe to these ridiculous *Alasses* and tiresome lamentations: for, if I be not deceived, they preferre the shortest *Eulogy in Livy*, before the great volume of discourses printed after the death of the late King: though Legitimate *Apotheoses* are not made any where but in their studies, and that from thence credit and esteem are dispenced, and men are declared Illustrious. I will not omit, since they will have it so, to do my devotions apart, nor will I scrupulously refuse room in my *Workes* to a vertue, which they have already lifted up to *Heaven*. The Contentment of my friends shall ever be dearer to me then my own reputation. The least beck from you shall have a greater power over me, then that *Lethargy of Spirit*, you so handsomely reproach me with. And therefore though I should spoile the businesse that you imagine I shall give lustre to, doubt not but I am very glad to evince to you on this opportunity that I am,

SIR,

Aug. 15. 1640. *Your, &c.*

MEntion is made of this Letter, in the life of Monsieur *Peiresk*, at the end of the sixth Book: and not to speak any thing concerning the excellency of it, let it suffice to know, it was desired in *Rome* before it was written in *France*; it appeares by a Latine Epistle of the Abbot *Bouchard* printed at *Venice*, after the funerall Oration spoken in the *Academy of Humorists*, Here are subjoyn'd the two places of the History, and the Epistle.

Alios etiam præterea, quibus amici eruditique, in quorum pectoribus Candor et Gratitudo inhabitat; ut dolorem testati sunt, sic consolationem mutuam adhibuerunt. Pervenère ad me complures, in principem locum ea tenent, quibus Jo. Ludovicus Guezius Balzacius, celebris ille scilicet, cui nemo non Gallice modo, sed Latine etiam scribentium, elegantiæ palmam non facile cedat, singularem parentevit, Lib. 6. *de vita Peireskii per Petrum Gassendum.*

Tu vero interea Nicolai Claudii Fabricii Peireskii τὸ μακαρίτου memoriam, qua soles pietate, colere perge; et Petrum Gassendum etiam atque etiam urge, ut suos de ejus vitâ Commentarios, quidam maximè piosos ocyùs dimittat; sed in primis a Rigaltio et Balzacio, hominibus in literis quibus dediti sunt, summis atque perfectis, omni

conten-

Quando, ut æternis elegantissimorum scriptorum suorum monumentis, Heroem nostrum velint ad Immortalitatem consecrare, vale. Romæ Kalendis Januariis A. C.N.M.D CXXVIII *Ex Epistola Johannis Jacobi Boccardi ad Franciscum Olearium, Regiarum Rationum Lutetiæ Magistrum.*

LETTER III.

To Monsieur de Bayers.

SIR,

IF I had known of your loss earlier, I should sooner have shewen you what a part I beare in your grefe. I just now understood the cause of it in the Gazette, and make no question, how strong and how fortified soever you be with Constancy, but that you are sensible of the blow your family hath received, and which will be felt all over our Province. Without injury to nature, reason cannot rank such like Accidents in the number of things Indifferent. Tenderness of heart is not incompatible with greatness of spirit; for those who have undauntedly seen their own blood trickle down, yet have with teares bewail'd their kindred and friends in that Condition. Well, Sir, we must not think to make war, upon other termes: There was ever mourning and teares, even on the side of victory. Let us hope to recall him home who gives us occasion to speak so often of it, and let us not ambition the Empire of the World, at the rate of so deare a life as his. You must in this life arme your selfe with comfort against all sorts of death; and that great kinsman of yours should countervaile all the former misfortunes of your life. It is a perpetuall reason of Content and cause of satisfaction, that there is no colour why you should grieve for any one; or any lament you. Yet, I do it, Sir, in obedience to custome; knowing withall that that part of the soul, which suffers, is strucken sooner, then that which Reason hath warded off the blow. I thought it was necessary for me to enter into the same thoughts with you, but that it was as necessary too, to get out of them; and by a way which without doubt your selfe had made choice of. I will hope that hereafter you will possesse all your joyes pure, and serene; and that Heaven, who loves you, reserves successes for you, wherein your Moderation shall be more requisite, then your Constancy:

at least. I wish them you withall my heart, being without Complement,

SIR,

June 5. 1642. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IV.

To Monsieur de Villemontee *of the Kings Councell, Controller of the Revenew in* Poitou, Saintonge, Aunix, &c.

SIR,

YOu will say, it may be, my zeal renders me impatient; but though you could justly taxe it of indiscretion, yet I must send this bearer to you, to know at his returne what I cannot be ignorant of without disquiet. When I parted from you, I left you in the best plight, the study of wisedome could settle a mind perfectly reasonable; and the Letter you did me the honour to write to me, informes me of nothing that should not continue you in this good temper. Nevertheless, I confesse that sentence of sadnesse among the rest runnes in my mind. And in truth it would trouble me if so drowzy and effeminate a passion as that is, should encroach upon your vigilance and fortitude. I remember the sage discourse you held me in, when your wound was yet greene; sure you have not forgotten the great Precedent you then propounded, and what was so ready in your memory at the day of our separation. They who bequeathed us those high examples, concerning which we held so long a conference; were not happy or unlucky but in the good or bad fortune of the Common-wealth. They bare so great a love to their Country, that they left none for themselves. They knew no dysasters but wicked actions and the blame that attends on them; they dreaded faults, but despised every thing else. And unlesse you mightily dissembled, you are of the same mind: these are your principles as well as theirs; and consequently Sir, while you do the King service with courage and understanding, and your Gowne saves him the expence of an army on this side the Loire: while you maintaine your self in repute at the Court, without losing the affection of the people, and while by your dexterity the bitternesse of your medicines make not the Physitian distastefull; I cannot think you have any need of consolation; nor that the Melancholly and clouds of an afflicted soul can retaine their mists before the Splendor and light of so unblemished a life. He whom I have sent to

you

you will, without doubt, bring me the confirmation of all this, and the meaning of a sentence which I shall be very glad rightly to understand; my passion is wittily resolv'd to perplexe me, but your goodnesse, me thinks is obliged, to draw me out of it: for I am not an ill interpreter of your words, but because it is with affection, (which is never without alarmes), that I am,

SIR,

Jul. 1. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER V.

To Monsieur de Lymerac de Mayat, *Captaine in the Regiment of* Conty.

SIR,

I Have no great inclinations to serve you in your request. I know not how to bewaile a man who hath gotten so much honour as you. You are more fit for Brave mens envy, then Philosophers compassion: and your laurells are much more delicate, then your chaines: a stubborne Imprisonment is not so great an evill as you imagine it: it gives ill influences leasure to passe over you: it reserves a man to a happier season; and, it may be, we should have lost you, if our enemies had not preserv'd you. As concerning the Brimmers of *Germany*, of which you spake to me with such griefe, as if they were Turkish bastinadoes; me-thinks, your sobriety is there a thought too superstitious. You must (as they that talk proverbs say) when you are at *Rome*, do as they do at *Rome*, and not to alledge to you great Commanders. Do not you know that wise Embassadours have heretofore been fuddled for the good of the Kings affaires, and sacrificed all their wisedome and gravity to the necessity of the times, and the customs of the countrys in which they resided. I do not advise you to debauchery, that is prohibited: but I do not think there is any harme in drowning your cares, now and then, in Rhenish wine, and to make use of that pretty trick of contracting the time, which seemes tediously long to prisoners. Your father all this while labours hard to procure your liberty, and you must think he doth not forget his cares and usuall activenesse in a businesse that is neerer his heart then all his other. For my part, being able to contribute onely my good wishes, I can assure you, they are

most ardent and passionate, for I am as much as it is possible to be,

SIR,

Dec. 15. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VI.

To Monsieur de Prizac, *of the Kings Privy Councell.*

SIR,

IT is better to be sick in your company, then well in your absence. The delight I now take, comes not neere the comfort you gave me; and your society is so good, that it makes even diseases pleasant. If it cannot be had at a lower price, then lameneſſe, I renounce the use of my legges; and beg God to give me my infirmity againe, on condition he send back my comforter. That is to say, I am not my selfe without you. Lately I held you in esteem only for your vertue, which I look upon then as being unconcern'd, and as on a good, I had no title to. Now I am in love with your person, wch gives me a propriety in you, and a right to call you my own: This rowzes and awakes me in the night: this makes me jealous of Monsieur *d'Esprsses*, the Lord Abbot of *Cerisy*, our deare Monsieur *de la Chambre*, &c. I say nothing to you about your most learned and eloquent discourses, Monsieur *Caplain* will shew you what I write to him concerning them, in the extaſie you left me; to which I can onely annexe this little labell of my admiration. O how prevalent is truth when you dispense it! and how much have good causes, need of you, to be as strong as they are just! I am with all my soul,

SIR,

Apr. 3. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VII.

To Monsieur de Couvrelles.

SIR,

AFter I have told you that, honouring you perfectly as I do, I cannot be moderately touched with your losse, I have no mind to engage my selfe in the Common place of Consolations. I preach not stedfaſtneſſe to a man who hath kept himselfe upright more then once in the publique ruine, and hath afforded us examples. You are he that I would be;

and

and Monsieur *Huggens's Constanter* (which he took for his Motto because his name was *Constantine*) belongs to you much more justly, then if you had only a title to it by vertue of an allusion to your name. Well, in earnest I am soo much obliged to that honest *Gallo-Belgick* for his remembrance of me, and that fine language he write you to shew me. But since he is afraid to trouble me with unnecessary Letters, me thinks, I ought to have as great a respect to his businesse, as he hath indulgence to my sloath; and then I shall do discreetly, by not quoting my selfe to trouble not him. About five or six months since, he sent me the Plat-forme of a Palace that he hath builded, and write me word that he was providing me an apartment there. Since I am so unfortunate that I am not able to crawle so farre as to Saint *Brix* to tender my respects to you, sure, I shall hardly get over sea to take possession of the *lodging* prepared for me. But knowing, Sir, that you have an exquisite skill in the curiosity of Arts, and that you are taken with handsome figures, I thought it would not displease you to look upon this, and that a house so learned within and without, whose weather-cocks are Spheares, would deserve to entertaine a guest of a brave a spirit as your selfe. I beseech you, then accept this picture, for you are a better judge of it then I: and take it kindly that in this present *penury* of my own village, I treat you with what is sent me out of a forraine Country. I am ever, with passion,

SIR,

Jul. 2. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VIII.

To Monsieur P' Huillier *of the King Councell, &c.*

SIR,

I Believe more then you have written to me. I doubt not but the Mourning hath been generall in the place where you are; that you have made the Parliament, the Garrison, and the people weep; your eloquence makes your griefe contagious and what ice, I meane not of *Lorraine*, but of *Norway* or *Muscovia*, would not thaw at the warmth of your lovely teares? what Barbarous man could forbeare so become gentle, and share in your woes, hearing you lament in termes so pathetical, and which are so easily conveyed from one heart to another? For my part, I who believe I have lost a friend in Monsieur d' *Aligre*, as well as you; need neither example nor perswasion,

swasion, to be excited to pay him my sad tribute; for before I received your Letters,

——*Crudeles Superos atque Astra vocabam.*

If you desire any thing more, and that I can contribute ought to the consecration of a memory already sacred to me, you know your desires are commands to me, and I promise you not to be sparing upon this occasion. I shall be very glad to do an act of obedience in an act of piety: and now immediately I invoke our Goddesses to dictate lines to me that may last, while the vanity of man carves out marble, that shall decay, &c. I am,

SIR,

Jan. 18. 1642. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IX.

To Madam des Loges.

Madam,

I Received your Letter upon the taking the anniversary journey of ——. Since you are so good as to give him audience; whensoever he appeares before you, I will only deliver you the matter in grosse of which he shall give you a more particular account at *Oradour*. He will make you, Madam, a most lamentable relation; you will understand from him that my miseries are everlasting, and the comforts I had, begin to slack. My mind growes obstinate in Melancholly, and abandons it selfe to a faintnesse that makes it incapable of all the noble functions you speak of. The only sustenance that was not unpleasant to it, it now disrelishes like the rest, and my books are no more my comforters. How can cheerfull thoughts be conversant with such tatall objects as environ us on the right, and left hand? or how can we quietly enjoy the Present which is not good, on the Eve of a Future, which must be worse; and which threatens all men with famine and poverty? I protest, I never attain'd to so high a pitch of Philosophy. Monsieur *de* —— himselfe sayes, it would be such a grand equivocation as would make all Philosophers counsell ridiculous. He sayes, nothing must be read but the lamentations of *Jeremy*, nor any thing written but *Wills*. I am reduced almost to such a condition, and am not valiant enough to resume

ſume the employment I have diſcontinued; did not, Madam, your commands interpoſe, and you imagine you had occaſion of my language. I have ſent you what you enjoyned me, and it is drawn from the bottome of my heart. Poſſibly, it may want the graces and ornaments of a Rhetorician, but I conceive that for that reaſon it will not be of leſſe valid evidence, that he who writ it, is perfectly,

MADAM,

May 12. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER X.

To the ſame.

Madam,

I Underſtood from a friend of mine newly come out of *Holland*, of the loſſe you lately receiv'd before *Breda*, but judging of your griefe according to my acquaintance with your diſpoſition, and not doubting but it is much greater then ordinary, I dare not preſume to apply any thing to it. Theſe are maladyes to which forraine medecines are not to be apply'd, ſince they commonly prove but ineffectuall. It is poſſible a man may not weep with you; but it is impoſſible to condemne your teares. The auſtereſt Philoſophers do here ſuſpend the ſeverity of their Decrees: and *Zeno* would be worſe then *Phalaris*, if amidſt the tyranny he exerciſes over humane paſſions, he were not indulgent to naturall piety. So that, Madam, none hath any title to comfort you but your ſelfe: you alone are capable to do that good office to your ſelfe, and manage that affliction which I look upon with amazement. I am confident, you will be ſucceſſefull in it: for knowing very well that there is as much fortitude as tenderneſſe in your ſoul, I do not believe that, contrary to the courſe of things, you would have fortitude ſubmit, and the weaker get the maſtery of the ſtronger. Heretofore I have heard you valew life ſo little, that by your own principles it were no great misfortune to be dead. And though you may have renounced this opinion, yet you will grant that the abſence which ſeperates thoſe who live, from thoſe who live no more, it is too ſhort a thing to merit any long bemoaning. The cauſe of obſtinate griefes cannot be juſtified but by preſuppoſing an eternity in this life, or a deſpaire of that which is to come. But the very example of the perſons we bewaile confutes the firſt ſuppoſition, and the laſt is inconſiſtent with the promiſes

promises of the sonne of God. So that, Madam, I should not only forget the common Fundamentalls of our Faith, if I should comply with the persistance of your sadnesse: but on the other side should forget that I deal with a Lady, who is able to read excellent lectures of wisedome to Men; and with a Mother who gives not precedence in point of courage and Magnanimity to all the Matrons of *Lacedemon*? I will onely therefore represent to you, to banish vulgar thoughts out of your head, that it is not in vaine, we call you *Heroine*, and besides to give satisfaction to truth and my affection, that it is impossible but I must be sick of all your griefes, being, as I am, withall my soul,

MADAM,

Dec. 16. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XI.

To Monsieur de Borstel.

SIR,

THere are words to bewaile other afflictions, there is none to expresse this: for I confesse I know not what are become of my wits, since the losse we received. I am as plane-strucken as if the Sun had tumbled out of the firmament: and instead of blending my teares with yours, or taking heart from your example, I abide here without motion and action, as stiffe, as heavy, and insensible as one of the rockes of my Hermitage. A soul interdicted by griefe cannot make any use of her reason. My Stoicall resolutions are reversed: *Zeno* and *Chrysippus* hath given me the slip. *Hic me, & Philosophia, & eloquentia, & loquentia ipsa deficit.* What shall I do? what shall I say in the affrights of an Eccliпse so mortall to all that professe vertue; in the mourning, in the desolation of our *Parnassus*? Every thing is blind, every thing is deafe, every thing is dumbe amongst the Muses. I have nothing else to say, then unlesse once againe, that I have lost the use of my speech, except for these three or four words, which will assure you that such as I am, I will be all my life,

SIR,

Sep. 1. 1641. *Your, &c.*

Le

LETTER XII.

To Monſieur Menage.

SIR,

Since you have heard talke of *Alcimedon*, and have a mind to ſee him, your longing ſhall be ſatisfi'd. But I tell you, this is not a counterfeit *Alcimedon*, as you have been informed, nor do I by a Roman Gentleman perſonate a French Lord. No man is concealed under this picture. He is a native and true Roman: of the race of the *Fabricii*, the *Pubii*, or the *Scipios*, chuſe which you pleaſe. He died of a ſickneſſe at *Rome* the day before the City was taken by the duke of *Bourbon*, who commanded the Emperour Charle's army. It is true, Hiſtory doth not mention this *laſt of the Romanes*, but tradition hath diſcovered him to me, and you know I have had ſeverall conferences with Marqueſſe *Pompeo. Frangipane*, who was a treaſury of the rarities of his Country. I am lately in a ſcurvy humour, withall that I do, and my moſt darling compoſitions do not like me a whole day together; yet I muſt needs tell you, this hath not yet diſtaſted me, and I am ſtill conſtant to *Alcimedon*. I ſhall know from you whether my inclination judges rightly, and if my Love be lawfull.

Rivaliſque unum noſter dignum Alcimedonta
Igne tuo credat, Licini; tunc ſe omnibus unum
Romulidæ, meliórque etiam quos protulit Hellas,
Præferat Alcimedon.

I am,

SIR,

Sep. 15. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIII.

To the ſame.

SIR,

A Whimſey hath come into my Doctour's crown to make a collection of funerall verſes, and to add them to *Alcimedon*: it was not his fault that you had not Arguments to every one of them, nor that the margents of every Copy were not fringed with Annotations. I gave him thanks for his good will, and thought I had no occaſion to uſe a Grammarian. Yet it will not be amiſſe to informe you what the ſubject was, which occaſion'd

occasion'd those *Ridiculous teares* which you will find in the e
of the book. It was the death of an old universitty post, fa
for his illfavo ured looks, and fatter'd breeches; a disciple
Jack Puddings, and neere of kinne to *Amadis Jamin*; a profes
writer of Madrigalls, Ballades, and Catches. These thr
yeares past, he hath come downe but once from *St Hilary*
Mount over the bridges; he was a more religious observer
St. *John* Portelatins feast, then of that of Easter. He ne
called *Jupiter* any thing but the *Thunder-thumper*; nor Hea
by any other name but the *Choyse* of the Universe. He m
Chimney alwayes rime to *Polyhymne*, he would not change
ilke for *the same*, though the measure of the Verse would
allowed him: he stood up stiffe for *Whilome*, *Mickle*, and
beit, against all the adverbes, that were, as he said, younger
more effeminate. The first tidings of his death comming
me, by a Pedant his admirer, with this perpetuall ingemina
O what a thousand pitties it is! made me at that instant la
very heartily: but next morning, as you shall see, I *droled*
a Philosopher, and plunged my selfe deep in the *Cosi va dis*
rende. The Morality is somewhat long, yet possibly
tedious: and if you take notice of the latter part of it (
called here *the funerall Oration of Cardinal Perron*) you will co
fesse that your *Aminta* is no ill imitatour of your *Lucretia*
after all this time you do not know *Urania*, that Nymph wh
I have so extolled, and for whom I now weep so bitterly,
informe [you that it is my late good friend Madam *des Lo*
who in her life time was, more then once, styled, by an *Acad*
mick, *the Celestiall*, *the Divine*, *the tenth Muse*, &c. and
esteemed both within and without the Kingdome by crown
heads, by the Demy-Gods of our Age, by my Lord Duke
Orleans, the King of *Sweden*, the Duke of *Weymar*, *&c.* I am
an opinion that the verses which celebrate her memory (
meane eloquent *Urania*'s) are worth at least as much as th
that one *Antipater* a Sidonian wrote on the death of the le
ned *Sappho*. You shall be the absolute and Soveraigne judge
them and to this purpose, I send you the Greek Originall
the Post of *Sidon*, with the Latine version of Doctor ——
concerning which you must also *pronounce the unrepealable* se
tence. I am withall my soul,

SIR,

Aug. 9. 1644. *Your, &c.*

Le

LETTER XIIII.

To Monsieur Permin, *Councellour to the King, Controller of the Kings revenew in the Generality of Limoges, &c.*

SIR,

YOur leaving this country hath left a sting in my heart, that continually goades me with a longing for your returne. Our last conversation when I was your perpetuall auditour, imprinted in my braine such lasting and acceptable Ideas, that I have since done nothing else but blesse the hower wherein you gave them me, and envy my deare friends —— who engrosse you to themselves whole dayes together: they are happy, if they can but be sensible of their good fortune; if they do but know that a Commissioners place, is the least gaine they can make by you. I understand very well the advantages of such a neighbourhood: and though I love nothing like quiet; and all kind of noise be troublesome to me, yet I protest, the sound of your words, had, with much delight, weaned me from the love of silence and solitude. Since you do not despise the fruits that grow in this wildernesse, I send you by Monsieur —— what i. hath brought forth in this season of drought. It may be, the novelty may please you; and because you love *Tacitus*, and do not hate my Lord Cardinall *de la Valletr* I thought it would not be distastefull to you to peruse a manuscript; that would put you in mind both of the one and the other. My new way of consolation, and the Method I use to practice on the sick *Grandres*, to qualifie griefe by soothing it, hath been received at *Paris* with approbations. But although it had all the successe I could wish; and passed for an originall, after the making so many Consolations in the world, yet since Men are still mortall; and under the lawes of Fortune yet you may judge of it, if you please, Sir, without respect to any preceding sentence upon it. You shall moreover decree soveraignly in the contest I had in *Holland* some yeares since, the Pleadings whereof Monsieur —— now brings you. My Scribe hath added to them, the Letter written on the *Kid* which is yet, in debate, and referres to that famous Cause that divided all the Court-Wits into faction. If the Kings service remand you to *Angoulesme*, I would seek out some other recreations for you among my papers. But if you should chance to travell the road of St. *John d' Angely*, and be within fifty steppes of *Balzac*. I will be confident you will not offer me a second affront, by refusing me

a visit, where you may conferre so great favour, on a Lord that can give very diligent attention to you. It is impossible but you must feel some remorse for using me so hardly, and without question, you will sometime or other take the paines to come down the hil into the Valley; and wade over a little rivulet for my sake, who would cross an Arme of the Sea nay, would not be afraid of the maine Ocean, to give you testimony that I am,

SIR,

July. 15. 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XV.

To Monsieur the Marquesse of Montausier, *Governour and Lieutenant Generall for the King in* Alsatia, *&c.*

SIR,

YOu wil know by Monsieur *Chaplain*, with what respect I received the honour you did me, by retaining me in your remembrance. But you must understand from my self how great an obligation I resent in the handsome way, whereby you were pleased to express it. You comfort me Sir, and that most gloriously, for all the time and paper which hitherto I thought lost: For now though I have taken pains only for an ungrateful Court, and insensible Grande's, yet since you prize my paines at so high a rate, I look for nothing from any body: you have paid me what others did apparently owe me. Can it be, that I not only take up your spare hours, but cure your sadnesse; and that such trifles as were only the pastime of the idle, are become remedies for the afflicted? Since you find them of savory, I had rather for your sake call them the nutriment of wise men; and if they were able to deserve that name, I would begge of God (but still for your sake) the fertility of that good Prelate, who hath strowed France with books, and who lately counted the leaventy-fifth of his volumes. It should be, that you might be supplyed with whole convoyes of them from time to time, and to quicken up those by my example who make the KINGS troops languish, that they might not suffer you to lack money and ammunition, as I could be carefull to furnish you with Histories and discourses. The great consideration is this; Sir, you would afford the subject to these Histories, and discourses, if they would but give you wherewithall to undertake and act. The share you had in that miraculous year of

of the Duke of *Weymer*, will not give you leave to suspect, but that as you were one of the Companions of his actions, you shall be one of the inheritours of his thoughts: they would be too bigge to be confined in breasts of an ordinary capacity, and would stifle common souls with their weight: But Sir, what opinion do you thinke we have of the elevation of yours? And what do you conceive Monsieur *Chaplain* and I promise our selves from your destiny: things so high and extraordinary, that, not to say more, they dant his verse and my prose, and drive me almost to the shift and of a bare protestation, which I make in this place, that I am

SIR,

Nov. 25. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVI.

To my Lord the Arch-bishop of Corinth *Coadiutour of the Archbishoprick of* Paris.

My Lord,

IT was enough that you accepted the small present I sent you, too much to thanke me for such inconsiderable trifle. I expected not this second favour, and believed the good fortune of my book had attained its higest at the courteous reception you gave it. But you have done more; you have with speeches of commendation consecrated a homage that was paid you before with thoughts of distrust and fear. Who could not seriously fear such subtle and penetrating eyes as yours, who pry out the most concealed defects, and are offended at the sleightest staines? who would not tremble, my Lord, in the behalfe of compositions so deformed as mine; so unadorned with the Art of the Court; almost as irregular as the buildings in our Village? I do not doubt but they will become better improv'd had I but the honour to be neer you, and one of those happy ones that heare you, when teaching how to live well, you exhibite a pattern of excellent speaking. I count the want of those wholesome and delightfull lessons, those golden torrents that issue from your mouth, with which you enrich your people, amongst the least tolerable calamities of my exile. It cannot but be a tormenting misfortune to be none of the world in a season, when the world is so lovely a prospect: and it is no little act of moderation to be contented with the silence of an Hermitage, now when there is another Sonne of Thunder in

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the Church, now you handle all divine things, withall vigour and dignity humane Eloquence is capable of. At least my Lord, if I may not be permitted to enjoy it, I am not prohibited to love and long after it. I shall with delight behold the progresse of your Renown in the Letters I expect from Monsieur *Chaplain*: I will devoure the story of your Advent and Lent, that is the acclamations and applauses of *Paris* in the Relations I desire from Monsieur *de Menage*. It may be, he may have so much charity as to allow me a larger share of his happinesse, and, to cheere up my solitude, send me some short notes of those good and lovely things his memory will lay up; for I shall not be altogether absent, or at least I shall not lose that is gotten in my absence. With this thought I wil endeavour to moderate the great discontent, in that I cannot be your most devout, and attentive auditour, as I am,

My Lord,

Dec. 1. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVII.

To Monsieur the President Maynard, *Counsellour to the King.*

SIR,

THe man so much spoken of to me is in this country, and we have already met three or four times. I have set upon him withall my might: I have laboured as much as is possible to blot out his unsound opinions, but I protest his reliance is greater then my strength, and you may tell our friends of *Thoulouze* that I have lost my paines and my argumentation. There is no way to make him approve of Lent, as well because of the preaching in it as the fasting. He judges all Preachers by two or three Hedge-Priests that he hath heard, and fancies that all sermons begin either with *The valiant Captaine Agellus*, or *The learned Philosopher Socrates*, or, *Pliny in his natural Historie*, or *Pausanias in Arcadicis*: he urges to me continually the *Buon per la Predica*, and the *Riservate questo per la Predica* of the Cardinall *Hippolitus* of *Este*, when any merry fellow of his familiars spoke impertinently before him. He doth not forget the *Mortalium ineptissimus*, *excepto uno Panigarola*. He paraphrases and comments upon these precepts that an old Doctour gave a young Batchelour; *Percute Cathedram fortiter*; *respice crucifixum torvis oculis*, *et nihil dic ad propositum*, *et bene praedicabis*. I answer him, that it is not just to consider things in that corrupted

they were once plunged into, since now they are re-estated in their primitive purity: and reformation hath succeeded disorder. I lay before him when it comes to my turne, the merit of our *Chrysostomes*, and *Basils*: but he replyes to me againe, that according to my usuall custome I am liberall even to Prodigality, and that I bestow great words and illustrious titles on every day in the year. He maintaines that those good Fathers, are dead long since without issue. If he could, he would introduce the Greek custome into the Latin Church: he would have ancient Homilyes read to the people, and a prohibition to make new ones for them. If he durst, he would do all his devotions in his Study, and be auditour to none but his books. What is to be done with this petulant morose fellow, this headstrong opinative man, this ignorant pretender to reason? It comes in my head to shew him that admirable *Extrait* which you sent me, and I do not think it will be any hard matter to put that off to him for a translation of a Greek Father which was preached at St. *John en Greve*; yea for a Father of the first *Classis* in both Churches. There needs nothing for this but to put *Antioch* in stead of *Paris*: and translate *ἀγανακτεῖ* and *ὀργὴ τῶν ἀγγέλων* into French. I see no other course to draw him into a better conceit of our Ecclesiasticall Rhetorique. He must be cheated for his own good: and without doubt he will admire that as a Homily, which he would not abide if he were told it were a Sermon ——. I am,

SIR,

Jun. 5. 1645. *Tour, &c.*

LETTER XVIII.

To Monsieur Menage.

SIR,

I Am not afraid to lose brave *Gomez* favour *for* my Epigramme of the hoarse Nightingale. He is not backward in taking offence, for he is only ambitious of military vertue, and remembers the taunt of Philip to *Alexander*, *Art thou not ashamed to sing so well?* If he doth not make exceeding good verses, not only *Cicero* and other Roman *Consulls*, but *Dionysius*, the tyrant, and some other tyrants too whom I will not nominate, have the same fate. You may tell him, if it please you, that as I have quoted him in an Epigramme for a scurvy Poet, I will hold him forth for a great souldier, when I write his Encomium in Prose,

and ſpeak in good earneſt. Eſpecially, Sir, I will not forget his Proweſſe on the other ſide the *Alpes*; and above all that famous Combat at *Mantua* (if I had the ſtory from his owne mouth) when he layed the dreadfull Captain *Brancaleon*, ſprawling on the ground. The Ladies who ſaw him fight, out at their windows (which I had from him too) called him a hundred times the honour of *France*, and hope of *Italy*: they cry'd out two hundred times *Long live Gomez*; after his victory, they flung him ſo many buckets of Jaſſamine and Orange flower water, with ſuch a ſtorme of perfumed eggs, that they had like to have ſmother'd him. Is not here enough to comfort him abundantly againſt ſome triviall diſgraces befalne him at the gate of Monſieur the Cardinall? But he findes elſewhere more ſolid conſolations: are all the Lawrells of your *Parnaſſus*, and your *Pindar* words that he crownes himſelfe with, when he gathers it from the Weſtphalia Hamme, and relates his adventures in a Taverne? If you ſee him, put him in hopes of the Elogy I am ſtudying, and reliſh the Epigramme I ſend you, as he ſhould do. I am,

SIR,

Dec. 20. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIX.

To my Lord, the Biſhop of Liſieux.

SIR,

I Have done what you commanded me. You will receive Monſieur your Secretary the papers of that gentleman, the writes ſo excellently, and yet cannot ſpell; that ſo happily makes uſe of the higheſt figures of Rhetorique, and yet never learnt ſo much as the Elements of Grammar. He is ignorant of the uſe of comma's and points, yet never failes to make even and juſt periods. He familiarily puts a great Letter downe where there ſhould be a little one, and never knew the difference between Kit and Chitte. If he write to his miſtris in the City concerning Hearts or Haires, you would take him to be a woodman; for you ſhall ſee nothing but Harts and Hares. He hath gotten his learning at the Univerſity by the uſuall way; he would be no greater a ſcholler then other men are: he might be ſought for among the crowd of thoſe Sir Dominicks whereof there are legions in every province of this Kingdom. But you will grant me that he is remarkeable by his ſingularity, and that his defect of Latin, and ſcarcity of ſuch like formes

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goods do more illustrate the grandeur and riches of his birth: being the first of his kind, he deserves a crown, by *Aristotles* rule. And for the present now the Palatinate is in controversie, and three or four dispute for it; a philosopher of my acquaintance is of opinion he should put in his claime too, by vertue of that excellent and commendable quality of *Pa-latinity*. I shall within a short time, know whether you will give him your voice, and whether your opinion jumpe with either of the Philosophers. In the meane time, I rest

My Lord,

Sep. 13. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XX.

To Monsieur the Earle of la Motte Fenelon.

SIR,

Sylvia is a very pretty wench, I confesse; she may make an honest woman, I confess that too. As her wit hath nothing of artifice, so her carriage hath nothing of fondnesse: She can answer, *I* and *No* reasonable well, and sometimes ventures further, with successe too: when she is at a play, she does not entreat the company to instruct her when she should laugh; nor can she be said to be ugly of her age, since in the judgment of Madam the Marchioness of ——— 's, the Divell was handsome when he was young. But here is a story would adde calamity to the most dismall place on Earth, you make your selfe pleasant with both *Sylvia* and *Amyntas*. She hath none but ordinary endowments, and he not any tolerable qualities: for there is a lesse esteem to be set upon his melancholly person, then all the tatter'd parcells of his groaning mansion: he is a petulant fellow, whose pensivenesse sullyes the serenity of the most sun-shiny day, and disturbs the jollity of the most sacred holy-dayes. He sleepes ill a-nights, and then every morning falls foule upon the whole world; and curses nature in generall. He is oftimes so retired into himselfe, that he would not go out to meet a Legat *à Latere*; and if Good fortune should come in person to visit him, she might light upon a day in the week, that the gate should be barr'd against her; although she should tell her name, to gaine admittance. You must confesse a man of this humour is to be beloved, but in the way of Christianity. That is the utmost of obedience which can be allowed to the Commandements of God, and the authority of Religion.

I conclude then, Sir, that you commit an act of too grand a charity, to desire so ill company. For though it is possible I may deserve good mens pity, yet I cannot their curiosity. You are wealthy in the gifts of Heaven, and the true riches of mankind; how comes it to passe that being such a Magazine of wit and vertue, you look after any without your selfe, especially where there is so little? why are you so perswaded with my apparent desert? why will you take a journey for the love of me, who cannot be sociable with you halfe an hour, though I resolve to be during my whole life,

SIR,

April. 11. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXI.

To Monsieur de Plaslac Maire.

SIR.

WHat would you do with me at *Paris*? Is it a designe to shew me at St. *Germaines* Faire, like a beast come out of the Indies? or if this seeme too ignoble a similitude, would you use me instead of a Jugler, and tell me, what a Gallant man once said to me I *have promised you to day to such a Monsieur, and to morrow to such a Lady*? I am afraid I should often make you forfeit your promise. But grant that I were a man easie to be led; and that you brought me into Great Meetings: where even there both you and I should lose our reputation. The Miracles you had promised, would not have power enough to work upon the credulity of old wives; and if you were to be called Mountebank in drown right termes, these expressions would come to you wrapt up in a little cleaner tiffany. You would be upbraided for putting your judgment to a venture, for misapplication of your eloquence, and making an Elogium of a *Quartan Ague*. I have nothing fit to please the nice world you tell me of, nothing to dazzle the eyes of curious people: and if in my early youth, I had in me something lesse cloudy, and dark, do you imagine so faint a lustre could so long contend against the rustinesse of the Country, and the contagion of ill examples? This is now the tenth yeare of my exile: in a better time then this, an *Athenian* would have become a *Barbarian*, and the sonne of Roman parents would have lost all the rights and immunities of his birth. I am not then in the mind, with your favour, to display at Court the imperfections I have

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quired in the Country. Give me leave not to carry thither the coorse evidences of a long absence, and not to say worse, a Forrainer's comportment which I have got, and should hardly be ridde of. It will be sufficient, and it may be too much, if I hold any kind of correspondence with that *Nation*, and it from time to time some of my papers fly thither. But is it possible that excellent Lady hath set so high a valew upon such an inconsiderable thing? That virgin who hath not yet met with any thing worthy of her, who hath rejected the sacrifices of Demy-gods, who does not so much as vouchsafe a look upon the *Corners* of Dukes and Peeres, when a lover prostrates them at her feet? how my joy swells with these excellent tidings, and how in this place am I at a stand for Rhetorique and exclamations! but they will be stronger and more perswasive from a personall delivery: therefore you shall disburse a complement for me at the *Louvre*, and I promise to repay it when you shall have an occasion to use another in the university. I am passionately,

SIR,

Jan. 1. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXII.

To Monsieur Conrart, *Councellour and Secretary to the King.*

SIR,

IT appeares then you endure my absence with griefe, and out of your tender heart complaine of my cruelty? You think I might find a Roome for me at *Paris*, and wish for me as a piece wanting to the finishing up of that little world. Your handsome chidings, and obliging wishes have great influence upon me: so that if a vow had confined me to the defart, and I were as zealous as I am humorous, I confesse you have written things able to tempt my devotion. But all things well considered, Sir, it is better to conceale imperfections here; then expose them where you are, that is in the most publique and remarkeable place of the world, what should I get by carrying my disquiets, and my Feaver so farre? the troublesome removall would encumber me, and afford no delight to you. I should bring along with me a face either to fright you, or move compassion in you; besides, since those productions which you esteem, are the most tolerable part of my selfe, me thinks you might take it well that I have chosen you, to send them to;

and you are bound to commend the discretion of a sick man, that will converse with none but only you at his *good* hours. I shall believe them such, when they have accommodated you with any pleasing recreation, and shall never reckon my self totally unhappy if you ever doe me the favour to love me well, and believe that I am perfectly,

SIR,

Jul. 24. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIII.

To the Reverend Father Hercules, *Provincial of the fathers of the Christian Doctrine.*

Reverend Father,

I Praise God that your race is finish'd & that you are come safe home into a place of rest. This good newes found me in so ill a condition, that you see I have been necessitated these six months to deferre my congratulations of it. I had Winter and all her Clouds in my head. I had neither a distinguishable voyce, nor an articulate sound. I was only able to grumble and murmur ——— ———. Now, the inundation is abated, and I begin to descry some appearance and probability of Serenity.

Aut video, aut vidisse puto per nubila Solem.

But on the other side the vapours of my melancholly make it alwayes night in my soule, and the smallest ray of hope cannot shine into it. You perceive from what I would my self, but there is no way for me to effect that which, you say, is the pleasure of Heaven.

If the power you have there, were great enough to change *December* into *May*, to strew all the way betwixt this and *Paris* with roses for me, I do not think I could remove out of this desert. After the season were changed, you must metamorphoseme me, and so consequently worke a second Miracle: you must dissolve that charme that confines me to this little scantling of ground.

Atque effigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

Your eloquence is very forceable, and your consideration very prevalent to draw me to you, you have writen me such things as would have perswaded Saint *Anthony*, and Saint *Hilary* the Hermite; and such as I cannot oppose with other words. I must say, that those good fathers were in the desart, and you are in a rich

reckon mee among the immoveables of that Walke you saw, *Ut memora, at colles, viridisque immota Carenta Prata mei.* What will you say to the extravagancy of this Jargon? It is farre from the regularity and eevenneſſe of your ſtyle. Well, ſome other time my French may be leſſe Latinized, and my proſeleſſe verſifyed: but I am ſo weary with talking over-gravely of late, that I was forced to alter my cuſtome, to try whether I could recover my ſelfe. You will ſee the markes of this forc't and ſet gravity in ſome writings which my Nephew will deliver you. He hath especiall Order from all the family you love, to aſſure you, you are perfectly honoured there: For my part, I ſo reverence your vertue, that if I might be permitted, I would willingly ſweare by *Hercules*; and ſay, *Me Hercule* as well as Cardinall *Bembo*, or Cardinall *Sadolet*: but my *Hercules* is not like theirs, a Sonne of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*: nor is he, *Hercules the furious*.

Ni furor ille ſacros agitat qui numine vates,
Sit furor ille tuus.

Accept of my devotion, I beſeech you, and do me the honour to believe, that I am, even with all my ſoul,

Reverend Father.

Dec 15. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIIII.

To Monſieur the Chevalier de Mere.

SIR,

SOlitude is, in truth, a fine thing; but there would be a delight in it were there but ſometimes a friend of your goodneſſe, to whom it might be told ſo. Idleneſſe, is called the food of the gods, and of men like them, but it is when *Scipio* and *Lelius* taſte it together. If I were your neighbour, how deeply ſhould we be ingag'd in matters of moment? What learned walkes we ſhould make! How rich ſhould I be, poſſeſſing the Originall of thoſe good things you write to me? I would not envy the Court for her Delicacies of wit, her ſincerity of judgment the Graces and the Flouriſhings your Letter mentions: But if you do not buy a Houſe in *Angoulmois*, theſe are but wiſhes which vaniſh upon the paper; and conſidering the ſtate I am in, *Poitiers* is as farre from me as *Conſtantinople*. You give me no hopes of this: I am afraid I am condemned to languiſh for ever in this little corner of the world. I ſhall be

ever abandoned to my evill Angell, and my sad thoughts there is neither remedy, mitigation, nor compassion taken of my miseries. Indeed, they are very great, I am an Hypocrite whensoever I would be thought good company. However such as I am, there is none more then I,

SIR,

Jun. 6. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXV.

To Monsieur de St. Chartres, *of the Kings high Councell.*

SIR,

THe businesse of the Bishoprick may succeed, and the meanes you propound are not very difficult: but your friend is resolved not to make use of the easiest. He too well understands his own unworthinesse, to entertaine that high conceit you would put in his head: and he hath read Saint *Chrysostome's* books of the Priest-hood with too much attention, not to be afraid of a burden, formidable even to the strength of Angells: he dares not say to his shoulders, as Saint *Bernard* did. Yet it is a burden that even the weakest desires carry: there is no Pedant but wishes to be *laden hard* with it. This is the drift of so many Preachers, and that which so many sermons aime at. But let them runne, and let us be at rest. Let us not set the Gospell, nor Saint *Paul* on work to sollicite our promotion: they are worthy of a better employment. Do not let us, instead of serving God, make use of Him. It is better to be a Catechumenist all ones life-time, and dy at the Church doore, then enter into the Sanctuary at a breach made by Ambition; How I like the Country and retirement! how I pitty the distempers and the feavers of Competitours! Had I no other disease but that, I should be the soundest man in the world, and though your good will obliges me in this present offer, I beseech you, believe, that I am without hopes or interest,

SIR,

Aug. 4. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVI.

To the Reverend Father de Marin, *a Divine of the Society of Jesus.*

Reverend father,

YOu carried away my good dayes with you. Since your departure, I have not passed any one without griefe or pain. Even the good intervalles of my disease have been appropriated to others, not my selfe: and the weakenesse of people on the mending hand, which is privileged every where else, hath not been able to get me dispensed with, for leverall labours which require a perfect health. At length, after all, I am at leisure, and have overtaken the *April*-sunne, who bestowes strength on me as he receives it himselfe. Blessed be this *Visible sonne of the invisible Father*, you know it hath been called so heretofore. He hath already put me in possession of my walks: he will shortly digest and purifie the waters that are prescribed to you: he himselfe will make ready your bathes, and cure you by luxurious medicines: when it is so, will you not be a man of your word, and come neere our Desart: will you not come and contribute to my amendment, by the vicinity of your vertue, and the presence of your good examples? I onely begge you one day in a week. But I speak in earnest, rather then not obtaine this favour, I will set all my friends on work at *Rome*, to the great *Mutio Vitelleschi*. He would not deny you to the Savages if they had need of you: Shall I be lesse favourably dealt withall then the people of *Canada*? and do you runne more hastily to an unknowne harvest then a chosen one? You see whither my desire of not being farre from you, and of sometimes enjoying your holy and learned conversation, transports me. Limit your ambition for my sake. Be not jealous of the honour of your Companions: ruminate not on their famous conquests, nor propound to your selfe the conversion of Kingdomes and Kings: fix your selfe to this little corner of the world, and out of humility be an *Apostle* to your friend.

Sic erit; et voti facies, Marine, potentem
Balzacium, exanguemque dabis pingueſcere terram;
Cum propior largos Calo demiſeris imbres.

I conjure you to this, from the bottome of my heart, and am passionately,

Reverend father,

Ap. 27. 1644. *Your, &c.*

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LETTER XXVII.

To the Reverend father Destrades a *Divine of the Society of Jesus, Superiour of the Cloister in* Bourdeaux.

Reverend Father,

WHen you do a good deed you thinke you receive one, and you are officious with such alacrity, that the way wherewith you oblige, is commonly a second obligation. But I leave the Chapter concerning the businesse in recommendation, to Madam *Capaignol*, to give you thanks in my own words for your perfumed Rosary. I esteem it much higher for comming to me from you, then for comming from *Rome* to you: for I know your staple trafficke is in heaven, from whence grace distils upon devotion. Questionlesse, it will be auspicious to me: it will do much more then you say: for it will impart zeale to me which I want, and make it acceptable after the conferring it upon me: So this sweet odour that makes the sacrifices agreeable, will not be wanting to that of my prayer, *Et per te, mi optime & dulcissime pater, etiam in Christo deliciabor.* In the mean time, I must tell you, here is strange talke of your passion against *Spain*; or, to speake more properly, against *Castile*. Are you certain Saint *Ignatius* and Saint *Xavier* will not take it ill at your hands that you declare so openly for the King of *Portugall*? do you know what their opinions are in so nice a businesse, and upon a Question so problematicall? however, Reverend Father, you cannot be blamed for being a loyall Frenchman: there is no danger to be feared, nor hazard to be runne in opinions of State: remember even that verse in *Homer* that sayes, *To serve ones Country is to protect his Temples and to do an act of Religion.* Once more I thank you for my Rosarie: but I must acquaint you with all that I repose more confidence in your prayers, then my own; do not forget me then, if you please, when you recommend your well-beloved to our Lord. and I am from the bottome of my soule,

Reverend father,

Mar. 12. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVIII.

To Madam, The Marchioness of Rambouillet.

Madam,

I Have not yet received the present you were pleased to honour me withall; but the newes of it being brought me by

Mon-

Monsieur *Chaplain*, I was not able any longer to suppresse within my mind the acknowledgements I owe you for it; and yet they are such Madam, that it is not easie to draw them out of the thought into the expression, without losing somewhat in the conveyance. To cloathe them in ordinary words were too great an abasement of them: and in conscience I never had more need of that officious figure which aides our good intentions, which dischargeth the poor mans debts, and, not content to describe things to their just value, doth inhaunce them infinitely above themselves. You are acquainted with it, Madam, under the famous name of Hyperbole; and I must confesse to you I have poorly abandon'd it almost eighteen yeares ago, out of a cowardly fear which the reproaches and calumnies of my enemies created in me, without Question very much to my disadvantage: for I easily foresee, that wanting its succour to thank you magnificently, as I desired, I must be constrained to serve my selfe of the simplicity of my mother tongue, and only to tell you, as another mortall would, that I am highly obliged to you for your Present: yet I will adde, Madam, but in the extreamest rigour and severity of truth, That the only news of this Present, hath intirely changed the face of my fortune, and seems to have placed abundance where before was poverty. If you please, I shall take the Liberty to expound my meaning, and render you an account of the present estate of my affaires: 'Tis most certain, the wrath of Heaven is this year fallen upon our Country; and that for my own particular, I have not been more favourably treated then my neighbours. But though the unseasonable haile and frost in the month of *May*, have saved us the labour of gathering our Vintage in *September*, and left us nothing but the sad remainders of their prey; though the promising eares of corne have deceived our expectation, and yielded an inconsiderable harvest, (I demand your pardon Madam for these village expressions) though on the other side, all the Avenues of the Exchequer are most strictly guarded and justest gratifications escape not from it but with difficulty; yet for my own part I am nothing sensible of all these bad consequences; they are mistortunes that concerne not me, and you, madam, are alone the cause that I complain not either of the inclemency of heavens, the barrennesse of the earth, or the covetousnesse of the State. By meanes of you, never year was more plentifull, nor more happy to me then this: for having lost somewhat in ignoble and common things, may I not be

more

more justly thought a gainer, since your hand makes me bountifull a recompence, in things of rarity and value? Essences of Jasmin, flower of Orange, musk and Amber gr But Madam, what will the precieser sort of people say to th and what answer shall I make to the generation of severe l who will think it strange that a man making profession of gality should bring into his desart the delights and luxury the Court? that a solitary person should have his boxes fil Frangipane gloves; he, I say, who in reason, should be con with a paire of mittens every winter? I shall not here end vour to make his apology, or to justifie that by reason wh may be defended by authority, and by the example of one w had credit enough to sound a Sect. It will not become me, M dam, to be better, or more wise then *Aristippus*, who know well the art of mixing pleasure and temperance together: did not at all condemne the use of innocent pleasures; he co make a difference betwixt stinks and perfumes, and was not ing inclined to believe, that aromaticall odours were infectio One day above the rest he declar'd himselfe more openly on this subject: an impertinent asker of questions, fell up him in a great assembly, and having held some discourse wi him, concerning the austerity to be observed in the lives of Ph losophers, upon the suddaine, thinking to put him to the bla captiously inquired, who it was in the company that smelt strong of perfumes, 'tis I, answered *Aristippus*, and anothe wretch more unhappy then my selfe, known by the name of t King of *Persia*. Shall I take the boldnesse, Madam, to rank m selfe as the third sinner of that order, and dare to intrude m so noble a society? Yes Madam, for once I shall venture march by the side of this King and Philosopher who perfum themselves; and have some reason to believe, I possesse adva tages above them both, because in their time, they had neithe a Madam, nor a Madamoyselle *de Rambouillet*, to select, an present them with those perfumes. The Latine Poesy makes m vaunt of certaine Essences which *Venus* and the loves her chi dren made present of to a Romane Lady; but those Essences Madam, which I expect, are sent me by a nobler hand, then that Common *Venus* and her Cupids; 'tis the true *Venus* Uran and her adorable daughter; 'tis vertue it selfe embodied, an become visible to the eyes of mortalls; 'tis perfection descend from its heavenly habitation, which does me this day the hon our to regale me. I make my publique boast of it: I look upo

all the riches and posſeſſions of the earth as things below me, but as there is no glory in the world which equalls mine, I muſt alſo beg your beleſe there are no acknowledgments can vye with mine, though yet the greateſt part of them remaine within my heart, and cannot make any outward appearance but imperfectly in the proteſtation which I make, to be allwayes with reſpect and veneration,

MADAM,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

To Monſieur Coſtar.

SIR,

I Have receiv'd your Paſtills, your Powder, and your Cuſhioncts of Odours. But what do you expect I ſhould ſay of them? They are no mortall things, nor are they to be commended in humane termes. *Flora*, the ſpring, the ſunne, and *Marſhall* never produced ſo faire a fruit of their united labours, or made any thing ſo excellent as theſe perfumes. Our Doctor ſweares they are better then thoſe of *Venus* when ſhe appear'd to her ſon *Æneas* upon the bank of a River in *Lybia*. Yet *Virgil* who is not ſo prodigall of Divinity as the Poets his ſucceſſours, gives them the appellation of divine.

Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravêre ——.

For your Table books I look on them, and conſider, but dare not adventure to uſe them. I make a conſcience of touching ſo faire things, with ſuch coorſe hands as mine. The plates, guilding, and lively colours have been beſtowed on them without parſimony. They would have been fit Regiſters for the private Cabinet of *Cæſar* and *Cleopatra*. I do not think, when the Conquering God read a lecture to the Muſes his ſcholars, they had ſuch handſome Note-books as theſe, wherein they diligently writ after him.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, Nymphaſque diſcentes, &c.

You know the reſt in Latin, but not in Italian, for I juſt now receiv'd theſe verſes from *Florence*, where they were made the laſt month.

Jo vidi (il giuro, et ſe mia lingua mente
Con furia procelloſa
Schiantin le viti mie grandini acerbe) *Vidi*

Vidi il Padre Lieo Beso frà l' erbe,
Su cetra armoniso
Trattar & avorio & or plettro lucente
Vidi le Ninfe intente
Starsene al canto & à le voci argute
I satiri chinar l'orecchie argute.

You see here I put the change upon you, and deviate as much from my subject as I can. The reason is because I do not intend to slubber over a thanks to you for exquisite presents. I must prepare my selfe a whole moneth for it. I think of consulting all my Muses and to look over all my common places: nay I have a mind to take a potion for that purpose, and be let blood that my spirits may be clearer and all my faculties more free and active. I most humbly kisse your hands and am with passion

SIR,

Sept. and 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXX.

To the same.

SIR,

I Know not how I dare undertake to write to you: for in the condition I am, I can with truth assure you, that I do not know my Letter.

In me tota ruens Hyems
Ardon deseruit

If *ruens Hyems* grate your eare, it does more mischiefe to my Eyes. But then I have an other way to expresse my self,

Me nebulâ turpi, multo me Jupiter imbre
Atque omni premit Aedio. Da mitior almâ
Luce frui, Pater, et formosum redde serenum.

I do not beg *Jupiter* for the drying up my Rheume, and all of my Nose; but meerly that I may be in a condition to injoy your kindnesse, or, if you will have any more in the language of the immortall Gods,

Ut saltem Ambrosio Flora immortalis odore
Muneribusque tuis fruar, & vel Regibus aequo
Par Arabum, Cossarde, animo.

In earnest, Sir, your perfumes are admirable, they are even better then those of the last yeare; and if my Rhetorick about this subject were not quite exhausted, they should be attended with as ample thanks as the divine *Arsenice* —— I am without reserve,

SIR, *Your, &c.*

THE THIRD BOOK.

LETTER I.

To Monsieur Menage.

SIR,

TO obey you, I have read the Spanish Philosopher's Book a second time. The title alwayes pleased me exceedingly; but I cannot say any more of the rest, then what I told a Gentleman of my familiaritie, who first mention'd it to me. I could not find what I sought in it, and in my opinion the *Art of the Will* required all the sufficiencies of our *Gassendus* to be display'd answerably to its merit. The Spaniard is in many places enervate and feeble, in others too subtile and abstractive; and repeates the same matter so often, that his five Books might be reduc'd to lesse then the halfe of that number without any injury to his subject. A moderne Oratour termed this kind of *Tautologie*, *The dancing the Canaries in a Bushell*. And a Poet of antiquity said it was,

Unum ponere ferculis tot assem.

Which may be expressed in ordinary speech, The serving up of one joynt in a dozen or two of dishes. But I beseech you Sir, what sinister advice, what vision or extravagance mov'd this *John Eusebius* to cite almost perpetually, such authors as have no authority; and were scarce ever heard of? This is giving people for sureties, for whose credit certificates and pledges, yea pawns and engagements of bodies, might be required in their particular affaires. I cannot tell what ranke a *Bernardus Sylvester*, a *Barlaamus Giracensis*, or an *Odo Cluniacensis*, should hold among the genuine and legitimate Fathers of the Church. His treatise beares the Character of the same judgement throughout. All the way he straines his wits in quest of ridiculous novelties both in things and words, that he may seem to renounce the dialect of the Schools, and to speake like a man of another Country, he compounds such a gibberish of his own as farre exceeds the obscurity and canting of the Doctors, and is likewise no lesse savage and remote from the Romane

Romane purity. He himself is the Planter of his barb and raises a new rebellion of his own head against *Cicero* this with how much indeavour and violence? His care paines are perspicuous in the defects of his style. He dot to fall, where other men slip unwittingly. He do's not his Galamaufry unawares, but 'tis his ayme to plunge hi into it. In a word, intending to speak elegantly, he speaks furdly with curiosity, and makes choice of all his bad exp sions. Could it possibly be, that this man had the lit *Messieurs Du-Puy.* I do not believe he is of any great co with the Jesuits; I mean, the Jesuits of *Paris*, who have a ter pallat then those of *Madrid.* I am confident, that in thi ticular at lest the dreadful *Petavius* is of the same opinion the redoubtable *Salmasius.* Instead of him I read the li your *Memoirs* without weariness. It seems to me more lo and new, at the tenth reading then at the first. How heart it would have provok'd the laughter of the Cardinal of *Per* How wil it please the Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, and with what steem wil the father *Strada* regard the salt and delicate sa in it? He who sometimes smiles after a Roman manner, and as exquisite at ingenious raillery as your self: But if you w see the Elogium of his Life all at length, you may please t what I have written of it to the father *Socrates*, and ask him, if I commend the other Latine Satyrs he sent me with t same Language.

Hæ, licet ingentis Pansæ, Hirtiadaque superbi,
Nomina clara ferant.

I am ever affectionately,

SIR,

Nov. 4. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER II.

To Monsieur de ———.

SIR,

I Have lately received newes that gives me very sensible apprehensions of discontent. Monsieur *Costar* was an Eye-witness of my trouble: and it is most certain, that if a Spanish Philosopher made me lose your favour, I should not easily be reconciled with *Spaine*, not even after the pacification of *Munster*. When I writ you my opinion, I did not imagine it would have been injurious to your judgment, for I conceiv'd Sir, your

had told me, that some men cry'd up this Modern Doctor, but not that you had any affection for him your self. Had I thought the least of any such thing, I am not so bad a Courtier, as to have willingly contradicted you, in a business of so little importance, and my particular conceits shall alwayes be less dear to me then the contentation of my friends. Therefore be pleased to impute the mistake that is fallen out, either to the dulnesse of my hearing at the time you spoke to me of the Treatise, or to the defect of my understanding when I read it. And do me the favour to believe that though I am not a professed rider with *Johannes Eusebius Nierembergius è societate Jesu*, yet I am not less really,

SIR,

July. 5. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER III.

To Monsieur Gombauld, *a Chanter in the Church of* Saincles.

SIR,

THe Dialogue you did me the favour to send me was taken away from me the same day I received it, and since that time has past'd through so many hands, that I could never be master of it till this day. I have newly read it with such a liking and relish as I shall retaine a long while in my fancy, and I confess that such kind of Dialogues if we had any in our Language, would bring me out of Love with those of *Plato*. This little tract, since you would know my opinion of it, is a Library in Epitome, a magazine in a packet, and a *Dedalus*-shop where all the utensils move of themselves, and all the materialls are alive. It deserves this last attribute upon a particular account, being not only the juice and quintessence of the ancient Sages, but more, the Life and Soul of their wisdome: he is so dextrous in reducing speculation to use, and study unto action. But this *He*, Sir, is it not *Monsieur de la Haguette?* and what are his intentions of his closeness and concealment? If he will not own a Child so worthy of him, though it want a father, it shall not be destitute of protection. *Heroes* were never expos'd to the mercy of their fates, but Heaven took care of them; and dubious births have almost ever been the entrance to illustrious lives. I send you the present which Monsieur *Chaplain* bestowes upon

you, and being not able to thanke you sufficiently for
lately receiued from you, I must be contented to assure you
I am with much gratitude,

SIR,

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

To the Reuerend Father Dalmé, *a Diuine of the Society of
Jesus, Professour of Rhetorick.*

Reuerend father,

Either it was my fault to expresse my self ill, or your frie
to miss-apprehend my intention. However it be, I am v
sensible of the trouble he ha's drawn upon you. It is unquest
nably a great crime to abuse that happy fruitfulnes, wh
Heaven hath conferr'd upon your Muse. She must not be ha
s'd out every day, but deserves to be kept for grand Holy da
and you your self are an ill Husband, to make so many ex
lent Verses at a venture, and proceed so farre to leave y
marke behind you : One thing that pleases me in this th
less labour that you have taken, is, that it hath given yo
occasion to write me a Letter sincerely Latine, and worth
the purity of *Antiquity*. I read it often with delight ; and ha
not been for my vexatious businesse, and my want of he
you should immediately have seen in the same language h
highly I valew your exquisite knowledge in it. All that I c
say, being oppressed with businesse, and drowned in Rheume,
that I was much comforted to behold this Ray of the Ag
Eloquence, at a time when one would think the *Goths*
newly risen again to sack *Aquitaine*, and replant their g
rish : but I concluded, when I read your Latine, that they
not yet Masters of the place where you were, since you held
still for old Rome, and their savage style had not gained
to be an abettor of it. Continue, I beseech you, this laud
designe ; oppose your self, stoutly against the vicious imit
of some young Doctors, who labour with might and main
the re-establishment of Barbarism. Their phrases are either
taigne or poetical ; and their Periods, Rhimes and Antith
If scurvy books afford any word, either rotten with age, or m
strous by the newnes of it ; a bolder metaphor then usu
or an insolent and rash expression ; they rake up this

with cure, and bedeck themselves with it with much curiosity. They believe themselves much more handsome, after taking in those ornaments, then they were before. This is a strange malady, and a filthy love? I cannot tell what their braines are made of, to contemne the force, the vigour, and the lustre of *Rome*, to become enamoured only on her diseases and her carkasse; on her Sepulcher, and her ashes. Or if there be any excesse in the last words; what do they think they doe, when they preferre before Senatours and Consulls of the Common wealth, all magnificent and glittering in their purple, such poore tattered slaves, the remainders of warre and persecution, who after the ruine of the same Republique are come to beg, and weare their ragges in the Provinces? You easily discerne that in these two different Parties, on our side we have our *Livy*, our *Salust*, our *Cicero*: and on the other side they have their *Cassiodore* their *Symmachus*, and their *Apuleius*, *carentéque id genus, ut meus ait Dunn, deboneſtamenta Latinitatis.* I wish them better and sounder sancties: and would very faine see an end of their rebellion against the true and lawfull Nephewes of Remus. I beg of you, reverend father, the good examples you can bestow upon us: but especially I entreat your good opinion, and beseech you to believe me, as truly I am,

Reverend father,

Ap. 3. 1643. Your, &c.

LETTER V.

To the reverend Father, du Creux, *a Divine of the society of Jesus, Rhetorick-Professour.*

Reverend father,

I Had a sight of five or six leaves, the other day, which I admired; and without question you saw them before me, since they came from your father *Sirmond*: he is an admirable father, I have told you often; but he is admirable in divers respects, and is not to be lookt on only one way, he is provided to instruct the learned, and to delight *meaner* capacities, he hath both the solid and the subtle part of learning: and not to speak of the riches of a choise knowledge, managed by a *Magisteriall* judgment, the dispenser, and regulatour of it, I observe yet in his fourscore, all the fire, all the brave blood, all the gallantry of Spirit, that can be discovered in the very youth of the Demy-Gods. If your Christian severity will not, cannot

digest that word, let me say at least in the youth of such men as are more happily born then the rest. I beseech you, contrive it so that your young people set before them this man, who is an honour both to his Age and Country, as a copy how to write by; and not some raw Latinists who would breed Schisms and Heresies in Eloquence: who are crueller enemies of ancient Rome, then ever *Hannibal*, *Iugurtha*, *Mithridates*, &c. They write iron and stones, as they confesse themselves, if not mudde and smoak, as some upbraid them for.

Quis furor ille novas posponere casta profanis,
Impuraeque sequi neglecto fonte lacunas,
Et tenebras foedeque suo praeferre nitori?
Quis Romam violare Ius, quod Barbara vexit
Tempestas olim in Latium, nisi natus iniquo
Sydere, nunc velit, & Romani nominis hostis?

You see, an enthusiasm ever possesses me when I discourse with you. I sigh after next Thursday's conversation, and rest,

Reverend father,

Aug. 30. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VI.

To the Reverend father, Stephen *of* Bourges, *a Preaching Capuchin.*

Reverend father,

I Send you back the Manifesto and expect the Exhortation, you did me the favour to promise me. It is not so much curiosity to look on them as fine things, as an intention to be benefited by them as saying things that obliges me once more to desire them of you: and you well remember the old Roman saying, *Medecines do no good, unlesse they slay by it*: Which words cannot, for they passe by without any stopping, since your Latin-Country-friend will be our Nymph's Poet, advise him to lay down the Character of *Virgil* in his Eclogues for his Idea. I meet not with any Venice-glasse more polished or cleare then that. *Ovid*'s sweetnesse, and facility, likes me exceedingly, under favour of the Critick *Victorius*, and the Hypercritick ——. As for *Lucan*, *Statius*, *and Claudian*, they run too high, and make too loud a noise in a sick man's chamber. They are Bells, Drummes, and Timbrels which we admit not into

into our Musick. I write this to you in a huddle, and have but this moment, to tell you, I am,

Reverend father,

Ap. 3. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VII.

To Monsieur de Meré, *Knight.*

SIR,

YOur judgment is true; the productions of these fine wits are neither free nor naturall. A straining and forcednesse is discernable every where: and aiming to become admirable, they happen to be prodigious. They do not consider that Monsters are produced by excesse, as well as deficiency, and that Giants no more then dwarfs can be said to be of a handsome stature. But shall we put those you speak of, in the Catalogue, who talked so highly to you of the Roman Majesty; and the nobleness of their style? have a care, Sir, how you condemne them; I beg their pardon of you, for a more considerable interest then their own. For, in earnest, if they are culpable; *Virgil* cannot be innocent: if in their Poems *Cæsar* forgets his modesty, what I beseech you doth the Head of *Cæsars race* in the *Æneids* do, when being asked his name, he answers.

Sum pius Æneas, famâ super æthera notus.

When he proposes himselfe as a pattern and Idea of true vertue,

Disce puer virtutem ex me, &c.

When he styles himselfe the *great Æneas*, and believes a man doth not repine to dye, because t'was he that killed him.

Hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere mortem
Æneæ magni dextrâ cadis, &c?

We will examine these three passages at our first interview, though you do not give me hopes of any such thing, nor your Letter promise me your company. I am with all my soul.

SIR,

Oct. 4. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VIII

To Monsieur Colardeau, *the Kings Attorney in* Fontenay.

SIR,

I Applaud the designe you do me the favour to impart to me, and it will be approved all the world over, if you please to produce as fine things as you are able to expresse them elegantly. The ancient Latinisme beares a high price amidst the barbarisme of these latter ages; but where it is quite dryed up (as in some places in which it is maintained meerly by the dint of talking) it is to write only for two or three in a kingdome, whose palates are capable of gusting any thing of sound and sincere antiquity. The curiosity of the major part must be contented with something notorious and remarkable, that may stick in the memory, and not be blown away with the sound of the words. And herein the Italian writer of Characters, is much more divertising and instructive, then he of France, though he is inferiour to him in Latin and Politeneſſe. For example; is there not a great deal of delight in understanding the true manner of *Politian's* death, which Cardinall Bembo hath so disguised in the Epitaph he made upon him? the whimsey of *Naugerius*, in making an annuall sacrifice of *Martial's* Epigrammes to the muse of *Catullus*; and the proud morositie of another Poet of the same times? &c. I advise you to excite the Readers attentiveneſſe by such like particularities in the lives of your worthies. Use your utmost to interweave the curiosity of History with the purity of language, and do not forget to sprinkle *Paulus Jovius* salt, in the same feast where you use S. *Martha's* sugar. If you do thus, you will compose a work that shall live; and will not deserve meanly of your own Age, by obliging Posterity. I send you what Madam Des *Loges* lately sent to me, and beseech you to own me for what I am with passion,

SIR,

Sep. 21. 1646. Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

To the Reverend father Tesseron, *of the society of Jesus, Professour of Rhetorick.*

Reverend father,

I Do a little understand the language of Heaven, but cannot judge of the merits of them who speak it: for the Peerage of

Paris

Poets ought to be exempted from the Jurisdiction of Grammarians, it is sufficient for me then, to bestow these commendations on your fine verses, and thank you for the delight they gave me. For to engage my self into that strict examination you seem to desire of me, would be not only to introduce an inquisition into a free Country, and violate the enfranchisments of *Parnassus*, but an exception of your words too literally, and the grounding a Perogative upon a Complement. I intend not any such thing, nor will so abuse the arbitrement you commit to me. I must not take advantage on the civilities of a man that teaches Rhetorick, and consequently does not make profession of rigid truth. Whatsoever you do, you cannot debase your self into a vulgar person, or humble your self so low by your modesty, as you are elevated in your Genius and conceptions. Reverend Father, *Sevine* will tell you in what termes I expressed my self to him concerning the subject of those frequent towrings, and what I said of your Muses *daring flight*; you know he is an eager and patheticall Orateur: But I have no need either of his vehemence or his figures, I only desire his bare testimony to perswade you that I am,

Reverend Father,

Apr. 25. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER X.

To Monsieur Perrot *of* Ablancourt.

SIR,

YOu will receive by this bearer the discourses I promised you yesterday, they will not teach you any new thing, (for what is it you are now to learn?) but they will call to memory your excellent knowledge and revive your fading Ideas. The last time *I* saw him that made them, I left him in a designe to fall on studying French, as if he had been a German: you see here how it hath succeeded; and you your self, Sir, you who were born on the banks of *Seine*, cannot chuse but confess to me that our desarts begin to be civilized, and the savages to grow tame; at least, they purge their tongues by little and little from the faults of their Country, and speak more like men then formerly: from swaggerers & lawles in matter of Eloquence they are reclaimed to discreet Lovers, and become persons of Reason: this gentleman sticks but too close to the method and

precepts of Art. He is so fearfull of failing or being misapprehended that sometimes he writes rather like a Gramarian then an Oratour: and because he leaps from licentiousness to scrople, in his style; it may be, that so exquisite strictness of his, will not seem very naturall to you. You remember him that was taken for a forraigner for being too Attick, for he discovered himself by his disguise. The Provinciall Oratour's way of speaking is remarkable for the same care, and shews something pumpt and strain'd for. For the matters he treates of, though often times they slide into Common-places, yet they are pretty lucky falls; and me thinks, his Preaching is not tirelome; but I will not comment in a Tickquet, nor forestall the sentence I ought to waite for. I shal receive it from your soveraign Criticism, the next time I have the Honour to see you. I most humbly kisse your Hands, and am ever with passion,

SIR,

Paris: Mar 7. 1635. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XI.

To the Reverend Father Adam, *a Preacher of the Society of Jesus.*

Reverend Father,

YOu have extreamly obliged me in not failing of your word and sending me your fifteen Sermons: they might deserve of the Eares of the Court: they are high proofe against all my little craft in the way of words; and they have little less power on paper, then when you animated them with the eloquence of your delivery, & left in our minds so many agitations and emotions, behind them. Proceed to advance your fame yet higher in this noble race, wherein you have already acquired a great stock of reputation: your beginnings were very glorious and splendid, your continuation yet more; and I make no doubt but if you fortifie your sacred School learning by the serious study of the fathers, and the solid knowledge of the ecclesiasticall History, you will not be left behind those that runne most vigorously after honour: and this you will do without forfeture of your humility too. Hitherto I answer you with delight, but what mean you, I beseech you, after the sending fifteen Sermons? what do those taunts of a Rhetorician, those ambiguous and figurative termes, those subtle and delicate com-

plaints

plaints in your Letter signifie? you are mistaken, Reverend Father, if you imagine your interests are not dear to me, or that I have been cold in an occasion where I ought to shew my Ardour. Certainly, you are misinformed in the particulars and circumstances of the thing, and to use the termes of the Founder of the French Academy, some *Petulant Aggravateur* hath enlarged this business of nothing, to disturbe the quiet of your mind. The Reverend Father *Gombauld* knows how much I am concern'd in any thing that relates to you, and at what price I rate your vertue. He shall justifie my proceedings to you, and I will onely assure you at the present, that I am most faithfully,

Reverend Father,

Jan. 15. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XII.

To my Lord, the Bishop of Grasse.

My Lord,

IF you resolve, as you say you do, to write without any Ornament, it is a designe will puzzel you hard, and you will scarce be able to bring it about: besides, your not following Saint *Basil's* counsell herein, you deviate from the example of him and the whole Church of his time, who made no scruple to speak handsomely. I beseech you shake off this untoward humour, do not be incensed against the Graces, those good and innocent Damsels, who have already wonne you so many Adherents, and so many Readers of your works; bear some respect to the advantages of nature, I mean the gifts of God; and if you are not an Enemy to the harmless delights of our Country, do not do, like that extravagant Chaste one, who mangled his face, because his beauty pleased those Eyes too well that looked upon it. Eloquence hath nothing to be dreaded in it, when she is in the service of Piety. A *Grecian* is not to turne *Barbarian*, when he is converted Christian. They who are afraid the riches of Language should corrupt the simplicity of Christianity, would have driven the wise men from *Jesus Christs* stable where they came to offer Gold. There cannot be too much curiosity either on the Altars, or in your works; and you ought not to apprehend that the name of *Chrysostome* should make you loose that of Saint——. I am, My Lord,

Ap. 12. 1639. *Your, &c.*

Letter

LETTER XIII.

To Monsieur the Abbot Talon.

SIR,

Since you relish well the last things I writ, and your palat so exceedingly accurate and discerning; I cannot count them utterly ill: it is no small matter to have pleased you, and Monsieur the Attourney Generall *Talon*, for who dares, in point of Eloquence, contradict a mouth that hath so long while, swayed the ablest and justest Councell in the world. I willingly submit my dead words, dropped upon my paper, to that lively and animated vertue residing on his lips, that produces decrees in the breasts of the judges. I should be contented not to be wholly slighted; but I should be very proud, if it were true, that he had any esteem for me, and that in that Sunne he sighs in, he cast pleased aspects upon that shade wherein I am obscur'd. I cannot chuse but apprehend much delight, that my retirement is approved by the most active and best-acting person in the world. Oblige me to tell him this on my part, and to believe me passionately,

SIR,

Jan. 4. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIIII.

To Monsieur the Abbot Bouchard.

SIR,

I Make no question of Monsieur *Holstenius*, his great riches; I only complain of his thriftiness. Of what use is abundance without liberality, unlesse to change the nature of Good, and lock up that which would be communicated? He should either possesse lesse, or impart more: for though I know he hoards up for Posterity, and will enrich our grand-children, yet me thinks, he should not in the meane time disinherit us, nor reserve the best part of his fame for a *Future* that he shall never see. Be our solicitour, then, to his learned worship, and tell him in the name of all the Grecians and Latins of this kingdome, that we lay claime to his papers, and that he is more obliged to instruct his own Age then another. He is none of those barren ones that continually sit in Libraries, but never hatch any thing. It is expected he should bring forth something Eminent from his long conversation with the *Vatican*. I received what you

You did me the favour to send me from him. I confesse, it is purple, and cloath of Tissue: but it is only a patterne, and there is scarce enough to make a sute for a baby. I would have enough to hang a room with, and I beg whole Pieces, &c. I am,

SIR,

Mar. 14. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XV.

To the Reverend father Josset, *a Divine of the society of Jesus, Professour of Rhetorick.*

Reverend father,

I Think, I need not spend much time in justification of my silence, I may rather commend my teares to you, and tell you that common report having killed you, I have with true griefe bewail'd your imagined death. I must confesse, you confuted this falsity after an excellent fashion; for as you were deceased in my thoughts, so you are newly risen againe to my eyes, more gloriously; for so I call the pompe wherein you appeared to me; and that lustre in the work you did me the favour to send me. Never was so bright a diffusion seen. The fertility of things rare, is only in you; and though there are mothers that people the world with cripples and crook'd-backs, your abundance cannot be said to resemble that unfortunate fecundity. You get only perfect children,

Omnes Cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.

May I dare to hazard a fancy, just now fallen into my head? You so highly sing the triumphs of the Church, and Holy dayes of the State, the death of Martyrs and the birth of Princes, that your verses seeme to accumulate glory to that of Heaven, and ornaments to those of the *Louure*: the Saints seeme to receive a new happinesse from you, and Monsieur the Dolphin a second nobility. But you are not only a great Poet, you are a *jolly* man also; for I confesse, that what you say there, concerning the warre with *Spaine*, and the Queens lying in, made me laugh in the height of my Melancholly. According to your opinion, the good fortune of the King was so busily employed at Saint *Germains* that she could not be at Fontanby. So *Diana* suffered her temple at Ephesus to be burnt, that night in which *Alexander* was brought into the world, while she served as a Midwife to his Mother *Olimpias*. *Plutarch* derides this saying of *Livie* the Historian, and *Cicero* admires it in his books of the nature

nature of the Gods. Which of these two are in the right, and to whom shall we judge the prize? or if neither of them must be condemned, what way of accommodation shall we contrive to reconcile them? we will determine this businesse of consequence at our next interview. In the mean time, I have a thing that more concernes me to speak to you, since you ever love me. Be alwayes mindfull of me in your sacrifices of Love, and Charity: allow me some little share in those excesses and inundations of vertue I have been told of: at least let their overflowings water my barrennesse: I want only the sight of you to grow better. Come reverend father, come and with your presence manure the stones and sands of our desart. I conjure you to it from the bottome of my heart, and am passionately,

Dec. 5. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVI.

To Monsieur de Marca, *Councellour to the King.*

SIR,

AFter I have told you, I was very sensible of the honour you did me, I must now adde, that I have a share in that honour you have done to our Age; and that I should have been unwilling to dye without seeing your labours in their utmost perfection. This work, Sir, will be no vaine shew of Science nor meer Ornament of Libraries: this will be a piece necessary to the order of things, for want of which the Glory of France was defective: it will at once both beautifie the publique, and strengthen the State. Our Kings shall reckon it among their Demeanes, or put it into the number of their Treasures: and if with your profound Learning you had not a large portion of humility you would give me leave to present it before Bucklers faln from Heaven, Images esteemed fatall, and other sacred Gages of the Grandure and Duration of Empires; but you would not have men flye so high, for your sake; and you do not affect to shew your self in so much pompe. The Title you have given to your excellent Book is lesse proud and figurative: it doth not menace the world with an insolent Metaphor, though its modesty (notwithstanding) promise that which none but a perfect understanding can performe. You undertake, Sir, the difficultest accommodation that ever was heard spoken of, since there were any quarrels on Earth: and though

though Priesthood and Royalty are two powers naturally friends, nay two daughters of the same Father, yet they are oftimes so embroyled against one another by the interest of their relatives, that it will be hard for Equity her self to succeed in the reconciliation of them. To this is required a moderation the hot-headed French are not very inclinable to, and the haughty Roman, lesse: here must be neither the spirit of a Slave, nor an Enemy: here must be a soul full of light, and emty of passion; the King's power must be acknowledged, and the Pope's authority bowed to: but truth, who is Superiour both to Pope and King, and is the strongest thing in the world must be absolutely depended on. What a Renoune will it be to you, when it is believed, that your designe was meerly to oblige her; and it shall be said you defended her rights, as if you had received pay from her, or were by her commanded to write books! What a brave thing it will one day be, to be styled the *Champion* of truth? I do not see any thing in your writings that may prejudice your hopes, or so noble a pretention. If you had any such when you writ it, there is nothing of the degenerate or rebell in it, and though as yet I have only considered the outside of the building, and three or four pieces of the Portal, I omit not to comprehend the merit of the whole pile together. I saw at the first glance that your knowledge is wise, your Libertie discreet, and your zeal not blind: the most part of books are notorious by such imperfections, and the greatest part of Readers will easily be cured of them, if they meet with no more books to foment them: for my part, I seek after nothing else, since my gray Haires admonished me to look after what is solid and serious: but especially, Sir, I highly esteem that learned wisdome, without which I should not value all *Bersuius* Latin though he had mountaines of it, nor all *Casaubon's* Greek, though he were more Attick then Athens it self; nor all *Scaliger's* Hebrew and Arabick, though he understood it better then the Rabbins, and the Mufty. With this bait of sound sense and reason, you take my mind, after you had conquered my heart by another charme, and I am not in this particular lesse your abettor, than elsewhere I am obliged to be,

SIR,

Aug. 6. 1641. *Tours, &c.*

Let-

LETTER XVII.

To Monsieur de Rampalle.

SIR,

I Prized you, before I knew you loved me; and though such good tidings should have been concealed from me for ever, yet should I have spoke of your verses with passion, because indeed they put me into one: there is fire in them, that creeps into my veines; for I confesse to my shame, my age was a little warmed again with them. I cannot dissemble it, they tickled my heart, and I appeared lesse severe that day I received them, then I was the day before: you touch the soul so to the quick, that he must have none, who feeles not those smart-strokes your Art is a second Nature, and your picture's rather the perfection of things then the representation. It is true, the Stories you set down, are such as lead to errour, and forfeited Bishopricks in the rigour of the Primitive Church, for who can tell but your Metamorphosis may beget others, nay may make more then one —— in *Diana's* retinue, may change chast Ladies into amorous ones, and the pleasure of reading into a temptation of sinning? but I have neither vertue, nor authority sufficient to prescribe you spirituall counsel: it is enough for me to commit destiny holy matters to you; and to tell you concerning the subject of those that are not so, and that are such dangerous weapons in your hands, what an old woman in Rome said when she was reading *the tales* of *Bocace*, *Would to God she were saying ones prayers!* You see by the carelesnes of this Letter that I have put off my trade of *Declaimer*; I have absolutely renounced the *Genus demonstrativum*, and deal no more in Eloquence: but I have great doings with truth, and you may believe me when I protest I am,

SIR,

May. 21. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVIII.

To Monsieur de la Chambre, *Councellour and Physitian to the King, and in ordinary to my Lord Chancellour, &c.*

SIR,

YOur humility does you injustice and me a favour: It exalts me, by undervalewing you; but yet I cannot therefore esteem my selfe taller, or reckon you lesser. I understand the

the style of the place where you are: such submissions are part of your mirth, and at Court you play with those words, which we use in earnest in the Country. It must necessarily be so; else is it possible that you who are ignorant of nothing should not know what your selfe were worth? Would you have excepted your selfe out of the universall knowledge you have acquired, and at once both obeyed and disobeyed the Oracle of Apollo? In earnest, after I had considered, examined, and studied your book a whole fortnight, I concluded that never any knew the worth of a man so perfectly as your self. Never was the God of *Delphos* more nobly, more punctually obeyed: No, not by him of whose absolute wisedome he gave testimony, nor him that was heretofore called *The understanding*: nor that other who to this day is called *The Genius of nature*. This Genius, it is true, hath peeped into the soul, but he stopped at the doore. He hath only made the way open to you; and if I were bold enough, I would say, he is but of the outer Court, you of the Cabinet-councell. There is no recesse, nor cranny of the humane soul, but you have penetrated; there is nothing how nimble, swift or secret soever, that passes through it, can escape the perspicacity of your sight, and of which you cannot give a most faithfull and certaine account. Our greatest Philosophers are only Pupills and Grammar Schollers of *Aristotle*, as Eustathius was of Homer, and Servius of *Virgil*. Our best moderne books are only repetitions and transcriptions of ancient ones, or at most, but Glosses and Paraphrases on them. I should wrong yours, if I should say the same of it. I should injure the highest and soveraigne Reason, which is interessed in this work, if I should attribute it to the lessons you had learned, or the common places you had collected. You are nothing lesse then Commentatour or transcriber; and to put you in among the number of wits of the second rank would be to degrade you. It may be said then, and that without extravagancy, that you are Philosopher in chiefe: that your writings are Originalls that you have made a great progresse into Truth; that you have there discovered unknown regions, which must beare your name, and the strait of Magellan not more famous, then certaine places you have passed through. There is no question but you are the first that travelled them, and therefore the glory of discovery is due to you. There are things in your book, for the invention of which a Grecian would have thanked his Gods with a Hecatombe. And not to particularize so many, (and

(and those so rare) things; That single discourse of the *knowledge of Animals* is a novelty would have given birth to a Sect at Athens, and have ranked you among the Founders of Philosophicall Orders. If *Aristotle* himselfe were returned to the world, so excellent a Novelty would stir up Jealousie in his breast; it would vex him as much as it would inform him; for being so ambitious as he was, he would have been inconsolable for not being the author of it. But in what unknown quarter of the World have you found that lovelinesse and light (which are wanting in his works) which invite, sollicite, and arrest all eyes to yours. *Beauty* is there inseparably united with goodnesse. By your paines it is become broad day in Philosophie, after a night of many Ages; and your words are so clear and pure, so powerfull and efficacious, that farre from obscuring things from quickest sighted, me thinks they might even illuminate the blind; as they display the objects, they strengthen and cherish the sight, They delight both the sences and the *sad*: and the pleasure of them is such that I make no Question but an expression so flourishing and attractive even in the Thorniest and Roughest matters, would quickly discredit Rome and make France loath Comedies and Entertainments, and such other kind of allurements as voluptuous spirits are taken with. This being so, if I am not the most deceived man in the world, and having written nothing but what proceeds from my very heart, and a full perswasion, I may yet come in earnest to answer either, the Drollery or civilities of your Letter. In conclusion I say this, if you have lost any thing by my absence (as you pretend in complement) they are innumerable applauses, loud and frequent acclamations, sometimes interrupted with a silent pause of admiration: they are postures and gestures of a man transported, and such kind of things as Postes and Messengers are not laden with all: these, it may be, you have lost; and in truth, I believe if I had been at *Paris* when your book came forth, the representation of the *Characters* you are to treat of in your Chapter of Ecstasy might all have been seen acted by me, though I have not the gift to express them, as you have in paper: in which let it suffice to assure you, that I am passionately,

SIR,

Sep. 15. 1645. *Your, &c.*

Le-

LETTER XIX.

To Monsieur Salmasius.

SIR,

It is enough, that I hear you have done me the honour to take cognisance of my cause. After this, I do not expect till you have pronounced judgment, to give you thanks for the justice you have done me. Favourable or contrary, I call it good because, being yours it cannot be bad. And if I were afraid of the extreamest rigour, as I hope something more mild, yet I am too well perswaded of the integrity and sufficiency of my judge, not to approve my condemnation, if comming out of his mouth. In such affaires, I will never appeal from you to any other. Neither the People, nor Posterity, are names great enough to be set in the scale against *Salmasius*; and if I should say that in the Common-wealth of Letters he holds the same dignity that formerly Queen *Zenobia* Confident did, who was acknowledged the Oracle of his own Age, and the Treasure of past Centuries, I should speak nothing but what all the sound part of that Republique would averre after me. Do you then Soveraignly decide, Sir, all the matters in contest? Your opinion ought to be the absolute Rule of our differences. Against so legitimate an authority there is no protection among the Rabbins; no Sanctuary in the East, nor Recruit in the Country of the *Hellenists*: and how small an inclination soever my Adversary shews to an arbitrement like mine, yet we are each of us obliged to tell you, *Tibi summum rerum judicium Dii dedêre, nobis obsequii gloria relicta est.* I shall conserve this glory with respect, and continue passionately, whilst I live,

SIR,

Tours, &c.

LETTER XX.

To Monsieur de Scudery.

SIR,

You have not followed the advice of the Secretary of *Florence*, in the distribution of your favours. He would have counsell'd you to distill them drop by drop, to the end they might hold out the longer. But that Grandeur of courage of which you make profession is above those frugall Maximes:

it conferres its graces with a full and open hand; and you are of opinion you have given nothing, where you have not inriched. I have found in the same pacquet, your Letter, your Requeſt, your Tragedy, and your Obſervations upon the Cid. What an Ocean of favours pour'd out at once! which had they been well husbanded, had returned you the income of some few reall acknowledgments. But I queſtion not; you were very willing to be quit of three bad Complements, and will receive this only in your own defence. And yet, Sir, I dare not pretend by it to be diſcharged of my debt: it ſhall ſerve to bear witneſſe againſt me how much I owe you, and let you know the deſart hath not yet render'd me ſo ſavage, but that I have ſome ſenſe left me of thoſe rarities which are brought me from the civilized world. 'Tis in that number I place the preſent you have made me, and you know well I do not now begin to prize your works. I was one amongſt the firſt who ador'd your infant Muſes, and clapt my hands at the recitall of your firſt Eſſay: ſince that time my eſteem hath grown proportionably with your forces; and having given its applauds to your faire hopes and expectations cannot now refuſe its voice to your more ripe and vigorous productions. Few, if any, are ignorant of the merit of your verſe; and your proſe hath raviſh'd ſome who were not acquainted withall your perfections, which as it may boaſt an infinity of graces beſides thoſe of novelty, ſo it hath found in the world a vaſt number of partiſans, and adorers; amongſt whom I am not the leaſt-paſſionate. Yet it will nothing become me to take cogniſance of the difference betwixt you and Monſieur *Corneille*, ſince for my own particular I am oftner a ſtarter of doubts then a reſolver of queſtions. However I muſt needs ſay, you ſeeme to me to have attacqued him with addreſſe and force; and that, for the moſt part, your objections are lined with ſtrong ſenſe, with ſubtilty and gallantry it ſelfe. For all this you may pleaſe Sir, to conſider that all *France* is entred into the cauſe with him; and that there is not one of those judges whom it is reported you have aſſembled, who hath not praiſed that, you deſire he ſhould condemne; inſomuch that ſhould your Arguments prove invincible and your adverſary himſelfe acknowledge them for ſuch, he had yet wherewithall gloriouſly to be comforted for the loſſe of his cauſe, and might avouch boldly that to have pleaſed an whole kingdome, imports ſomewhat more of excellent and grand, then to have compoſed a piece exactly regular. There is not an Architect in

Italy,

Italy, who hath not some fault to find, in the structure of *Fontaine bleau*, who doth not call it a Monster of stone, and yet this Monster is the faire habitation of our kings, and the Court is there commodiously lodged. There are many perfect beauties adiusted by others whose features carry in them lesse of perfection but more of attract and charme. And since acquired parts are not so noble as the naturall, nor the industry of men to be equally esteemed with the gifts of heaven, I may further adde that to understand the art of pleasing is not so much to be valued as to understand *how without Art to please*. *Aristotle* blames the *flower of Agathon*, yet confesses it agreeable, and his *Oedipus* was not perhaps agreeable, though *Aristotle* approved it. If it then be true, that the satisfaction of the spectators is the end which the Theater proposeth to its selfe; and that the Professors of that art have sometimes appealed from *Cæsar* to the people; the *Kid* of the French Poet having pleased as well as the *Flower* of the Grecian, it must be granted he hath obtained the scope of his representation, and that he hath already reach'd the goale, though he made not to it by the way of *Aristotle*, nor by the addresses of his *Poesy*. But you will say, he hath cast a Mist before the eyes of the world, and will accuse him of Magique and enchantment. I know many people that would have the vanity to be proud of such an accusation; and you your selfe will confesse to me that Magique were an excellent thing, if a thing that were lawfull. Would it not be admirable (think you) to be the Authour of innocent Prodigies? to make the sunne appeare at midnight, to prepare a feast without meat or Caterers; to change oake leaves into Gold, and glasse into Diamonds? This is that with which you reproach the Authour of the *Kid*, who acknowledging himselfe to have violated the rules of art doth oblige you at the same time to avow he hath a secret which hath thriven better with him then the Art it selfe; and not denying but he hath deceived all the Court and all the People, leaves you nothing to conclude but that he is more subtill then all the Court and all the People, and that a finesse put upon so great a number of Persons is more a conquest then a fraud. This being so, Sir, I doubt not but the Messieurs of the Academy will find themselves in the briars about the deciding of your cause; and that on the one side, your Arguments will shake them; as on the other, the publique approbation will confirme them. Were I of their number, I should have been in the like paine, had I not by good fortune lighted on your sentence

in the Register of Antiquity. It was pronounced fifteen hundred years agoe by a Philosopher of the Stoique Tribe, but such a Philosopher who had a soul not insensible of pleasure. The Satyres and Tragedies fallen from whose hand, we have yet amongst us; one who flourished in the reigne of an Emperour that was both a Poet and Comedian, in the Age of Verse and of Musique. See here the express tearmes of this authentique judgment which I leave you to interprete to your Ladies, for whose sake you have undertaken a longer and more difficult translation.

Illud maximum est primo aspectu oculos
Occupasse, etiamsi contemplatio diligens
Inventura est quod arguat: si me interrogas,
Major ille est qui judicium absolvit,
Quam qui meruit.

Your adversary gaines his ends in the favourable word of *Major est*; and you also have compassed all you can desire, not coveting any more (as I conceive) then to prove that *justicia absolvit*. So that you will carry it in the Cabinet, as he hath already done upon the stage. If the *Kid* be guilty, 'tis of a crime for which he hath been honoured: if he must needs be punish'd, it will yet be, after he hath triumphed. If *Plato* banish him his Common-wealth, he will first Crown him with flowers and entreat him worse then he formerly treated *Homer*. If *Aristotle* find ought wanting in the conduct and management of his plot, he will yet suffer him quietly to enjoy his good fortune and not altogether condemne a designe which its success hath justified. You have too much goodness to wish more, you know there is an allay found out for the Law it self in many cases, and that a Court of Equity conserves that which the strictness of Justice would have ruined. Do not then insist upon that rigorous Letter of the Law: nor bind up your self in so severe chaines to the dictates of soveraigne reason. He who designes to satisfie that wholly, and to follow it exactly through all its niceties, would be obliged to contrive a fairer fabrique of the World, then that we live in; he must invent a new nature of things, and search for Idea's above the Heavens. I speak for my own interest; if you are of that beliefe, you will find nothing to be loved, and by consequence I shall runne the hazzard of losing

being your favour, though it be extreamly dear to me, and that I am passionately,

SIR,

Aug. 27. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXI.

To Monsieur Perrot, *of* Ablancourt.

SIR,

THis little note threatens you with a large paire of Manuscripts, and I am now making readie for I know not what longe harangue upon the subject of *Tiberius* and his honest successours. Yet it troubles me to foregoe Liberty for Tyranny, and my *Livy* for your *Tacitus*. But *Tacitus* being become yours, my ill humour against him cannot last. I cannot hate a person whom you love; and to tell you the truth, methinks he is grown more gentle and lesse thorny, since he passed through your hands. The reason is, you contract no soile from the impurity of the matters which you handle; and amidst the corruptions of Policy your morality is preserv'd pure and unconcern'd. A Stoicall Philosopher of this latter Age, as you will grant *Justus Lipsius* to be, had the same passion as your self: A great Commander, as questionless was the Marquesse *Spinola*, hath translated the same thing, into his own language; though it never was yet published; and I reveale this secret to you from the mouth of one of his greatest Confidents. So that you are neither singularly gentleman, or the only wise man that hath pleased to make observation upon ill times, and carefully studied the History of a corrupted Empire, with a soul worthy the Republique in her perfect Glory. You cannot thinke how I prize your work; the beauty and the chastity of your style; both that which nature bestowed largely upon you, and your own acquisitions. But this is a subject for another paire of manuscripts, I conclude with a sincere protestation to continue with all my soul,

SIR,

Jan. 4. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXII.

To the Reverend Father d'Eſtrades, *a Divine of the Society of Jeſus, Superiour of the confeſſours Cloiſter in Bourdeaux.*

Reverend father,

At laſt my New-years gift are come.

I Have received the controverted diſcourſes you did me the favour to ſend me, and you were juſt to call them *the Weapons*. I adde *fatall and invincible*, and I think, I ſpeak yet too modeſtly of them; For, in earneſt, who can eſteem thoſe Weapons high enough which Monſieur the *Grand* Prior forged, and you have poliſhed; on which he beſtowed the temper and the ſtrength; you the faſhion and ornaments? Your Miniſter is too happy, for dying ſo faire a death. Certainly *Du Moulin* and *Aubigné* will envy him for it. But for our particular, what ſhould we do? It becomes us to joy as in our Muſes behalfe the honour don them by a man of ſo high quality, who hath had ſo great and ſo illuſtrious employments, is at preſent Gouvernour of a Province, and one day may be ſoverayne to a Nation made up all of Gentlemen. I confeſs freely to you, my profeſſion begins not to diſlike me ſo much as it did, I begin to love it a little more, ſince as well as I, that Gallant Knight is of the ſame, and we are both Authors in one Language. But I beſeech you Reverend father repent not of that good Office you lately did him, and do not conceive that action, though it be inferiour, is unworthy of you. There is more Glory in Copying our Oracles, then dictating ones own inventions. The Sybils and Prophets did nothing but repeate as well as you. They were but interpreters and meſſengers; or, not to runne ſo farre back, Poſterity ſhall not be leſs beholding to you for preſerving a piece of Divinity of Monſieur the *Grand* Prior, than it are now obliged to *Arrian* for ſaving us the reſiques of Epictetus's Philoſophy. Doubt not then, to proceed in the Noble Collection of the reaſons and arguments of an other Nature. Nevertheleſs, ſince in poynt of Learning you are not leſſe rich by birth, then fortune and induſtry hath rendred you; ſend us ſomething immediately from your own hand, to let your Miniſter know, you are able to beat him with your unborrow'd forces; who will effectually diſpatch him; and not leave him, in the diſtaſte you have put him, ſo much as this ſmall ſentence of comfort with which he may poſſibly flatter his deſpaire, *Is it poſſible*

to yield to the Uncle of a man who hath command of Legions: I shall expect this second present for my next new-yeares gift; and in the meane time remaine withall my soul,

Reverend father,

Jan. 15. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIII.

To Monsieur de Borstel.

SIR,

THe gentleman who delivered me your Letter, brings you the Sermons you would needs have me read, and of which you desired my opinion. I have read them with a great deal of delight, and I may say with much edification: for, in earnest, they do not deviate, me-thinks, from the *Orthodox* Doctrine; and were it not for two or three little marks, which denote them of the contrary party, and some slight offers at our Outside, which we do not much care to defend, they might be preached with applause in our *Ladies Church* at *Paris*. I met with beauty in most places, and vigour almost in all; especially in that of our dear Monsieur *Daille*. He is none of those Orateurs, *Seneca's* Ayre, whose perpetuall Antitheses only touch upon the superficies of the soul. As he uses better weapons then they, so he strikes deeper wounds. He leaves true compunction in the heart, and not false allarmes in the eare. He hath seen the Idea of that Soveraigne Rhetorick, whose pourtrait I drew lately, and Monsieur *Costar* calls, Queen of the Free States: He hath studyed her among the ablest masters; and though by a certaine scrupulositie entayled on his profession, he dare not display her in her full extent; though he conceales more then he discloses; yet it is easily visible, he doth possesse what he doth not make shew of; and that he is rich and powerfull, though he be modest and thrifty —— &c. In a word, I am wholly

SIR,

Feb. 4. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIIII.

To Madam de Nesmond, *Superiour of the* Ursulines *in* Angouleisme.

Madam, my Deare Cosen,

IT is now wednesday morning, and you may keep Monsieur *Godeau's* book till Friday Evening: but I declare to you, I

cannot resolve to endure a longer absence. Do you know how much I do in this for your sake? I seperate my selfe from a friend at all houres of the day; I deprive my self of a companion that makes my solitude happy; I let go a guest that pays me in Rubies and Diamonds. It is true, he will returne speedily, but in the meane time, what a Patience must I practise to be without him to day, to morrow, and the next day? When you have surveyed the wonders I speak of, you will accuse my words of undervalewing and poorenesse: you will deride the meanenesse of my Metaphors, though I draw them from the most precious things Magnificence can be imploy'd in, and make them of Rubies and Diamonds. You will tell me, that in this inferiour world, and amongst all the glories of nature that are visible, no comparison is to be found worthy of my friend: that he is an Angell in a Poets disguise; that he descended to Earth to teach men the language and Musicke of Heaven: at least let us say, and that with a perfect confest and wonder, that before him our Muses were Courtesans, and debauched wenches, and he hath reclaimed them from that scandalous life, to make them Saints and Religious, like you: In us say, he hath reduced Verse to its primitive and Legitimate use: that he hath cleansed *Parnassus*, when it was filled with all the defilements of humane wit, with the mudde and the corruption of all ages. But what should not I say in a Preface of my making, before the book I send you, since I have made a Ticket speak so much already? One word more in answer to your Letter. Pardon me, Madam my dearest Cosen, I cannot do what you entreat me. I do not think I shall quit St. *John Chrysostome*, nor St. *Leo* the Pope, who are the Chaplains of my Desart, for your Preacher, to whose Sermons you invite me. And unlesse your selfe were to preach in your own Chappell, it would be a very difficult task to entice me out of my Hermitage as long as this faire season lasts. Do not think I am in jest when I speak of your Preaching: you want nothing to do it but a priviledge, which by misfortune hath not been granted to your Sexe: and you would have eloquence to spare, if the Church would suffer you to make use of it. I wish you good day, and am with all my soul,

Madam, my Deare Cousen,

May. 7. 1634. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXV.

To My Lord, the Bishop of Grasse.

My Lord,

I Received your Paraphrase on the Canonicall Epistes: But you are more liberall then you conceive you are, or else you give more then you speak of. The Letter you did me the honour to write me, promises me only four Apostles, and I find five in the book I received from your favour. Was it for want of memory that you made no mention of the fifth, or an excesse of humility that you reckoned it for none? This it selfe is one of the marks of Apostleship; and the same God who exales those of your order in the same rank with Angells, by the power he hath given them, inclines them to debase themselves beneath men, by the example he hath left them. But I am not obliged ever to assent to your Humility, and believe a perfect man that preaches his imperfection. For not to put any distention between the Saints that triumph above, and those who fight below, I believe I may say, the same spirit that animates you, is no other but that which inspired them, and that you speak with as much vigour as our *Paihers* did when the blood of our Saviour boiled yet in the Churches veines. I observe in your works the language of those Heroick times, and the courage of those *Heroes*. Though I am all ice, I kindle at the reading of them; and I should find no difference between the Epistle you have made, and those you have expounded, but that you call them *Gentlemen* whom the Apostles style *Brethren*. But it is not through affectation of certain termes out of use, that we are to imitate the primitive Christians. There is no great harme in complying with the age we are of, in things of so small consequence; and without letting slack the ancient austerity, some little toleration may be yeelded to custome. I am,

My Lord,

April. 12. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVI.

To the same.

My Lord,

SEek some other then me that may do what you order. You require a thing of me that is not in my power; and your works being my Mistrisses, how can I possibly look on them with

with the eyes of an enemy? To do this, I must be as ... rous as the ancient *Goths* who made warre on all excel... things; or of as ill a nature as that moderne Italian, who ... mented on *Aristotle* only to find fault with him. I am ... a *Goth*, not *Castelvaro*. I am your constant and perpe... Admirer; your Verses, your Prose, your inventions, your ... tations, your lutes, your flutes, and your trumpets please ... absolutely, and without any condition. Every thing ... comes from you does so charme me, that there is no means ... make me censure uprightly of it; unlesse passion and ... are competent judges. You shall have nothing else from ... besides that true protestation. But what would you ... what can I say of your last compositions, unlesse that the ... titude of *The beauteous* and *The good* takes away my free election of any one; and that,

As one, who in some flowery garden walkes
Design'd in wreaths t' unite the severall Walkes,
Nature's enamell where she more he Pies
The more the choice distracts his wondering eyes.

I am without reserve,

My Lord,

Jan. 22. 1644. Your, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

To Monsieur Maury, Dr. *in Divinity.*

SIR,

YOur papers have taught me an infinity of good things, ... serious and delightfull, strong and subtle, Attick ... Roman in an equall degree: but this shall be our Sunday's conversation, and I will not dilate my self on it till I am ... you in attending that desired day. I must tell you newes, ... Monsieur *de* —— who was so much your friend, is become your accuser: In earnest, he impeached you yesterday for a ... cian, and he still averres that there is something supernatural in your more then *Ovidian* smoothnesse. He sweares that that ... the Prophets and other inspired persons, nay that of *Apollo* himself their inspirer, was never comparable. For my part, I ... dare not go so high: I only say, that when you speak in ... you are more punctual to avoid measures, and number, ... we are to find them when we write Verses. I believe it would be no hard task for you to turn all into rime, that ever ... wrote

...in the world, and set all the Sciences in musicke: ...matter, Philosophy and Divinity, yea the Law, and Phy... might be all sung of your composing. There is no ...so constant and stiffe in his way, but alters in your ...so strictes and sad but you make him dance as ...as you please. There is no mortall in Print, but you in an ...teach him the Language of the Gods, by an extempo... Paraphrase. You have already written a Rhetoriche in ...; but that is nothing, you will make *Cicero* a Poet when ... please; his *Orations* and *Epistles* shall be transformed into ... and *Epigrames*, if you resolve it.

O lacteos numerorum! O verba fluentia cursu
Æterno! Talis Rhodanus, vesperque Garumna,
Hybernis fluit cultus aquis. Hos versus, sed illos
Res, O Maure, illas, sed vastum ex fine cæteros
Miramur rerum Oceanum, quas fundis ab ore;
Formosam quis Burdigalam dicet latiorem,
Pisonisque solum valentibus, & latera lauti,
Santonica, rutilumque suis sine mœnibus urbem.
Quis nostras, mi Maure, bedlis sepius aures.

I most humbly kisse your hands, and am with all my soule,

SIR,

Aug. 30. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVIII.

To Monsieur L^a Huillier, Councellour to the KING &c.

SIR,

I *Felicitate* you for having Monsieur *De Roncieres* for your Governour, Monsieur *Rignah* for your Colleague, and *Madamoiselle Calista* for your Mistres or your disciple. If the word *felicitate* is not yet a French Denizen, it shall be next year, and Monsieur *de Vaugelas* hath promised not to oppose it. I congratulate your good fortune in *Lorraine*, and confess you have cause to slight the three Cities you speak of; though *Venice* be Queen of the Sea, *Rome* Metropolis of the earth, and *Madrid* be accused of aspiring to the Universall Monarchy. If the sage of *Bibilis* said formerly to a *Calista* of his merit then your, *Roman ne mihi sola fueris*, what would he not have said, if

if besides his mistress he had enjoyed two such friends as you do? what contempt had he not put on the fathers-Conscript and the Order of Knights on the Palace, and the Publick Militia; every thing is to be found in three persons differently excellent. A little World so compleat would please me much better then the great one so spoyled. In reality, I count you happier for the converse of that venerable Old Man, than if you were in ordinary with *Jupiter*, then if that Father of the Gods and King of men should carry you with him to his banquets in the Ocean, though Nectar be poured out there in buckets, and the Muses say Grace to him. Your Letter promises me his *Minutius* which I have not yet seen (I mean the *Minutius* of Monsieur your Land-Lord): but to tell you truth, I had rather see some of his own naturall productions then all the works of other men he hath now dress'd up: especially, Sir, I long for *the Character of the ancient Christian*, which has put me in some hopes of, the last time I had the honour to entertain him. *How* likly would such a work come out at the beginning of a civill War, kindled between the Orthodox Church-men; and how the representation of the *Spirit* and mildnesse of our fore-fathers, would be effectuall to persuade their quarrelsome Children to peace; both *Jesuits* and *Jansenists*!

Exoriare liber prisce virtutis Imago,
Et dubia tandem propere succurrito Rome.

Love me ever, I beseech you, since your friendship is one of the sweetest consolations of my melancholly Life, and such am more then any person in the world,

SIR,

Jan. 18. 1642. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIX.

To Monsieur de Bellejoy.

SIR,

WHy do you take it so ill that the late *King* of Sweden, and the Duke of *Weymar* are named in a drinking Song? I am not so great a Scholler as you, I want the halfe of it: yet I know that long since *Harmodius* and *Aristogiton* were sung, in the most memorable debauches; and has not your own *Athenæus* taught you a Song concerning *Ha-*

Sun, that begins thus, *Most dear Harmodius, thou art not yet dead; the report is that thou yet livest in the fortunate Islands, with active Achilles and brave Diomedes.* Upon this song of *Harmodius* the *Loyalist* who would have converted you, when you were both in my Chamber, hath brought me a passage out of *Aristophanes*, and another of one of his commentatours which concerns that of *Athenæus*: here they are both,

Οὐδὲ παρ' ἐμοί ποτε Ἁρμόδιον ᾄσεται,
Σημαίνουσιν, ὅτι παρ' ἐμοὶ ἀνὴρ ἔφυ.

Aristophanes Acharnensibus: Ad quem locum Scholiastes.

Ἐν ταῖς τῶν πότων συνόδοις ᾠδήν τινα μέλος
Ἁρμόδιος καλούμενον ἐπ' ἀρχῆς,
Φίλτατ' Ἁρμόδιε, ἔτι που τέθνηκας.

You are admirable in searching out all kind of drinking Songs for me, which you call Bacchanall Odes. Certainly, it is because I writ to you last year, that I had need of an appetite, that I was nauseated with serious matters, and that I never hear more talk of Morality nor Politicks. I am not always in that scurvy humour. We dispute, we discourse, and sometimes declaime in our village, the affaires of the Roman Common-wealth are there treated on; *Cæsar* and *Pompey* are both arraigned there, you may find controverses and Suasories, with counsels given to Consuls and Dictatours, and if you please to have me tell you after a more Noble manner.

Hic soceri causa, & generi, censente Catone,
Et longa imperia, et nimiùm damnantur honores.
Hic bona Libertas, tranquilla obscuraque vita,
Præfertur regno Italiæ, ac victricibus armis;
Complumque domus Sylla, privatus ut altùm
Dormiat, & summeret falsos in littore fluctus,
Æquoreasque legat conchas.

This good counsell that is given to *Sylla* to sleep soundly, puts me in mind it is time to go to bed, and take leave of your learned Lordship. I am,

SIR,

Apr. 20. 1641. Your, &c.

Let-

LETTER XXX.

To Monsieur Colardeau, *the Kings Attourney in Buteney.*

SIR,

I Maintain it openly that your Verse has no whit advantage of your Prose: or if you would not have me speak like the People, I tell all that will hear me, you are not less valiant on foot, then on Horse-back. The Panegyricke to our Monsieur *d'Argenson*, and the vote for our Monsieur *de Villemontee* are worthy your Art, and their Vertue. I equally esteem the materialls and the workmanship, the richness of the stuffe and raritie of the embrodery. In how agreeable a dresse you have imbelliſh'd the objects of my love! you represent them to me, if it be possible, more amiable then they seem'd before. It's true, there is a neighbouring Vicar, to whom I shewed both the Pieces, and he produc'd me the story of the two Parrots that were taught to speak at *Rome* during the War at *Alliman*, of which the Jugler had instructed to cry *AVE VICTOR CÆSAR*, and the other *AVE VICTOR ANTONIO*: But I stoutly defended the honour of your Muses against his allegation: I answered him, that here was no War, no Enemy, and that to commend the Predecessour and the Successour was one and the same thing: it is only to praise the Kings Conture, the Queens choice, and their Councill's judgment. Let not therefore an allarm that I have repelled already for you, give you any disquiet; and enjoy peaceably the glory you have deserv'd by labouring to celebrate that of others. I am,

SIR,

Aug. 10. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXI.

To Monsieur de la Thibaudier.

SIR,

I Had sent to morrow into *Poitou*, if I had not this day Bien you were at *Paris*. Your Steward amazed me with the newes, and hath taken me off the hopes I had to feast you here within four or five dayes. The Learned *Peyrarede* is to be here within that time, if he be a man of his word. He brings along with him his observations upon *Plautus* and *Martial*

to mingle with our Melons, and our Mushromes: with all which, and a great deal of salt and pepper, we shall make no contemptible olives. But what shall we do in the meane time for your incomparable way of discourse; your facetious Eloquence, your constant and perpetuall mirth? where will that posture of a young Pope be, in whose company no melancholly is able to keep countenance? his meere Idea infuses delighting exercise into me, in the midst of my sadnesse: On a day too, wherein I take Physick, when I do not so much as write to *Titus Pomponius Atticus*, you provide me this happy instant, to offer my selfe to you both in Latin and French against Monsieur the Prior and Monsieur the judge. They have either of them made a match to assault you in his own Language as soon as ever you come into the Country. But what honour do I forsee for you! how bright a day will this be, and what new rayes it will adde to your splendour! I am now making ready to clappe my hands and cry out *Vivat* and *Sophos*, to the great *Monsieur de la Thibaudiere*. If your steward is to be believed, you are already so great that you can beget nothing that is little: He hath told us miracles of that little Gallant of your own mould, that is not yet five yeares and a halfe old. Is it true, that he had rather go out at the windowes then at the doores; that he runnes upon the brink of precipices; that he goes to go to snatch the thing he loves, out of the middle of the fire? These are the rudiments of a Heroe, whose History shall one day be written by some *Gombervillie*. I speak in earnest; *Æneas* did not do more for his father, then your sonne ha's already done for roasted apples. I am,

SIR,

Oct. 16. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXII.

To the same.

SIR,

I Know you do not care much to be put to charges, but I know besides you will not let good customes be antiquated. I therefore thought fit (out of my naturall liberality) to send you you Lenten provision for this yeare. Among other things you will receive a Sattin Thesis dedicated to me by the Philosophers of *Angoulesme*, of which you may make that learned Mask, you once shewed me the plot of. It is true, *Crosset* is no longer of this

this world, and *Monmor* is a little too far from *Chisay*: but what do you take Monsieur —— for, who is within a spit and a brisk of you, and who of late is become all Forme, all Matter, all Genus, all Species, all Categorie, and Predicament? Your mummery could not be carried to a better house then his. He hath at least two thousand ready Syllogisms in stock lying by him, and not one but is over-weight, as I am told by a Gentleman of his acquaintance that cannot read. I would very faine make one at so merry a meeting, but I must waite from *Paris* for my convoy to *la Thibaudier*;

Tenue molli eras, lasciam contere nostram!

I am, Sir, but in earnest, and out of the termes of our figure,

SIR,

Nov. 3. 1642. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXIII.

To the same.

SIR,

FOr an answer to all your eloquent Letters, I give you notice that I am resolved to make a collection of them and present them to the Publick with a Preface of my own. I ought to be doubtfull that the successe of this designe might prove disadvantagious to me: but my affection is uncapable of jealousie. It surpasses all considerations of self-love, and private interest: With a ready heart I resigne to you the Crown, Monsieur *Bois-Robert* bestowed on me, when he inaugurated me king of the Wits, and am content to lose the esteem I held of a Doctor at the Letter-style, provided you succeed me in the chair. Questionlesse, you would be voted to it, if you had never writ any thing besides the last Letter I received from you, for I protest the lustre of your writings is so bright and strong, that I am yet dazzeled with them. *Socrates* his *Helena* shewes deformed to me incomparison of that Lady whole pourtrait you drew to us. All that is left us of the wracks of Antiquity, and the hands of the most eminent Masters comes not neer this exquisite piece. Even he that infused a soul and life into colours, should be but one of your apprentices: we should find he hath but slubbered over the Goddesse of beauty, if his work-manship were set gainst your ——. I am withall my soul,

SIR,

Dec. 28. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXIIII.

To Monsieur Conrart, *Councellour and Secretary to the King.*

SIR,

IT is necessary that I be very firmely perſwaded that your goodneſſe is infinite: for if I could ſuppoſe it had any limits, with what forehead durſt I appeare before you? Yet I do it, and that with a ſtrange confidence: not only to aske you pardon for doing amiſſe, but alſo to beg leave to continue in my fault. Never was ſuch a boldneſſe heard of: never did offender leſſe diſſemble his inclination to evill, nor treated more familiarly with his judge. All that can be ſaid in my juſtification, is, that I ſinne out of infirmity, and that my offences are neither malicious nor voluntary. I languiſh here at the end of the world without action or motion. I am a burden to my ſelfe, and of no uſe to any body elſe. I am, if you would have me ſpeak in a higher ſtraine, a paralytick limbe of Common ſociety; I have only left, Sir, ſome principle of life, which I reſerve for you, and my heart is ſtill ſound enough to honour you as I ought. That *As I ought* is as unlimited as your goodneſſe: and though you were not an extraordinary perſon, and one of the things of the world which I admire (who am no very great Admirer) yet you have obliged me to be more then any man in the world,

SIR,

Oct. 14. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXV.

To the ſame.

SIR,

YOur Doctour is not *Orthodox*; at leaſt he hath been ill informed, for I have not ſo much as dreamt (as he told you) of putting any thing to the preſſe. I am ſo nauſeated with all things that are called books, that in the mind I now am, I would more willingly blot out all that ever I writ then reſolve to write them faire. Be pleaſ'd then to aſſure the intelligencer, that he received a falſe alarme. I do with all my heart forgive the memory of *Don Roderigo*, and bury all my injuries and my reſentments of them in his grave: I am not addicted to diſturbe the quiet of Church-yards, to fence with my pen againſt Ghoſts, to violate the Franchiſes and ſanctuary of death. It is

true, Sir, my deare *Menander* hath in his hands two Apologies of mine, which I made long since, and he may dispose of, as he pleases. But it is as true withall, that I defend my selfe there without encountring with any person in it: and my equity, my modesty, and my civilities are such, that my friends of *Quercy* and *Perigord* have styled them Abjectnesse and Cowardize. I left a copy of these two Apologies at *Paris*, which N. N. hath a command to present to you from me, with some other compositions Morall and Politicall. You may please to send me your opinion of them at your leisure, and do me alwayes the favour to believe that none can be more passionately then I am,

SIR,

Apr. 7. 1639. Your, &c.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOK.

LETTER I.

To Monsieur the President Mainard.

SIR,

WEe are now in the beginning of *October*, and your last Letter promised me your Company here in *August*, if you were alive. I pray Heaven you be rather false then dead, and that you break your word, yet for many yeares to come. I know that, in Poetry, *Jupiter* laughs at the perjuries of Lovers, But remember your promise was made in prose, and that it is allowed you to be alwayes fabulous. Yet if there be no means to drive you from your fictions, nor reduce your style to the simplicity of truth, it shall not hinder me from enjoying my desires by another way. I have decreed to see you, though I enforce my way through all the Mountaines that separate us, and vanquish all the Barbary betwixt you and me. For this effect, I have in my fancie designed my self a litter, becomming the Equipage of a Spanish Embassadour; and I am now sending to the most noted faires of *Poitou* to provide a couple of Mules, as black and sleeke as those your Predecessours assigned to draw the Coach of the Moon. When this is done, I set forth for the upper *Auvergne*, and bring you with the ices and infirmities of my age, the most lively and ardent passion that a heart of five and twenty can be sensible of,

Non segnis mihi flamma placet. Malè novit amare,
Qui patiens, qui lentus amat.

SIR,

Oct. 5. 1641. *Tuer &c.*

LETTER II.

To Monsieur Girard, *Secretary to the Late Lord Duke of Epernon.*

SIR,

YOu must needs be a person of much resolution that have undertaken a journey to *Paris* with the Poste of *Bourdeaux*. I am jealous of the success of your temerity: for unlesse you be defended with a Paralell as broad as *Ajax's* buckler, I fear you will have cause to complain of the too great brightnesse of the month of *July*.

Vos Aura, Aonijs placida de Montibus Aura,
Æstum illi lenite, gravem lenite laborem.

A more tender wish cannot be made for a Mistresse. But to summon the coole gales so farre, and to make them come from *Grace* into *France*, I cannot tell how it should be effected without one of *Apolles* miracles, who does not always grant me the supplications I addresse to him. However, accept the good intention of your friend, and do not take it ill that I wish you at the head of the River *Loire*, and on the plaines of *Beausse*; the same gentle aire I suck in on an Evening on the banke of our *Charente*. I say the Evening; for after that, there is no gentlenesse for me, I lye ever on Thornes; and have continually unquiet nights. Yet since I have begun to be pleasant with you, I am resolved to go through so. It is better to make you a sharer in my comforts, then tye you with my Lamentations. I am he, in effect, that dayly wake *Aurora*; that am a constant waiter on the houres, when they open their Portalls of Heaven; that ever gather that first flower of the day the Poets speak such fine things of. Nay, I may credibly boast that this very morning, I saw the Rocks that surround the prospect of my Chamber, turned into Porphyry, and that I am a perpetuall witnesse of the Suns actions,

When a more mild not full expanded ray;
O'r on our Hills begins to kindle day.

——— The *Magi* of *Persia*, and the *Indian Gymnosophists* could not say more. Thus we talke magnificently of our miseries. Such diseases must be gently palliated as admit of no cure, to try whether Quacking may have better success than Physicke. Since I cannot be happy by a slumber, I desire

deavour to take all the delight my watchings will allow me,

Sic vigilo Comes Astrorum, sol loquendi dolores
Ipse meos, mihi sic noster dat lusere laboribus.

At least he furnishes me to write you a Letter without matter. For if I had been so minded, I could have made an end of it at the beginning, as well as that Grand Personage heretofore began at the end. I could have told you immediately and have forgot nothing I had to say, that I am,

SIR,

Jul. 30. 1642. *Your, &c.*

LETTER III.

To the same.

SIR,

YOu are a notorious deluder, or a deluder notorious. I speak both wayes to satisfie two Grammarians of my acquaintance, who are at variance about the precedence of the adjective. But, to treat you more fairely, I say you have not performed all you promised me; and I have expected, to no purpose, almost four months. Yet I do not deny to admit your justifications, and believe it is only the necessitie of your businesse that hath made you forfeit your word. I beseech you therefore dispatch that businesse speedily, and come triumph at *Balzac* for the victories you go to obtain at *Paris*. The throats of all these Law suits must be cut, and of all that looks like them. The brood must be stifled in the Cradle. For my part I have such a Naturall enmity against them, that I am so farre from becomming a Solicitour either of the Councell, the Parliament, or the Exchequer, &c. that I cannot so much as request any thing from the Soveraigne of all these Soveraigne Courts, *Nec tanti sunt res humanæ, ut Balzacius* (why not he as well as *Scaliger*?) *vel ulli Monarchæ supplex sit.* I am confident you will not returne undisfied from the conferences you will have with that Sage person to whose acquaintance I recommend you: and you will confesse to me that his vertue, though high and Soveraign, hath nothing in it strange or Stoicall, *Quod pace Zenonis, Chrysippi, Cleanthis, & nostri* ——— *dictum sit. Is enim, si nescis, parum patum Stoicismum, etiam cum*

ad Silvium aut ad Phillidem scribit, multâ cum gravitate profecto, &c. I am,

SIR,

May. 12. 1643. Your, &c.

LETTER IIII.

To Monsieur de Bellejoy.

Sir,

I Would not have been so lazy, had I believ'd you so diligent. I conceived that you having never been at *Paris* would have taken some time to learne the Mappe of that little world. So that according to my computation, after you had worne out one month in recovering your selfe of your journey, you would have spent another in finding out the Climate where Monsieur *Chaplain* lives. I have just now given him that testimony I promised you, in the most advantagious language I could devise. He will inform you of it at your first conference, and shall justifie my affection, in case you accuse it. He is a person of an eminent vertue, all Understanding and all Reason of whom it may be said, as well as of that other *That he dipped his pen in sense.* If you are a man that will take counsell, his is more infallible then the oracles of *Pythia*; but you must attend him with docility and submission: you must know,

The greatest Clerks, are not the wisest men.

Instead of the Panegyrick you intend, I would advise you to undertake the translation of a Greek peice of some Christian Author. There are excellent in that kind, as you know, of St. *Chrysostome*, St. *Gregory Nazianzen*, *Theodoret*, &c. You may make choice of such as best please you, and teach them to speak good French, now you are perfectly *Un-Gasconized*. A peece of your making would be farre better then those Paranymphs, and Panegyricks which you have under your hands, —— When the translation is finished we shall consult upon the subject of the preface, if you come back hither this Autumne, where I attend you with more questions then *Tiberius* made a Grammarian newlanded in his Isle of *Capree*. I am,

SIR,

Apri. 4. 1639. Your, &c.

LETTER V.

To Monsieur Zuilichem, *Councellour and Secretary to his Highnesse the Prince of Orange.*

SIR,

I Received your Letter as if it had dropped down from Heaven, and brought me back my good fortune. I speak thus, in regard I thought you were not willing I should be happy any longer, and because I grow distrustfull of all the good things of this world. The obstinacy of your silence made me feare something worse then the discontinuation of our correspondence. When I had a mind to flatter my selfe, I fancied you had forgot me without hating me, and that your friendship had expired of a naturall death. I have cry'd aloud but my voice was not heard: I writ Letters and had no answer. For it is most true; I could retort all the complaints you urge upon me. I could call you cruell, or at least disdainefull, but that I had rather find out some extrinsecall cause of this default and lay the blame upon the Posts, or the Seasons; Fortune, and Destiny, and any thing else, then you. At last I understood, there was a packet for me at *Paris*, and the vertuous Madam —— sent me the happy tidings of it. But, would you believe, Sir, that this packet ha's grown old at the Poste-house, and that after its arrivall at *Paris*, I was constrain'd to expect its coming hither above four months? Certainly there must be some *Damon* envious of my happinesse whose only employment is to put barricadoes between you and me, and way-layes all the presents that come to me out of *Holland*. Sometimes he intercepts your Letters; sometimes he is contented to retard them, and not being able to make me lose your affection, he crosses me all he is able, in the enjoyment of your favours. Nevertheless, in despight of this evill Spirit and all his malice, your presents are here put into the port, after a voyage of six months; and with your elegant Letter, I have received the platforme of your faire House. To judge of the excellency of such a compleat piece, requires more skilfull eyes then mine and such as are better purged of earthly vapours, and the Barbarisme of the Country... A man must be of *Rome* to do it, and not of this village, where nature indeed, hath some graces and allurements; but art is violated on all sides, and hath received infinite outrages by Artificers. Instead of your Ideas of perfection, and your Master-pieces of Wit and Hand, you can see

nothing here but confused rubbidge; but Monsters and Prodigies of stone that will trouble you to behold them. There is not one part in its right place, not one place but hath some incongruity in Architecture, and offends the Eyes of such as look upon it knowingly. So that if you would do me the same honour you desire I should receive at your house, I should be forced (out of feare of bringing you into a Chaos of disorder and irregularity) to pitch a Tent on the bank of my River, having not found out a charme to make my house invisible. The painting of yours, doth not please me a whit lesse then the two descriptions which the younger *Pliny* have left of his. You cannot chuse but be extreamly satisfi'd with it, and I confesse you cannot speak too highly of it. But when it shall be attended with the Dissertation you make me hope for; then indeed, you may say, you have built for Eternity, and more justly sing then the *Poet* our deare friends

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.

I am very impatient for the sight of this second work, the pure work of your mind. But when shall I be able to go take possession of the Apartment you offer me in so obliging termes, and assure you, not by figures and paper, but by my own self, and by the mouth of the true *Balzac*, that I am perfectly,

SIR,

Jan. 25. 1640. Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

To Monsieur de Campaignole, *Lieutenant to the Regiment of the Kings Guard.*

Sir, My Deare Nephew,

I Wish sickneſse be none of the causes of your silence! Be it sloathfull as sloath it self, rather then indisposed in the least measure. It is an interessed person that speakes to you; and I beseech you, preserve your health for my sake. All that can be called disease in your person, would so suddenly communicate it selfe to mine, and distract me in such a strange manner, that I should become the mansion of paine, and you only the thorough fare. But it is too much to call to mind the fright you put me in, last yeare, and your fits of five and thirty hours continuance; Let us leave this subject: And if my last Letter be lost, this shall let you know, that I am extreamly satisfi'd with your negotiation; I admire that capacity in one and two

ry, and such dexterity without experience: It deserves a better employment then I have given it, and you wrong your selfe with the warme of my Little Agent, who may one day be a great Ambassadour, and convey words from King to King: You want nothing but favour to do it, for in the School you are, you will quickly acquire the civill vertues, as you were borne with the military, &c. —— —— We are merry together according to our wont, yet one may jest and speak truth to, and do not conceive that I esteem you a lesse brave man then that other Gallant of your name, who is called in the History of Flanders, *Il Signior di Campagnola, Soldato di statura grande.* I am with love, and tenderness,

SIR,

My dear Nephew,

Aug. 10. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VII.

To Monsieur Favereau, *Councellour to the King in the Court of* Aydes.

SIR,

BE pleased to admit from me the same excuses which you make to me, and do not judge of my affection by my compliments. I am sometimes so backwards in writing that a journey of fifty leagues would not put me to so much trouble as a Letter of five and twenty lines, and as weake and feeble as I am, I had rather take Poste to go visit my friends then take my Pen in hand to send them news of me. It is no small matter, to talke and have nothing to say; to want matter and fill up a sheet of paper with words. In truth, I am ashamed to fall so often into repetitions of the same thing, and to be alwayes reduced to —— ——. You may please therefore only to understand, that you have made *Madamoiselle Campagnole* the proudest of Virgins, but this pride of hers is but reasonable: the tokens of your remembrance which she hath received are so agreeable that there is no confessour so severe but will indulge her the vanity she takes in them; for my part I have a contentment in them: for, me thinks, after so glorious an approbation, it is more honour to be her Uncle then before ——. I am ever with passion,

SIR,

Jul. 20. 1638. *Your, &c.*

Letter

LETTER VIII.

To the same.

SIR,

I Am, for this day, secretary to that Novice at Tic-tacke whom you taught last year, and who expects, as she says, to learne the perfection of that game from you. She is such a uncomely that she will be a dishonour to her Master, and then will be no cause to repent you of the paines you take with a person whom the Gods have not neglected. I feel your Muses comming upon me and making me speak already in the language of a Poet: I remember you sometimes told me, that you saw *Love* hover about her, and flutter with his wings. This word *Love* is enough to make her angry. But your vision must be cautiously interpreted, and she must be perswaded you did not meane that wanton *Love*, Sonne of the *Terrestiall Venus*, but the wise *Love*, Sonne of *Venus Urania*. I goe beyond my commission, and yet have not performed it: for I have expresse command from the Scholler who would receive your instructions to assure you, she honours you perfectly. As for me, you are not ignorant that I am the most in the World,

SIR,

Sep. 3. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IX.

To Monsieur de Lavaux *Saint* James, *Rector of the University of* Poitiers.

SIR,

I Have owed you a thanks a great while: but you have had so much charity as not to exact the forfeiture of your debt; and more forward to commiserate my infirmities, then to blame my neglects. Sometimes I attend five months for one good hour: and all my Learned neighbours have had opportunity to read your excellent Manuscripts before my turne came to receive that contentment. At length I have surveyed your agreeable work. How enammelled and florid is your style, and yet withall how strong and vigorous! you have perswaded me in your paper, as powerfully as you could have done in the Pulpit: your Orations in the silent and quiet manner of reading do

doe yet warm me, even after the heat and motion of your action is left them. You strike fire out of every line of them ———. You perceive by this I am none of those who think the bride too handsome, or accuse the Gascons for being too valiant; in this kind, I like too much better then too little. I know magnificence borders neerer upon prodigality then its other extream of thrift; and magnanimity has more affinity with rash hardness then with fear: therefore if you exceed the ordinary bounds whether in the adornments of your style, or height of your fancy, my Civility must ever conclude, in favour of your Rhetorick, that the Prodigall is better then Niggard, and excesse more commendable then defect. It may so fall out that the *disciples* of the *Bemboes* and *Manucioes* will not assent to this conclusion. Possibly, they will say, you are lesse Latin then their Ancestours, and you are not of the Sect of *Cicero*: But were there no honest men of the party of *Marks Anthonyes*? Is there but one way to go to *Rome* ———? Provided you do not straggle, I doe not advise you to go out of your tracke. Where there is good and good; use the liberty of election. Fly up to Heaven, since your wings are strong; and do not fetter so Noble a Genius as yours. It is better to resemble the Ancients in their courage and wit, then their Physiognomy, or garb of clothes. The Ancients themselves have said that speaking well, does not proceed from the mouth so much as the breast. Sweetness, and purity, deserves to be commended: But strength and Grandeur are above all praises; and if we delight to behold the gliding of Rivulets, we look upon Tempests at Sea with admiration and astonishment ———. The Reverend Father *Adam*, when he delivers you this Letter will give you a further testimony of the esteem I have of your merit, and the passion with which I will continue as long as I live,

SIR,

March. 15. 1646. Your, &c.

Let-

LETTER X.

To the Reverend Father Andrew, *a Preacher of the Order of* St. Dominick.

Reverend Father,

I Am not a subject worthy to be preached by you, and what do you not say of me in the two Letters you did me the honour to write? I perceive by them you cannot flye but high, and that you abuse good Language, when you do not imploy it lawfully. Reduce it I beseech you, to its primitive and legitimate use. Lay out your Rhetorick only towards our Salvation, and returne to delight us by instructing us. Since neither Morality and Politicks have neither made me a better nor happier man. I expect that from the Gospell and from you, which *Plato* and *Aristotle* could not give me. As there is an efficacy of Errour of which the *Apostle* speeks, so there is a power of truth that animates the Spirits of Apostolicall men; and makes it self visible in their discourses. This sacred violence is not wanting in you, and I am deceived or I have more then once seen it issue out of your mouth with Thunder and Lightning to work upon the souls of your Auditours. Mine may be yielded without resistance: She will gaine by suffering her self to be conquered. But besides my interest, civility obliges me to it: I must needs owe you the reformation of my Life, that our friendship may not be dishonourable to your vertue, and that I may not be lesse one of your creatures in our Lord, than I am,

Reverend Father,

Feb. 18. 1646. Your, &c.

LETTER XI.

To the Reverend Father Hercules, *Provinciall of the fathers of the Christian Doctrine.*

Reverend Father,

YOu have discovered a Saint to me *whose Holy day I promise you to keep*: and from this time forward I declare I have not more devotion for our Saint *Martha* of *Poictou* then for your Saint *Genies* of *Provence*. But let us leave this tropicall language, lest we plunge our selves into Canting or Gibberish, to which it is so neer a neighbour: Let us say in the vulgar tongue, in cleere and intelligible tearmes, that the *Entrepy* you have

have sent me, is one of the finest things that ha's arrived amongst us from the Country Latin, a long time. The greatest part of the Modernes, sing, and meane nothing; and they who can speak to the purpose, are so unfortunate they cannot sing at all. Your friend is a Poet in all respects. Besides his Art and Rhetorick, which is neither strained nor obsolete, he hath wit and courage; which is ordinarily wanting to the most exact versifying, and the purest style of Latine. These are no trifles in musick, no words empty and *void of things*; as his *Horace* calls them: He happily expresses what he thinks, and thinks nothing but what is excellent. He does imitate in such a manner that he himselfe is even an Originall. He is one of the Children, not one of the Apes of Antiquity; and had I seen nothing of his but his Articles of Treaty with the Muses, I should have concluded, he must necessarily be no lesse a gallant man then a great Scholler; no lesse of the Court of *Augustus*, then of the Age of *Virgil*. I find this Capitulation so pleasant, that I am vext it was not mine. Me thinks none but I should have been the authour of it, and I protest, that this very part of the Poem would have bred envy in me; if the *Hendecasyllables* before, had not given me an Antidote of Love. He doth me too much honour to ——. My dear Cousen Madam *de Neſmond* is the confident of my heart; and to all the relations she shall make from me, I entreat you, give credit as to my selfe, who am most of all men living,

Reverend father,

Jul. 14. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XII.

To my Lord the Marqueſſe of Montausier, *Governour and Lieutenant Generall for the King in* Saintonge, Angoumoise.

My Lord,

IF not to be thankfull enough be ingratitude, I have reason to complaine of your generosity; which drives me into that involuntary crime, by reducing me to an invincible disability. This is the third time your excesses make me apprehensive, and sensible of my poverty. When you do me favours, you deprive me of the meanes, to thank you for them; and the Language you use is so lively, so sprightly, and full of fire, that I find mine, no more but ice in comparison of it. You leave me nothing to say, so that I must for my own honour entrench my

selfe

selfe within my thoughts; and being destitute of Language to maintaine my credit, in some proportion with you, I cannot produce an interiour act to justifie me to my conscience; and comfort me with this, that I cannot do what I would. But what is it My Lord I would not do, for your service; and your glory? could you see the bottome of my soul, what desires, what resentments would you not behold there? Never had any soul more passionate desires, or an higher adoration; for though Wealth should shower upon your house, and Crowns upon your head; (this shower of Crownes is one of Cardinal *Perron*'s wishes), though Fortune should every day bribe you, and fame doe nothing else but commend you, I say (though but a part of what I think) that they would do but justice to your vertue. You enjoy already more then all this, for he that possesses *Julia* with the allowance and consent of *Artenice* ought not to consider the Grandeurs of the world, but as accessories to his happinesse. I am too much obliged to those two divine persons for their goodnesse in remembring me, for I cannot discerne any thing in my selfe worthy that honour; unlesse it be that I am your Adorer. Be pleased to conceive, I pray, those latter words in the full extent of their signification; it being impossible for any to be more then I am,

My Lord,

Feb. 15. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIII.

To Monsieur de Burg, *an Advocate in the Parliament.*

SIR,

TO what end do you wast your labour and your colours, to delude a man that knowes himselfe? The excellency of your Art doth not correct the defects of my person; you may disguise me, but can never give me a new shape. I should be worth infinitely more then I am, were I but like the original you have drawn. What should not I be, were I but the man your Letter speakes of? But since you designe to make me a *Heroe*, you make your Letter a Romance. I find my selfe a feigned person in all the things you tell of me. I am only the unformed matter of a work whose whole beauty is derived from you; and after I have considered it with delight, I cannot look upon my selfe without discontent. The actions you commend me for, reproach me that I have hitherto employed my selfe meanly

merly about words. You make me remember with remorse the vaine occasions of my life past. Or, it may be, you subtilly intimate, that it is time for me to think on something better and more solid. The attribute of Wise, that you in courtesie bestow on me, is doubtlesse a wish which you make for me; but you should offer it after a more noble and obliging manner. I must labour to acquire the good I want to make your wish effectuall, that I may become worthy of your praises and our friend's testimony. Yet his evidence is to be suspected: I am his errour and his disease; And though he be *Cato* in all other causes, he is in mine the most passionate and corrupt of all judges; do not expect any truth, therefore from him when he is Commenting on the Chapter of my vertue: Believe him only when he assures you what a high rate I set upon your merit, and of the serious profession I make, to be as much as any man in the world,

SIR,

Feb. 3. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIIII.

To Monsieur Conrart, *Councellour and Secretary to the King.*

SIR,

YOu have writ me a Letter perfectly eloquent, whose Rhetorick lifts me up to Heaven. At least it raises me much above my own condition, and I should heretofore have termed it the Theater of my glory: the mischiefe is, that all this is but representation and picture. Now I have read out your discourse, and my part is played, I cease to be *Achilles* or *Agamemnon*. This borrowed greatness deserts me, and my old poverty remaines upon me. I lately saw at another mans house the compleatest person of all mankind, and I find my selfe at home the infirmest of all Creatures. If you love me better for dressing me in your own garbe, and if I please you more in the ornaments you have bestowed on me, I can safely protest to you, that you are one of those I most desire to please and of whose esteem I make highest account. But yet towards the consolation of my sad life, your esteem is nothing comparable with your friendship. There are some yeares since, I have not been sensible but in that part, and I now scarce ever resent any thing of my commendations, or else I sleep when I do read them. One loving word from you does me more good then a whole pile of superlatives and great words of which the wits are so prodigall,

and

and whole Gardens of flowers, with which adulterating the torick crowns base ambition. So I call the common pra the Declamers we know; who adore, who consecrate, and fie every thing; as well the gourd of *Claudius*, as the l of *Augustus*. The rest at another time. I am,

SIR,

Feb. 24. 1645. Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

To Monsieur l' Huilliard, *Counsellour to the KING, &c.*

SIR,

I Advertise you that you are a great fomenter of Quar and that you have stirred up abundance of trouble and j louse among my papers. That discourse of the Comicall h cannot endure you should lay it a side to take up that *Grand Eloquence*. The *Roman* takes it ill that you side with *Hollander* to his disadvantage; *Mecenas the Glory, the Antiqu Religion*, and all the rest, find fault with the preheminence judged to some; in a word, there being none of them but th it self as much worth as his Companion, they are every one d contented with your choice. It is a difficult matter to app such a seditious people as these are, who have all the pride ambition of Old *Rome* in their heads. It may be, Monsieur *Ch lain* would be a fit instrument to manage so nice a Treaty; in my part, I will not meddle with it; besides, I am more pa all to your opinions, then I am passionate for the *Roman Mecenas*, and shall be all my Life time on your side against whomsoever, yea, against my own off spring, being, without reserve,

SIR,

Nov. 30. 1644. Your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

To Monsieur the Count of Jonzac, the Kings Lieutenant *in* Saintonge and Angoumois.

SIR,

I Wish our Grapes were worthy of their great reputation, and the excellent language of your Letter. It is true, they are originally

originally of *Languedoc*, and *Languedoc* is the Italy of *France*, But I cannot tell whether the climate of *Balzac* hath not altered their naturall goodness, or my name have not made them unfortunate. However it be, Sir, you have all kind of power in this little place; and I have commission from the Master of the house, where I am but a guest, to tell you, he expects the month of *March* with impatience to satisfie your desire. He pretends he will not keep any in his *Nursery*, but what you please to leave him, although he esteems them incomparably much more then he did, since you gave them the precedence, when the Grape of Coignac was in place, which is universally esteemed. For my part Sir, I find my self so obliged to your eloquent civilities, that there is no Galernian nor Formian race in books (for these are the only places where I think I possesse any thing) but I would my selfe carry into your Quarter, if there were any way to make a present of it to you. But this can be no more then a wish, and that a Poeticall one too: and for the least I can offer you in the name of the Muses, after the honour you have done them in my person. I shall ever receive your favours with the acknowledgements they deserve, and continue all my life, with due respect,

SIR,

Jan. 22. 1645. *Your, &c:*

LETTER XVII.

To Monsieur Perrot d' Ablancourt.

SIR,

THe news you send me hath not much surprized me. I know the person who is Relater, is an Enemy to Heresy: but withall, I know he loves vertue in what place soever he findsit, were it in *Luthers* or *Calvins*. Your name does not fright little Children, as theirs do. It is none of those names that are odious to the Catholick Church: and on the other side, I do not think but the strongest Romanisme would suffer its self to be mollified by so honest a *Hugenot* as you are. His Holynesse himself, did he but hear you, would have much difficulty to condemne you in your processe; he would at least, allow you an *Interim*: He would awhile hold his hand, and not discharge an Anathema but upon extreamity: But should you be so ligued to your opinions, as not to accept his grace, and he not able to except you out of the Bull *In Cœnâ Domini*; I conceive when he

darted his thunder upon your head, it would not be without his force,

Mollius & dubia jacularit fulmina dextra,
Tarpeia de rupe, Jovem, te propter, foret.

As your Reporter hath done you justice, you do it to the Jesuit my friend: His verses are worthy of your applause, and in my opinion he might have deserved no less from Buchanan, and possibly too from *Virgil*,

Laudatusque foret Roma, vel judice Tarpâ,
Vitalis meus, & nostro consente Marone.

But you must know that this terse and lofty Poet is the oldest of that profession in *France*. Threescore and sixteen Winters that have snowed upon his head, cannot extinguish his fire. No nor so much as diminish it, as you will perceive by the collection of his other Poems, which I send you. When you have compared them together, you may please to give me your judgment of them. I am, even to the Altars,

SIR,

Jun. 26. 1640. *Tours, &c.*

LETTER XVIII.

To the Reverend father Hercules, *Provinciall to the Fathers of the Christian Doctrine.*

Reverend Father,

IF I am esteemed at *Rome*, it is upon your account; and if Father *Strada* love me, it is because you have infected him with your passion. I will suppose too, you have not forgot to affect him of mine, and to do me those civill offices to him, which I may justly expect from your goodnesse. Questionlesse, you have magnified the zeal of an Ultramontane, one inamored of his vertue, and almost an Idolatour of those of his Ancestours, *et pridem comiter observat Majestatem Populi Romani, & in Provincia Gallia, Romana quandoque verba non infeliciter conatur.* You cannot believe what an advantage I reap by the friendship of so excellent a person, and the longing I had to be one of his familiars as well as your. Since Cardinal *Bentivoglio* is no more in *Italy*, and consequently my affection there is free, it goes all directly and in gross to that great Jesuite; and you will oblige me by presenting him this Complement from me, in the

vulgar Language of the Country-Muses of his Country.

Hoo per veder il successor di Piero
Regger col cenno il Mondo in Vaticano,
Ne le reliquie del superbo impero,
Vetrei veloce al dolce aer Romano:
Ma sol per honorar voi Spirto altero,
D' ogni basso pensier schivo e lontano.

Since you will needs shew him some of my verses, I send you some that speak of Rome and him, *atque utinam ex utriusque dignitate* ——You remember you promised me something —— it is a thing I valew above all the most reverend and most Illustrious Titles and Lordships, than all the Green and Purple, I had almost said, than all the Scarlet in the place where you are. How desirous am I of being good, and how much do I need your help towards it! Be mindfull therefore of the work you have undertaken, and begin with a Masse which I beg of you at *Santa Maria Major*; *In illo loco quem Deus optimus Maximus tam manifestus ac presens, quàm Cœlum ac sidera insedit.* What will the severe Litterals say concerning this entreaty, and the gentle wits to this Gibberish? The first will judge me to have the fancy and conceits of an old woman; and the others will say, I have the *Genius* and style of *Mamurra*: They, will reproach my weaknesse; and these, my barbarisme. Let them call me by what name they please, and think of me what they list. But it suffices me that you know I glory to be your Penitent and Votary, as I am withall my soul,

Reverend father,

Jul. 3. 1645. Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

To Monsieur de Menage.

Sir,

I Writ to your friend what opinion I had of your excellent Verses; and now I tell you, I have learnt them by heart and sing them. Your *Gonsiades* is termed nothing else in our village, but.

Francigenûm sublime decus, Spes magna Senatûs
Purpurei.

But when shall we see the accomplishment of our hopes, that the sacred Senate may be a full House; and not want one of the noblest members of it? Almost thirty yeares are fled

since the deceasse of Cardinall *Perron*, me thinks it is high time to fill up his roome; which is yet vacant after so many numerous promotions. There needs no more words to one of so quick an apprehension as you are. Let us come to the person you have celebrated in your *Hendecasyllables*, whom I love and honour with all my soul. Now he is in the Centre of debauchery, and to speak more favourably in the Country of good fellowship, oblige him by your perswasions, sometimes to defend himself against temptations, especially at the fatall hour of supper,

Nec invenes imitetur, cum nec Gallicus ardor
In mediis cœnarum aciei, in Bacchica ducat
Prælia, longævo nimium memorata Poëtæ.

Put him in mind that our Plato reckons good cheere twice a day in the number of Prodigies, and that against Birkes and Ragousts, *cæteraque id genus ingeniosa gulæ invitamenta non satis commendationis est.* I give this counsell to my selfe as well as to him, for though I am not at *Paris*; yet we find our selves here often in hot service. They are Expeditions, (take this from me, who that know all things) wherein a Constable and a Marshall of France ended their dayes: *Illos siquidem ut Medici observarunt gula occidit non gladius.* Here is a strange kind of Gibberish and Medley, that would fright our brethren of the Academy. Even *Cicero* made use of such a jargon-intermixture of severall Languages in his commerce with *M. Pomponio Attico*, who, as you know, was none of the least honest fellowes of those times. I bid you good night, and I sleep at the period of this line,

SIR,

Sep. 4. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XX.

To Monsieur the Abbot Talon.

SIR,

YOu command me no hard task, nor impose any thing that weighs me down; when you desire new marks of my love to a memory that is exceeding deare to me. It will be easie for me to obey you, since it is to follow my own inclination; and to yield my selfe to the propensity of my affections. There is so much sweetnesse in the remembrance of our good Cardinall, that I may say; he takes rests upon this subject, that is to say, with any other. The *Genus Demonstrativum* was almost grown obsolete in the world, but you have restored it to a new ju-

and strength. But let us have a right understanding betwixt us, if you please; for if you desire verses from me, I know not whether I shall be able to content that desire. I have but a small Talent of Poetry and my vein distills very weakly, drop by drop; it will scarce supply above a *Stanza of four* in four dayes. An Epigramme draines it quite dry. 'Tis Monsieur the Bishop of *Grasse*, Monsieur *Gayet* and Monsieur *Voiture* who are capable of high and long inspirations of true and just Poems: They are the men of whom you must require Lapidaries, Hymnes, and Apotheoses: and I perswade my selfe they have not kept silence till now, but only to speak with more preparation. It shall be my glory that I opened the Lists for them, and promised such excellent Combatants to the people who expect them. But my comfort is this, that I have already discharged my duty, and by the same meanes given content to a person whom I perfectly esteem. It is not necessary to explaine to you who that person is, and you do not doubt the absolute reality of my being

SIR,

Sep. 25. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXI.

To Monsieur de Montrevil, *Captaine in the Regiment* de la Meilleraye.

SIR,

THe relation you have given me of the first successes of your Army, and the Protection you obtained from Monsieur the Grand Master for my sisters house, are tokens of remembrance that have something more essentiall in them then ordinary civilities. I knew well enough that you were exceeding good and obliging, but that you were so exact and punctuall, was, to tell you truth, more then I expected from a friend of two and twenty; who having every where lawfull *occasion of dissuasion*, does much more then he is bound to do, when he is a good solliciter. My sister conceives her selfe deeply obliged to your goodnesse, and hath entreated me to testifie her acknowledgments; to which, if you please, I will annexe my own; and tell you besides, that valewing you at the rate I do, I was glad to be confirmed in my opinion by your Letter, and to see there how intelligently you can speak of the affaires of warre. I wish it may be as successefull, Sir, to you, as it is probable it will be

glorious to Monſieur your Generall, unleſs Fortune forſake his ſide and joyn with the Enemy, and ſo he faile to accomplish thoſe deſignes he hath ſo well attempted. You will have a ſhare, I am confident in thoſe great exploits; and there will be honour for you to be attained. But, if it be poſſible, I pray let that honour be pure and without the expence of your blood; and bring back your Lawrels to your winter-Quarters. You deſerve to live a pleſant life, and appear at banquets, after you have ſhewed your ſelf ſo often in battells. I ſay the ſame to our deareſt Monſieur *de la Guette*, and am to both of you paſſionately,

Aug. 3. 1639. *A moſt humble, &c.*

LETTER XXII.

To my Lord, the Arch-Biſhop of Tholouſe.

My Lord,

THe Letter you did me the honour to write, revives my grief, but withall brings me a lenitive. I cannot read the name of that friend we have loſt, but I in ſome ſort ſeem to ſee him again. But on the other ſide, ſince God preſerves you for the conſolation of our loſſes, and the glory of our age, I cannot welcome ſuch good tidings with a diſpleaſed countenance and this very thought ſweetens all the bitterneſſes of my ſoul. It is no ſmall content to me to underſtand, your return had ſomewhat of triumph in it, and that you manage the affaires of your Charge amidſt the acclamations of your people. The paſſion I have for you, gives me an intereſt of all theſe happy ſucceſſes and making me look upon them as ſo as my own, and yours in the ſecond place. I could have wiſht myſelf a witneſs of them, and have come to reverence you in Chaire, which you render more illuſtrious then Thrones publiſhing from thence the myſteries of the Son of God, which far better & more ſaving than Arreſts and Edicts. But I am not fortunate enough for this; and I aſſure my ſelf, you will be mercifull in the purſuance of your Rights, and indulgent to my weakneſs, that you will diſpenſe with a vow for me which I am not able to performe. Inſtead of the journey to *Tholouſe* which I promiſed you, I beſeech you admit of that to Saint *Ann* which I will begin the next day after your arrivall thither. I expect that time with impatience, and am

ter my Old manner preparing many Questions for you to decide, and difficulties to resolve; in the mean time, since you desire to know the successe of the enterprize of honest Monsieur *Liriewx* (who was resolved to have made me a great Lord) I will tell you, that for my own particular, I am very well satisfied with it. It is true, he did not bring me what he sought after, but my Lord —— sent me so civil and handsome a refusall, that I esteeme it much more then that which was requested of him in my favour. He would without Question have granted the thing, if he had not had a designe to oblige me higher by not doing it. The manner with which he shifted off his liberality was so magnificent, and he took such especiall care to enrich it with many fine words and faire hopes, that I ought to reckon it one of the greatest favours that possibly I could receive from his goodnesse. He that can ruine us with a word, obliges us infinitely, when he bestows two dozen of lines to delude us. I am,

My Lord,

May. 25. 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIII.

To Monsieur the Marquesse de la Case.

SIR,

Since my diseases have forced me to a divorce from my muses, and a renunciation, for three entire months, of all things printed and written, my silence hath a much more lawfull excuse then I could wish it, and I do not conceive but instead of reproaching with my lasinesse, you will take compassion on my hard fortune. It was in earnest, a very dysastrous happe to have a treasure so long in ones custody, and not dare touch it; to have the possession of one of the finest things in the world without the possible power of enjoyment. This fine thing, Sir, is the Genealogie you were pleased to communicate to me; and if I tell you, the multitude of those illustrious names dazelled me, and that confluence of starrs which makes the milky way in heaven, does not cast such a splendour, nor enclose so many Demy-gods, I shall possibly speak like a Poet, yet offer no violence to the purity of truth. You have that which Kings cannot confer upon their favourits; that which was wanting to *Augustus* Son in Law to the brave and magnanimous *Agrippa*. And

who knows not that his obscure extraction and the blemishes of his family could not be clensed with many consulships and the supreame command of the Roman Armyes: There was ever some bold spirit or other that, upbraided him of the newness of his Grandeur; and the defect of those riches, wherewith you abound. If it were possible to drive a trade with such a stuff so much desired, you would have a surplusage, after you had supplyed a number of great Commanders, who are unprovided of it. *John de Wert* would be one of your Merchants General: *Beck* would give you a competent portion of what he hath pillaged in the wars for three or four of your illustrious name. There would be thronging to the door of your Cabinet, and such Sons of Earth and Night, would come thither to seek Parents and Lustre. But the great consideration is, that the present doth not degenerate from the glory of the past, and the your Vertue is worthy its Original. In the conversation of an afternoon which I had once the honour to spend with you, you manifested such a pure and naturall generosity, that should your Heroes return to see the world again, I make no doubt but they would owne you by that very marke, and immediately say *This is our true blood.* For the excellencie of your soul, either I know not what capacity is, or yours is the clearest and most delicate in the discerning and choice of things. I have admired the rare productions of it, and should I go no further than your mysterious *Grotto*, yet you would be one of my best Authors, Sir, and whom I would most readily alledge. Is it true, that among an infinite generation of ravenous Birds that unroof houses, suck humane bloud, depopulate Citties and Countries, you have caused one to be drawn beyond comparison bigger then the rest, that teares the Globe of the world with his pounces, and pulls in Pieces what God had so well composed. And is it possible this Caprichio is originally *Saintonge*? come it not from *Rome* or *Florence* or at least from *Paris*? If the glory of the invention be due to you, I congratulate you for its giving birth to so handsome a Fable; although I am sorry that I knew it not, nor received your Pedigree, in those dayes when I could have written gay letters. I should not then have contented my self with such slight dress and ornaments, as this appeares in, nor the naked protestation I now make you, not being able to embellish it with my ancient colours, of being with all my soul,

SIR,

Feb. 7. 1646. Your &c.

LETTER XXIIII.

To Monsieur d' Argenson, Councellour to the King, Comptroller of the Revenue in Poitou, Saintonge, &c.

SIR,

I Just now received the Letter you did me the honour to write me. It is indeed properly a commentary on my discourse of Glory, but such a one as corrects and reformes the Text, and instructs and Catechises the Authour. I yield up my opinions, to your, and you have absolutely convinced me; so that if I knew my selfe as capable of the employment you designe me, as I acknowledge it is better then that which hitherto hath taken up my care, you should in a short time have a Treatise of Christian Humility of my making, to cause you to lose the unsavory reliish which that of worldly Glory hath left behind it. I made it formerly on an occasion that obliged me to it; and my designe in it was rather to condemn Avarice then plead for Vanity. But Sir, I must now let you see, that Secular Authours are not alwayes profane ones, and we sometimes confine upon matters of piety. Here is something concerning Apostolicall and Religious *Rome*, that you may not think I am inseperably addicted to consular and triumphing *Rome*. The work is Christian, and composed in the Language of the Church; and Monsieur the Cardinall *Bentivoglio* hath approved it ——. Yet I beseech you expect nothing regular or dogmaticall in it. I have not argued in mode and figure: nor sliced out my matter into Sections and Paragraphs. I have chosen the style of the ancient Prophets, rather then that of the moderne Doctours; and though I am not so good a Divine as *Becanus*, I would very faine be as good as *Orpheus*, if it be too much to say, as *David*. I shall know your opinion of my *Divinity*, and my verses, when I have the honour to see you. This cannot be so soon as I wish it, for I am impatient to be with you, and protest to you by word of mouth, that none is more truly then my selfe,

SIR,

Oct. 8. 1645. *Your, &c.*

Let-

LETTER XXV.

To Monsieur Esprit.

SIR,

HEre lately passed a Nymph this way, whose eloq and promptnesse of tongue is admirable. She infor me of an infinite number of things that I was ignorant of bef And though she has not so many mouths, as that other Nymph who presides over Panegyrickes and funerall Orati yet she hath one extreamly eloquent, which does not m good subjects, as it embellishes only such as are true; I p ceive I exercise your patience, and you expect the name of Nymph. Not to make you Languish any longer; She is cal in the Language of men, Madamoiselle *de Newfoic*. But it co cernes you to know, she is your votary, though her selfe a by me and others. You may please to know, that she sings in what place soever she can find Auditours or Ecchoes. S hath strewed our Hillocks, our Plaines, and Valleyes with y praises ——. Among other things, she affirmes, you better p forme the duties of Amity then the illustrious friends mentio ed in *Luciens Toxaris*. She is, in a word, a very magnificent generous publisher of all your merits. But, to tel you the tru this last hath made most impression on me, and is the reas why I write this Letter to you, with as little ceremony as these six yeares silence, I had written to you by every poste. N is this all, I intend something more then a Letter, and I c commend a Suite and a Solicitour to you: I entreat your cred and care for him to obtain what he desires, and beseech you t oblige me effectually in his person, with your interest in o common Lord ——. I promise my selfe this good office fr your friendship, and rest with passion,

SIR,

Oct. 15. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVI.

To Monsieur de la Chetardie.

Sir, My deare Cousen,

I Secure my selfe to the utmost of my power from the pers cution of complements; and for that purpose I have fou out a desart, more out of the way and lesse known then my co At present I inhabite an enchaunted Island, where few goo

are admitted, and all sort of Letters are not read. Yours indeed deserve a privilledge, not one of them arrives here, is fraughted but with some good tidings or other, or attended with some excellent rarity, and presents me sometimes with temporall goods, sometimes with spirituall, not seldome with both. These last have feasted me with double magnificence, and are so farre from disturbing my repose, that I assure you they make a part of my pleasures. Who can be so much his own enemy, or an inhabitant of the Earth in despight of Heaven, as to complaine of his happinesse, I meane the favours of Madam *de la Clavardie*, and the civilities of Monsieur the Count of *Cramail*? Who can possibly be so distemper'd (for it is too little to call him delicate) as to taste such exquisite meates, without making exclamations as he tastes them? without lifting up his eyes? without crying out, upon the first morsell, that the Nectar and Ambrosia which *Jove* receives from the hand of *Ganymede* are neither sweet nor divine incomparison.

But Madam my Cousen will some little time dispence with the thanks which is due to her, since all the gratitude I have at present, and all my words this day must be for Monsieur our Count; and you will not take it ill, that I go to finish those Commentations I have begun, in satisfaction on his questions. I beg the continuance of your good offices to the excellent Chevalier, and beseech you to believe, that I am ever passionately,

Sir, my Deare Cousen,

Mar. 6. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVII.

To my Lord the Marquesse *of* Montausier, *Governour and Lieutenant Generall to the King in* Saintonge, Angoumois, &c.

My Lord,

Hannibal laughed at a Scholler that discoursed of warre before him: This example has been an impediment in the designe I had to write to you in favour of Monsieur *des Ardillers*; And in truth, I know not what you will conceive of me, or what you will take me for, if I venture to give an officer of your Troopes a Certificate, there being so little affinity betwixt his profession and mine. If it be possible, I will not do any thing that shall be ridiculous; I will restraine my judgment within the confines of my art, I do not meddle with setting prices

prices upon things which I do not understand. I only re-
ceive, my Lord, you will not disapprove a passion I beare to
person, whose discourse to me is nothing but your History, a
who comforts himselfe for many miseries he has suffered, w
the honour only he had to serve under you. These ten mon
we have been upon this subject, and I find in him so intelli-
an admiration of your vertue, so much ardour and zeal to y
glory, that though he be not runne through and through, h
cannot shew his wounds in Germany, nor his hurts in *Catal*
I cannot have a mean esteem of him since he ha's so perf
an understanding of your worth. This is at least the testi
I owe him, and the acknowledgment he hath deserved from m
for the pleasant houres he hath made me in the rehearsall
your brave actions. I wish I could be as serviceable to him a
he was acceptable to me. But I have no power in the world
and can only make vowes in the desart. Yet I am sure of on
thing; never man, my Lord, knew better then I, how to ow
the courtesies done to my friends. This gentleman hath a
great reason to be contented with his fortune; and for my part,
since I am able only to wish him a better, if you judge hi
worthy of any of your favours, I shall willingly beare a part i
the obligation, and not be lesse, then if I received them my
selfe,

My Lord,

Jan. 21. 1647. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVIII.

To Monsieur Conrart, *Councellour and Secretary to the King.*

SIR,

MY indisposednesse having hitherto retarded my good de-
signes, I could not possibly perform this duty to yo
sooner, nor give you notice since *May*, that I received Mon-
sieur *Dailles* Sermons, and Monsieur *des Cartes* discourses. Both
of them have written me so many obliging caresses, and com-
mended me with such excesse, that there is nothing in their ex-
cellent Letters which belongs to me, besides my name. I know
my selfe in it only by that; and without doubt, the high opini-
on these two great persons have conceived of me, will one day
be reproached to them by their adversaries it will be one of the
errours of your excellent Heretick, and one of the over-sights
of my admirable maker of Spectacles. I have no mind, what-

soever

ſoever you pleaſe to enjoyn me, to give you my judgment of the laſt man: for I know he ſees nothing but Heaven above his reaſon, and Soveraignety hath no judge. Since he tells me, that if I deſired it, he would make a Ghoſt for me in four and twenty hours only by the operation of his innocent Science, and without employing any evil ſpirit: from that time forwards I took his ſoul not to be of the ſame order with mine, and that he was a Heroe, becauſe I knew he was not a Mountebank. But ſhall we beſtow that ſcurvy name on our ——— ? I dare not pronounce any thing concerning him neither. Onely I feare, he hath leſſe authority then zeal, and that the parties do attribute too much to him to impower him with the Arbitrement of their good wills, and without intreaty of any perſon. I am without reſerve,

SIR,

Jan. 14. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIX.

To Monſieur Coſtar.

SIR,

I Have employed *Seneca* and *Boetius*, father *Adam* the Jeſuite and father *Stephen* the Capuchine to comfort me for your abſence; but I have ſet them on work to no end. It is your ſelf that muſt put me into a condition of enduring to be ſome time without you; and find me out a remedy for the affliction you put me into, by leaving me. You have lately done me that good office in an admirable manner. For after I had received your elegant Letter, I was ſo farre from being miſerable, that I could not containe my joy from becomming inſolent, it is an extream infelicity to be ſeperated from you, but it is a Soveraigne bleſſing to have ſo great an intereſt in your ſoul and affection; and theſe glorious tidings do ſo raviſh me that I do not leſs need moderation now, then I did conſtancy three dayes agoe. If Monſieur *de la Thibaudiere* were not the bearer of theſe truths, I would ſtretch them out longer, and dreſſe them up with more Ornament. But he will do me that ſervice, and I have more confidence in his Rhetoricke than my owne

own. I believe neither of them is necessary to perswade you that I am perfectly,

SIR,

Octo. 1. 1643. Your, &c.

LETTER XXX.

To Madam, the Countesse of Brienne.

Madam,

There is no place so remote whither the reputation of your vertue hath not extended; the publick voyce hath entertain'd me with it in the desart, and all *France* is in this the Echo of *Paris*: the whole World calls you the good and generous Lady of the Court, and you are not lesse known by these amiable names, then the illustrious Title you bear. This is that which deterrres me, Madam, from using any Art, or indevouring by a long traine of words, to begge of you what you cannot refuse me. Your protection is sure, not only to desert, but to any thing that is like it; and you have confessed to monsieur the Abbot of Saint *Nicolas* that there is something that either pleases you, or deludes you in my writings. Those which my friend will present you from me, have already been in the place where you are, but so diseased and tattered that I am told it would move pitty in me to see them in that condition. I fear they have offended the eyes of Madam the Princesse, if they have appeared before her with those defects and deformities; and I am desirous she might see them in a better and more decent equipage. You may please to do me this good office by communicating to her the Copy I send you. I most humbly beseech you, do me this favour, and believe me,

Madam,

Dec. 14. 1644. Your, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

To Madam de Masles.

Madam,

I Perceive you will not be in debt; the present I sent you was payed for above its value by the thanks I received for it, and I

it is not you that are obliged; it is I, that am become insolvent. In earnest, what can I repay you for all the goodnesses in your Letter: for such a deal of rarity, excellency, and perfection as you bestow upon me? If I had spoken Pearles, (as we may say among us,) you had over-bought them by praising my words with such excess. It will not be your fault, if rusticity and plainness of my works be not preferred before the polite and courtly style of others: The compositions of a Provinciall, shall be set upon the shelves of Kings, and kept up among their treasures, if your opinion be asked. If you may be credited, I shall be annexed to *Plutarchs Lives*. I am illustrious enough, Madam, by your estimation of me; my works are too happy in being lodged in your Closet, and be sometimes taken into your hands. Would to God, it could divert you to your content! but what wishes would I not make to serve you in some occasions of importance, and evidence to you by my respects and obedience, that I am,

Madam,

Aug. 17. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXII.

To Monsieur de Couvrelles.

SIR,

To live in your remembrance is an eminent vindication from being as a dead person to al the world; it is to live gloriously to be commended in Madam *Desloges* Closet by you and M. *Bertet*. There is no vertue so ambitious that dares desire more, or that would choose for its Coronation day, any other place or persons. I perceive manifestly I was treated with a great deale more grace then justice; and I find my recompence so farre above the meanesse of my merit, that I confess, I owe you all that you think you have given me. Yet it is not this, for which I am most obliged to you. What honour soever I have received from so eloquent a mouth as yours, your words delight me much more when they cure, than when they commend; and I thank you more heartily for the recovery of our excellent sick Lady, then for my Paneygrick. Since I am so throughly conscious of your power, I cannot in the least doubt the truth of the miracle, and I know long agoe by experience that you are able to accomplish things beyond the ordinary reach. I

was

was almost harrass'd to death in the way to *Poictiers*, when you fortunately appeared to my succours & me thinks, it was not hard to unwearie me in an instant, and to afford me delicacies in a scurvy Inne, then driving away a setled feaver, and giving consolation to an afflicted Lady. After this, why do you talke of the strength of my style and the vertue of my writings, you who act with so much efficacy in your most familiar conversation, and each of whose words is a remedy? Is it possible you can relish such Latin, as is produced amidst the barbarisme of our village, eight dayes journey from Monsieur de *Thou*'s gallery, and eighteen ages after *Cicero*'s death? I know not whether I am a *Goth* or a *Roman*, or whether it be gibberish, or language that I send abroad: But I am sure you are perfectly obliging, and you prize even the good meaning of such as do ill. I have nothing to say of this particular, but only that you shall never applaud an ill Act of our that honours you more then I, nor that can be with more passion then I am,

Sir,

Aug. 10. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXIII.

To Monsieur de Borstell.

Sir,

MY two years silence hath been the effect of severall unlucky causes: melancholy and grief have done their part and there ha's been a little concurrence of debauchery with a great deal of lazinesse and some businesse. Any person besides you, would think strange that I put businesse into the number of evills, but since you flye from it to the further end of the world, and the leasure of the desart seems more agreeable to you then the most eminent employments at Court I may not fear to disclose my inclination to you which your example ha's justified. You have obliged me, Sir, by the care you have taken to let me understand the truth of that which I knew only by hear-say. Let *Rouliers* Sonne be of as mean extraction as he can, he is an illustrious Rascal, and I look upon him as the *Ventidius* of our age. That *Ventidius* that beat the *Parthians* in severall battells, and revenged the affronts the Romans had received, climb'd up from slavery to command, by

the same steps, that this man ha's done, and this Libel was sung of him all about *Rome*,

Concurrite omnes augures, Haruspices,
Portentum inusitatum conflatum est recens;
Nam mulos qui fricabat, consul factus est.

I must confess you dive very deep into the truth of things: I admire the relations you have sent me. And who would have thought ten years since, that *Limosin* would become as polite and as politicke as *Tuscany*,

O fertile Desarts, &c.

Continue to make me partaker of the fruits that grow in those dry sands you have so well manured. Think on my poverty among your riches; but never doubt I beseech you, that I alwaies am with many acknowledgments,

SIR,

Dec. 28. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXIV.

To my Lord *the Bishop of* Grasse.

My Lord,

I Am no longer in the number of profane Poets. The Christian *Collection* is perfected, and, it may be, you will not be displeased to see your self there under the name of *Gratus*; If you had rather it should be *Daphnis*, there is nothing easier then to alter it, for it will not be any prejudice to the measure,

Nulla hûc Syllaba contumax repugnat.

My verses are not otherwise interressed in any thing. And when I commend you, it is not out of a traffique that I drive with Complements. I do not barter with praises for others: nor is it act of gratitude I pay after the favours I have received. These favours in truth do sensibly oblige me, and the thought you had to travell a hundred leagues, on a visit to me, fills all my desart with Glory. But though you had condemned the Author, of whose Paneygrick you have made an Eulogy and should chase me from your approaches with Thunder instead of giving me a visit; yet I am so convinced of your vertue, that I

should ever perfectly esteem it, for otherwise, I must do violence to my own inclination, and commit a greater outrage upon my selfe then any mischiefe you could do me, not to be during life, withall my soul,

My Lord,

Apr. 12. 1639. Your, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

To Monsieur de Bois-Robert Metel, *Abbot of* Chastillon.

SIR,

ALl things dye, and are subject to corruption; it is an universall Law. But you have affections that are privileged: They know no declination; they hold out against old age: having never been more vigorous and ardent. It was an infinite pleasure to me to understand this truth in the Letter you did me the honour to write me, and to behold in it that I am still your favourite, after I have held the place five and twenty yeares. Questionlesse, we shall one day be propos'd for examples, and added to the Fables and Histories. But how strange thing it would be, Sir, could the other parts of our selves be preserved in the same vigour that our friendship is, and the snow that appeares upon our heads did not signifie, there is ice in our veines? See how deare two vertues cost us, which we could very well spare, *Experience* and *Gravity*. In this world we must lose when we get: we cannot be respected, till we come to be pitied: and the Epithete *Venerable* is most perpetually attended with that of *Infirme*. For my part, I am sensible of the infirmity as often as ever I have any need of my strength; I do not meane, for running or combatting in the lists, but for walking softly, and taking a few turnes in our Garden. All my fire is retreated to the center of my soul, where, it may be, I can tell you, it is yet quick enough to kindle some thoughts of mirth, and make me a Poet in my old dayes. You speak concerning my Prose much more advantagiously then it deserves: but you take no notice of the new discovery I have made in my own braine. The father *Bourbon*, and the Embassadours of Sweden liked it well, and encouraged me to travell further into the Country. You shall shortly have your share of the rarities as grow there, which I have brought over from thence lately: but your whole part shall not be huddled with that of the publicks; I promise you yet more then that. There is

to no parcell of my Latin, but *Metellus* shall gather his custome from, and you shall find him at *Baiæ* in as large Chambers as in *Horace*, where you have read more then once.

Motum ex Metello Consule Civicum.

The Prelate is very well worth the Consul: and is there any thing which I owe not to an affection so constant and pure as yours? I am,

SIR,

Dec. 26. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXVI.

To Monsieur de Scudery.

SIR,

EVery thing that comes out of your hands, every thing that bears your name, is precious. Your remembrance is very obliging in all manners. In a little note, written to another in the simplicity of a sudden thought, raised only by chance, it had been exceeding deare to me. I leave you to imagine with what joy I received it, being embellished, with infinite riches and ornaments, and accompanied with an eloquent Preface, which I found followed by an excellent Poem. If this Poem be the last present you intend to the Theater, as you put us in fear; you cannot take your leave of the people, with an Adieu more remarkeable then that, or that will make your departure more regretted. I subscribe in generall to what is said of it in the Preface, and further adde this, Sir, That *Arminius* is not only your Master-piece, but the Master-piece of the Art; that he will bring honour to our Muses, and put a jealousie into those of our neighbours. I proceed still, that it is a child which speakes the place of his extraction, and the courage of his father. Meere imitation and the borrowed greatnesse of matter, fly not so high: There is something here naturall and your own; and it was not enough to be a learned and ingenious person but Magnanimity and Gallantry were required to make *Germanicus* and *Arminius* speak so nobly. An authour who lived in their time hath given this testimony of the latter. *Iuvenis genere nobilis, manu fortis, sensu celer, ultra barbarum promptus ingenio, nomine Arminius, Segemiri Principis gentis ejus filius, ardor animi vultu oculisque præferens, assiduus militiæ nostræ prioris auctor, et jam Civitatis Romanæ jus equestremque consequutus gradum, primis Ducis in occasionem sceleris usus est, haud imprudenter specu-*

latus neminem celerius opprimi quàm qui nihil timeret, et frequentissimum initium esse calamitatis securitatem. In this passage, *Arminius* is the sonne of *Segimerus*; and if it be so, might not some scrupulous Grammarian demand how you come to make the father of *Arminius* to be his sister in law? but besides the community of names to either sexe as *Hippolite*, *Anne*, *&c.* You have without question some historicall ground to oppose against this slight objection. It was made to me by one who nevertheless valewes you perfectly and I send it you without any examination. I will ever be of your opinion, and withall my soul,

SIR,

Apr. 16. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXVII.

To Monsieur de Lorme *Councellour and Physitian in ordinary to His Majesty.*

SIR,

I Am extreamly taken with the silver Medall, in which you revive *Hippolytus* with these three words *Diis geniti potuere*: but I maintaine besides, that the name of Demy-god cannot be disputed against you, but only by such as are ignorant of your fathers merit and the noblenesse of your profession. The good Lord, you speak of, does not know that besides *Apollo* and *Æsculapius*, *his sonne*, there was in Greece one *Hercules* a Physitian, *Peter Mommor* calls him in French of *Alexica*, and he is yet to be seen in the Tapistry of *Clement Alexandrinus*, but this honest Lord uses no Hangings but of Flanders or those of the Fairies, and knowes no other *Hercules* but he that carries a Club and a Lions skinne. This Demy-god Physitian we treat of, had an infallible receit to cure pale complexions and yellownesse in lesse then four and twenty houres. He was not contented only to bestow health and good plight upon the Ladies, but he inspired youth and beauty into them. It was he that cured the Queen *Alceste* of a disease which the faculty of *Montpellier* had judged incurable; and I mention to you particularly what he did for women, because I know you are readiest to give succour to that sexe which is most delicate and infirme as well as he. But *Hercules* hath made me forget *Hippolytus* and I have filled this fragment of paper in which I intended to have thanked you, with a comment upon your Medall. I have no more roome left,

left, Sir, but as much as to aſſure you that I am ever perfectly,

SIR,

Aug. 11. 1639. Your, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Monſieur Girard, *Official and Prebend of* Argouleſme.

SIR,

IT muſt be acknowledged that *Madamoiſelle de Scburman* is an admirable Virgin, and her verſes are not the leaſt of her wonders. I do not thinke that the *Sulpitia*, whom *Martial* hath ſo highly extolled, ever made better, or more elegant in her native Latine: But what modeſty and vertue there is among the Graces, and beauties of her Verſes! how the goodneſſe of her ſoul is agreeably interwoven with the productions of her wit! I am very much obliged to you for the knowledge of this admirable Lady, and for lending me with her Epigrams the eloquent Letter of Monſieur *Naudé*. I returne you them all againe by my Servant, who ſhould have ſet forth yeſterday had it not been for an accident that befell me, to reſtore more then I had received. In the midſt of this Epiſtle a new book was brought me, and caſting my Eye upon the preface, I found theſe lines.

Habemus in urbe, unius diei itinere hinc diſſitâ, virginem nobilem, haud minus quàm Hippian, numeroſa arte multiſciam, & tanto magis in nomine mirandam, quod in hunc ſexum raro cadit tanta ingenii fœcunditas, tanta artium copia, cum omnes callet, tot virtutum conjunctio, cum nullâ careat. Quæcunque manu confici et mente concipi poſſunt, tenet una; ſic pingit ut nemo melius, ſculpit, fingit ex ære, ex cera, ex ligno, ſimiliter in Phrygionica arte, & in omnibus quæ muliebrium ſunt curarum et operum: omnes antiquas et hodiernas provocat ac vincit mulieres: tot vero doctrinarum dotibus inſtructa eſt, ut neſciat in qua magis anteſtet: tot linguarum donis ornata eſt, ut non contenta Europæ, in orientem uſque, ſtudio & induſtria pervolârit, comparatura ibi Hebraicas, & Arabicas, Syriacaſque, quas adjungeret jam quæſitis. Latinè ita ſcribit, ut virorum qui totâ vitâ hanc elegantiam affectaverunt, nemo politiùs. Gallicas Epiſtolas tales concinnat, ut vix meliores Balzacius. Cæteris in Europa uſitatis linguis æquè bene utitur ac illi quibus ſunt vernacula. Cum Judæis Hebraice, cum Saracenis Arabice

potest commercium habere : litterarum etiam viris arduas & subtiles sententias ita tractat. Philosophiam nempe Scholasticam et Theologiam, ut omnes stupeant: quia prodigio similis res est, nemo admiratur, quia nemo potest imitari ; nullus etiam invideat, quia supra invidiam ipse est.

If Monsieur *Salmasius* be author of this book and the preface, as I am written word, when he puts out a second Edition I shall entreat him instead of *Gallicas Epistolas tales concinnat, ut vix meliores Balzacius*, thus he will please to change it; *multo minus bonas & minus Gallicas Balzacius*. I shall think my self yet too much honoured by this allay and moderation to my honour. There is no glory in being neer so excellent a person, in what manner soever it be, and in such a similitude, disadvantage it self is obliging. I attend by my servant the inscriptions of *Gruterus*, and the Chrysostome of the Father *Fronton*. I am,

SIR,

May. 15. 1646. *Tour, &c.*

THE

THE SECOND PART
THE FIRST BOOK.

LETTER I.

To Madam the Princeſs.

Madam,

IT is not for glory to approach the obſcurity of a deſart, nor was its ſplendour ordained for Recelles and Solitude. Your Highneſs has beſtowed that on me which I am not capable of receiving, and I acknowledge in the midſt of a great amazement that I cannot in conſcience eſteem my ſelf deſerving the leaſt word of that favourable Meſſage, which my Nephew delivered me. Nevertheleſſe I can ſafely protect an infinite zeal to the Service of your Highneſs; and this moſt aſſured truth gives me incouragement to believe that I do not merit to be wholly unregarded, I know not whether it was not firſt fitting to learn that my devotion is not diſpleaſing to you, to the end I might with greater confidence performe my duty at certain altars I have raiſed to this effect, and whoſe deſigne was not unpleaſing to me in the conception. Without this evidence of your goodneſſe, Madam, I had never dared any further then to erect Altars, and offer Sacrifices in my breaſt. I could not have preſumed more then to have made a part of the people, on the feaſtivalls of *France*, and joyned my voyce to the publick acclamations, which at this day are the muſick of the Hoſtel of *Conde*, and ſo agreeably diſturb the quiet of the moſt contented of all mothers. This Title belongs to your Highneſſe; who

who by the birth of one Prince have oblig'd the whole World. 'Tis to your happy fruitfulness that our Age owes all its ornament honour and lustre: and you the person that have astonish'd all Nations with the late miracles they have seen. If the Kings Soveraignty ha's grown beyond the extent of his own Kingdome; If his Kingdome have no frontiers after so many conquests and triumphs, these are in truth, the atchievements of a Princes hands who ha's not reckoned above two and twenty years in the world. But they proceed, Madam, from that flowre and perfection of the bloud of *Bourbon* and *Montmorency* which is deriv'd from you. Is there any of the French nation who is not an Enemy to his Country, that restraines his vowes for the perpetuity of your contentment? And ought we not to wish your Highness, a long and peaceable possession of a good in which we are rich as well as you? For my part, I beseech Heaven Madam, that he may never be ravish'd from you; not even by the violent passion of some forraign Nation enamour'd with his heroicke vertue, or by the bunbaldours of some elective Crowne, who may once more come to desire a King from *France*. These misfortunes, Madam, are those that attend of a too great felicity. They threaten the head of few Princes, and all Princesses are not in a condition to fear them. But I may confidently presage that never more any Calamity or dysaster shall betide your Family, if my prayers be successfull, and I be as propitiously heard by Heaven as I am passionately,

Madam,

Feb. 1. 1645. *Your Highnesses most humble, &c.*

LETTER II.

To my Lord the Duke of ———.
For Monsieur the Colonell de ———.

My Lord,

THE Letter which your Highness ha's honour'd me with writing, hath calmed the disquiet of my mind. I perceive manifestly, My LORD, that I was but alarm'd, and some one pleased to make an experiment of my passion. But the ill opinion I have conceived against the World made me not easie to believe ill newes. Since I know there is no Saint in Heaven but ha's been traduc'd on Earth, I did not imagine that the

sure of naked and common innocente could scape better then that of triumphant and soveraigne vertue. Yet this world is not so universally corrupted, but that there is some sound part of it: There is some place of safety from the persecution of the wicked, and honest men find sanctuary in your Lordships protection. All your inclinations tend to Greatnesse, not any defects to Tyranny, so that he that is not preserved in your Highnesses love must needs have a designe to lose himselfe there. God keep me, my Lord, from so dangerous a thought. Since Calumny can prevaile nothing in your Court, I cannot fear any injury in this Country; and my conscience beares me witnesse of the passion wherewith I have ever been, and desire to be eternally,

My Lord,

Aug. 15. 1632. *Your, &c.*

LETTER III.

To my Lord Seguier *Chancellour of France.*

My Lord,

I Do not stay for your favours to testifie my gratitude. The only intention you had to favour me hath already extreamly obliged me. Though it should still remaine in your thoughts without producing its effect, yet it would at least be a very faire Idea; it would draw a man out of oblivion of whom the world hath no longer Remembrance: it would do me no injury in representing me in the chiefe dispencer of justice, better and more deserving then I am. It would be, My Lord, an interiour action of Liberty and Choice, which not being conveyed to any second subject, would terminate in it selfe, and without appearance, retaine its merit in its own reality. The vulgar call nothing benefits but what they handle, and falls under their sense. They measure them only by successe, which is within the jurisdiction of Fortune. Speculative men ascend higher: They meet courtesies in the Rudiments of the imagination, as pure acts and seperate from matter: and deferre not their gratitude untill the event, which would in that case be involv'd in chance and hazard. That which is not now, possibly may never be, and the most faithfull promises are exposed to all the uncertainty of the future and the changes of humane things; yet they cease not to be esteemed faithfull. Thus My Lord, I have received from you the favour which may properly

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be called yours, though I am yet in expectance of the benefit of it, from the king. And I maintaine against all those who are not of my opinion; that you have given it me in your promise. It may possibly fall out that I shall receive nothing of it, by reason of the ill fortune that attends me; but it is beyond the reach of Fate to destroy the obligation, I have to your Lordship, according to the maximes I have learnt. Your good-will having satisfied my ambition, my necessity doth not presse me so hard; as to I account it in the first place. Esteem is somewhat more noble then payment, and the *Honest* shall ever comfort me for the losse of the *Profitable*. But in the meane time, that I may not seeme to deliberate upon the reality of my obligation to you, after the assurances I received in the Letters of Monsieur *de Bois-Robert*. I will not defarre till to morrow the protestation which I make, to be perfectly,

My Lord,

Feb. 20. 1638. *Your most humble, most obedient, and most obliged servant.*

Balzac.

LETTER IIII.

To the same.

My Lord,

YOur favours justifie my solitude, and the benefit I have received upon your recommendation makes me eminent in the world, though I am no longer of it. It declares to such as throng and runne, that there is an idleneſſe which the Common-wealth rewards, and a rest that you esteem. All the hands that serve the State, are not employed in killing men, nor removing Engines: some there are which are lifted up to Heaven to second those that fight, and pray to God for the victory: Some of them make dispatches and Commissions: Some draw Redoubts and Battaglias; and score out on paper, what is to be executed in the field: and some without noise labour for the glory of their Prince, and the edification of his subjects. I will not say, My Lord, that mine have been so nobly employed, nor pretend to that glory which was bestowed on *Phidias*; of having made the image of a God which added much devotion to what was payed him before: I only say, that if to be an honest man and a good Citizen is the first part of the definition of a good Orator, the halfe of that excellent quality cannot be refus'd

mission be disputed with me; that in the greatest severity the superabundance of passion deserves pardon for the defects of Art. But I am well assured of the extent of your indulgence, and there is not so slender a mediocrity in the profession of good Letters; but you take delight to exalt it by your Patronage. You love honest conversations because you have discovered their most secret, and peculiar beauties: and carefully oppose the return of ignorance, because you very well understand that if the French should relapse to Barbarism, your vertue would be but coorsely commended by Barbarian Orators and Poets. So that your protection upon the interest of your vertue will cherish and encourage the *Literati* of our age; yea even polish and civilize our rudness and villages. It will cause a lovely spring of new Excellencies on every side, and make all France learned. They are your benefits, my Lord, which shall restore to honour such degraded persons as were once termed holy, though in these dayes are accounted unprofitable pieces of the State. But notwithstanding your Lordship he's oblig'd me with a new favour, advantage and gettings are not the principall importances that have rendred me your suppliant. A few things content a soul, that hath been initiated in the study of Wisdom; and being not in distress for necessaryes, I can desire nothing of anothers, but such as I can well be without, and which in the strictness of Philosophy is estrem'd superfluous. I speak of Fortunes favours and bounties; for, as to your Lordships affection, and esteem, they are happinesses which I do not ranke in this Catalogue. They are essential parts of that bliss I seek in this world. I have absolute need of them for the content of my life; and it is certain I should not be my own friend if I were not your Lordship's favourite, being with all my soul,

My Lord,

Sep. 6. 1636. *Your most humble, &c.*

LETTER V.

To my Lord Seguier, *Chancellour of France.*

My Lord,

YOur goodnesse is the sole inducement I have to hope in it; and in my addresses to you, I support my selfe on this Title, which I conceive you will not implead of falsity. I do not represent

Present any returnes of my services, but favours received and many ancient courtesies, as arguments to obtaine a new. I would willingly, My Lord, compile the history of your good deeds, to put you in remembrance of the place whither they were accustomed to flow, and of the pleasure you took to send *Manna* to the desart. But particular stories must not be drawn into example, nor the gifts of Heaven abused. I do not alwayes beseech your mighty miracles, though I perpetually expect your ordinary protection: Be pleas'd therefore to permit me, with all the respect which I owe you, and all the acknowledgments I am capable of, to obtaine it at this time in favour of a person who is very neere to me by the straittye of bloud, but his interests much more precious to me, by the sacred knot of friendship. Himself will declare to you the merits of his cause, if you please to dohim the honour of your attention. If his own deserts may receive any advantage from my testimony, I can assure you that he is an Officer who hath grown old in his Command with a reputation of Understanding and Honesty, and this no more then might be confirmed by the publiquevoice of our Province. I dare promise my selfe, My Lord, you will regard my words with some beliefe that I shall be neither an unprofitable witnesse or intercessour with you. And though when I have intentions of approching your person, the Majesty of state that environs it with all its rayes, might amaze and blind me, who am not accustomed to so much light, yet your goodnesse, which is the temper and allay of your power, and upon which I immediately cast my eyes, do's yet encourage me to such an hazardous enterprise. I will believe that on this present occasion I have successefully addressed my requests to you, since their favours have heretofore been more forward then my desires; and that it is by your own pure and free choice that I am,

My Lord,

Sept. 4. 1641. *Your, &c.*

I conceived my Lord, the sight of my last compositions would not be unpleasing to you, and to this purpose I have sent Monsieur the President *de Marca*, a Christian Poem, sufficiently long-winded, and two Epigrammes upon the occasion of some late occurrences: *Futura tibi, Illustrissime virorum, Monumenta quæcunque, mea in Deum & in Rempublicam pietatis.*

LETTER VI.

To the same.

My Lord,

IF the Kings affaires will allow you any intervall of relaxation for the walkes of *Chaillot*, Monsieur *de* —— will present you half an houres divertisement; and you will find in one of my Muses Prophesies, the sound advice they gave to him, who hath made so bad use of it. You will observe, My Lord, how they forewarned this poor Mortall of his approaching ruine, when he was so rash as to lose the reverence he owed to the Gods ——. Lawes have heretofore been delivered in Rythmne, or at least in measure. *Anacharsis* and *Solon* made verses, and we have a whole volume left us by Monsieur the Chauncellour *de l' Hospitall*. It is not to be doubted, but if the burden of the State, which weighes heavier now then ever it did, would at this day permit you to breathe so sweetly, you would give us Master-peices of our Art in the fruits of your leisure. You understand it in perfection as you do all other things that are worthy knowing: and this compleat knowledge, My Lord, makes you here as elsewhere, our last and soveraigne judge. The Academies as well as the Parliaments esteem it an honour to have you for their Head. All sorts of Tribunalls are subalternate to yours. If *Athens* were not now Barbarian, and *Rome* were still Latine, they would ackpowledge your Authority. And what insolent Poet of the Low-Countries is he, that would scruple submission to so intelligent a Supremacy: & laying aside his doubts, and suspitions refuse to acquiesce in Oracles of such certainty & which comes so immediately from Heaven ——— ? We do not look upon you only as our Protectour, but also as our example; and for this double reason, our Verse, our Prose, our Prayers, and our Homages are due to you. But in expectance to addresse mine with more solemnity, be pleas'd to do me the honour to remember, that there is a Hermite in the desart, who is your Courtier in his heart: who blesses you incessantly, although he writes to you but seldome; and who, should he perform that duty every day, would not cease to be all his life, more in truth then shew, and with greater zeale then interest,

My Lord,

Aug. 18. 1642. *Your, &c.*

Let-

LETTER VII.

To the same.

My Lord,

YOu may lay new engagements upon my liberty at your pleasure, it is not in my power to be more perfectly yours then I have been long since. You may alwayes have more to vouch to bestow on me, but I had only one heart to give you, the propriety of which I offered to you eighteen years ago, and you had gain'd it sometime before. It is true, the present was but trivial: I am ashamed to put you in mind now, that great hearts are so necessary in great enterprizes, and unless you reckon a great deal of passion and zeal for something, I should not in time of War have mention'd a toy of so little use as that. Yet my Lord, is there no place for a violent passion in your service? Cannot a zealous spirit produce some thoughts courageous enough to venter beyond the prospect of our present age, and more Noble then to injure the glory of your great Name? There are some persons over-credulous in my favour, as to imagine so, and I were very happy, if their perswasions were not upon bad grounds. As it is the most ambitious of all my designes, so it is also the most ardent of all my desires. But herein I must confess, I can but little satisfie my self: For, whatever indulgent friends say, I have little encouragement to believe from the view of my sufficiencies. I discover neither Mine nor a Bank in my brain to suffice for the recompence of supream vertue, for requitall of heroicke actions, and for the price of that which is inestimable. On the other side, I want that other faculty, which descends from above, and is called *Enthusiasme*. The muses do not answer me at all times when I call them, and I have often times begun Poems that ended at the Invocation. It is possible I shall be better inspired for the future; The excellencies of invention may at length be infused into me from Heaven, and I may have my part of those illuminations it sends down to our brethren of the Academy. I attend this happy hour of inspiration with impatience, that I may employ it well: and I cannot live contented, till I have testified by some eminent act of gratitude (pardon that eminent upon this occasion) that I am as I ought to be,

My LORD.

Feb. 25. 1645. Your, &c.

Le-

LETTER VIII.

To my Lord the Arch-Bishop of Thouloſe.

My Lord,

THE ſucceſſes, of which I receiv'd information from your Letter, redoun'd ſo much to your glory, that Honouring you perfectly as I do, I could not receive them with a moderate joy. You have had juſtice at length of the Senate, but it was the ſame Senate that did it you. You do not only receive the juſt Honours that are due to you, but even with the conſent of them who diſputed them with you; & by one and the ſame victory you have gain'd both your cauſe and your adverſaries affection. So though the conqueſt be deſireable, but the peace far better, nothing ſhould be wanting to your ſatisfaction who have obtained at once both the *Good* and the *Better*. It remaines now, my Lord, that you enjoy this faire calme, and theſe dayes of Serenity you have made ſuch; that is, employ them all in that harveſt that reſpects you, and in the conduct of that flock which *Jeſus* CHRIST hath entruſted to your care. If you would, you might have climb'd to Glory by other ſteps; But all things being conſidered, this is the ſureſt and ſhorteſt for him that aimes at nothing but Heaven. Could you exceed Cardinal *Baronio* in the ſolidity of your learning, yet it is better to follow Cardinal *Borromee*, in the Sanctity of your Life, and be the ſubject of others writings, then the Hiſtorian of their actions. How happy do I eſteem the meaneſt labourers that you uſe in your great work! and I cannot expreſs how it troubles me to be perpetually deſirous of being with you, and yet to ſtick faſt here, and to be able to profeſs to you only with wiſhes and idle paſſions, I know not when, that I am more then any perſon in the World,

My Lord,

Jul. 25. 1633. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

My Lord,

I Perceive there is no poſſibility, for me to execute my grand enterprize, or to effect what I have had in deſigne theſe ten yeares. My journey to *Languedoc*, is likely to become the exer-

ciſe

cise of a man that stirs not, or the dreame of one awake. If Heaven will have it so, I shall at least have this happiness, nothing can hinder me the enjoying in my mind, the contentment which I fancy. My imagination, that hath power to bring me neer to places where I desire to be, walks me continually round about this distant happiness, and puts me into possession of one of the apartments of your Palace, and soon after lodges me even in your Library. O how I contemne the Jasper and guildings of the Escuriall, when I am in that Cabinet? This indeed is to inhabite a more Noble and stately Court, to be the guest of an infinite number of rare souls, and blessed intelligences; where after a repast of Tanzies and Mellons, the entertainment might be with light and truth. I do not seek out high words to abuse them, I employ them in their proper and naturall signification: for what is there, My Lord, which the desire of knowledge and ambition of learning can imagine exquisite and rare, but is to be found either in your books, or conversation? those three or four hours I had the honour to pass with you, presented to me the riches of ages, and antiquity! you taught me things which not only the commonalty of the learned are ignorant of, but such as, it may be, the Princes of the Schools understand not. The severall manuscripts your goodness daign'd to shew me, left so faire an impression of Christianity upon my soul, that immediately I divorced my self from my old Loves, and bad adieu to all the muses that are not holy. Since that time I speak nothing but of the Primitive Church and the Oecumenicall Councells: and you have so alienated me from Pagan-Rome, that in those places of History where I meet with *Aquila*, I am sometimes ready to change it into *Labarum*. A communication of such advantage deserves to be sought, though it were at the end of the World; and a thousand leagues are nothing to be travelled for it. To confess freely, the voyages of the Grecian Philosophers into *Egypt*, do very much reproach my immobilitie. It is necessary that I rouze up this Lethargy, or to speak more humanely, that I prop up this weakness and provide redress to this infirmity: and since it is impossible it should endure a Coach, unless in a Downe or a Meadow, I am at this instant going to purchase a Litter, to make it more capable of the journey, and transport me without disturbance, to the feet of a greater Master then *Gamaliel*. The ambition of a spirit cured of the Court, may well be terminated there, where I shall receive your answers to my Questions, &c.

ter I have rendred you my respects and sworne to you in the presence of *Eustrhius Theodoret* and such like kind of witnesses, that I am ever perfectly,

My Lord,

March. 4. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER X.

To Monsieur le Gras, *Councellour to the King, and Master of Requests in Ordinary of his Houshold.*

SIR,

MY passion is not satisfied with what I have already done, it still requires more from me and having employed the language of the Gods to extoll your great honesty, your profound judgment, sense, and excellent knowledge, I am left to tell you in the tearmes of mortalls, that I more esteem the friend then the judge, and the Generous then the Intelligent. You have so heartily desired for me what you could not give me, that I conceive I owe it you though I have not received it. The intention is something more obliging, and more ours then the succeis: and since you have had that entire, to establish me in the enjoyment of the courtesie that was granted to me, there is no part of your favour lost, though fortune came short in the accomplishment of the rest. This rest, Sir, which the people call is the whole, is but the gross materiall part of the obligation; and this fortune who takes delight in sporting with events, and destroying hopes, cannot reach the principle of well doing which resides in the mind. You have therefore been beneficent in despight of her, and I will be gratefull in the same manner: For, whatever misfortune she ha's blown upon the Kings gift so that it could not pass the Seal, yet she could not hinder me from finding a great treasure in the loss of a business of 3 thousand livres: I mean Sir, the allurance you have in your actions, with which I dare not call my self unhappy, and am at least satisfied with the negotiation of my friend. He ha's upon this occasion, writ me truths so welcome to my beliefe, and so much to my advantage, that I cannot doubt being rich by the gain I have made, though it be not in my purse, and though I thank you for nothing but what was deny'd for me. The reason is, for that I understand how to seperate the

spirituall from the terrestriall. I can esteem, where others tell out: and being contented with the thing, without the perplexity of an account, I am, Sir, in the most pure and noble manner,

Jun. 4. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XI.

To Madam the Dutchesse of———.

Madam,

TEn years are fled since you heard tidings of me, & yet I have received a Letter from you this day exceeding civill, obliging, and very worthy of your perfect generosity. I consider the honour, as a Favour from Heaven, arriv'd to a man that never sayes his prayers. He offers up neither vowes nor sacrifices, and yet his indevotion failes not to be happy; and receives the rewards of Piety. You are stored with these goodnesses of Heaven, amidst the wickednesses of the Earth; and you felt after those savadges, Madam, that endevour to avoid you———. Yet it is not requisite for me to take this paines to bring myself into a bad reputation, or decry my self with so much diligence and care. Questionlesse, Madam, you more regard the inside of things then the surface and outward appearance. You have the gift to behold the actings of immaterial soul, and so consequently you perceive there, that the private motions of my heart cleare me of all the ill conjectures that might condemne me. That is a place I alwayes reserve for you, though I never give you an account of it: All there is ful of zeal, and reverence to your vertue, and if externall acts were not of the essence of true worship, I would challenge the most diligent of your Courtiers, for the glory of being more yours, then he conceives himself to be. This being granted, Madam, I beseech you, not to conceive it possible for me to deliberate on any proposition that regards your service or contentment: or that I need quickning and excitation to indeavour the advancing my interests into your affections. I could wish they were lesse just then they are, that my obedience might be purer, then it will be, and that you might see I can perform your will without examining your commands. The Gentleman that delivered me your Letter, will confirme what I say, and make his report of the things he hath seen already, I had begun them, before

fore I understood your desire. The end shall soon follow the beginning: and if you do me the honour to cast your eye upon my paines, I assure my selfe you will accept my devotion. Which hath not ceased to be, though it did to appeare; and I have constantly been as I shall continue my whole life with all my soul,

Madam,

Mar. 14. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XII.

To the Reverend father Vital Theron, *a Divine of the Society of Jesus.*

Reverend father,

IS it possible that I am the person of whom you have sung such excellent things? it is almost beyond my beliefe, and though my friend assures me of it, and I read my name in your verses, I am in doubt whether there be not another *Balzac*, more worthy of that Honour. Perhaps I am not the true one, and I owe my good fortune to an Equivocall name. Yet I remember, I have heard it reported for one of *Jupiters* pastimes, to enrich poverty, and exalt meaneneſſe. In which regard I am not longer in wonder, that the Muses should be of their Fathers humour, and that they love the same divertisement with him. You have therefore with your pen ennobled a vision which appeared to you for my advantage; you have lifted me from Earth to Heaven: you have celebrated the Apotheôsis of a man yet alive: of a man that hath no Legions, who is not clad in purple, nor hath founded you a Colledge: yet you have brought more pompe and more ornaments to this uninteressed Canonization, then is to be found in that which is left us by Antiquity, and *Herodian* hath so magnificently described. It is too superlative an excesse, Reverend father, and though I had the vertue of moderation and equanimity yet my happineſſe is extravagant, and irregular; so that I justly apprehend the jealouſie of that Goddesse, whom the Language of your verse calls *The terrible Nemesis*, she punishes the prosperous as well as the proud, and does not willingly let festivalls pass without troubling their serenity with some dysaster But is it not possible to get her, in lieu of her interest, and for the tampering of my great fortune, to be satisfied with a douzen fits of a feaver, and five and thirty ounces of blood, which are already drawn from

my veines by ſentence of the Phyſitian? If I could eſcape on theſe termes I ſhould take my diſeaſe for a remedy, and believe I had made a good purchaſe of your praiſes. Is it a good that can be bought too dearely, to be commended by father *Theron*? Should it not be the ambition of Kings, and the deſire of them that poſſeſſe all things? The fabrick of Glory that is raiſ'd by their hands, hath nothing of fraile or mortall. That which you have beſtowed on me, ſhall not periſh with my name, which yet may be contagious. It will preſerve both it ſelfe and that too, by your excellent induſtry. Poſterity ſhall receive it as pure and undecayed, as I did out of your packet; and Marble ſhall be duſt, when your works ſhall be yet entire ——. For a Future ſo glorious, for ſo many Ages of faire Reputation, and for the Eternity you have made me ſure of, it is very reaſonable that I be perfectly all my life,

Reverend father,

Mar. 20. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIII.

To Monſieur Daillé.

SIR,

THough I am ordinarily but little ſatisfi'd with my ſelf, yet I dare not queſtion the merit of a piece which your approbation ha's made good. Your praiſes give a ſecond luſtre to my writings which will laſt longer then that of the impreſſion, and makes me eſteem them more beautious and pleaſing then they were. It is very difficult to containe within the limits of modeſty after ſo favourable a ſentence from ſo authentick place. I am reſolved, at leaſt not to be ſo compliant with thoſe which do not treat me equitably. So that though I abandon my own intereſts, I am oblig'd to maintaine your opinion, and defend my ſelfe for your ſake. Whoever, then, ſhall contradict you, let him not think to perſwade me; I except neither the Courtiers, nor Schollers. If the Court it ſelf fancy ſome taint in my French of the Provinces on this ſide *Loire*; or the Univerſity diſreliſh my Latin, ſince you have declared for both, I will ſay the Court is troubled with Rheume, and the Univerſitie's palate is out of taſte. I acknowledge you, Sir, a Legal judge of both the times: I meane venerable Antiquity, and our fine Barbariſme; of the Language of the Soveraigne and victorious people, and of the change introduced in the deſ-

manes

nation of the Empire, by the conquer'd nations. You have extracted from good books the splendour and Majesty of the dead Tongue, and from good use the politenesse and excellency of the living. You are rich both by birth and acquisition, and have Title to keep the same rank in old *Rome* that you hold among the Eloquent of *Paris*. What an advantage is it to be able to say, *I have that person on my side*! There is no pretender but would passe upon so considerable an attestation; no Litigious person, but dreads so intelligent a justice; nor any enemy, that dares assail a place which you defend. One would think it sufficient that you did defend it, but you embellish it with so much care, of ornament, that I who made it, can scarce know it. Whatsoever you are pleas'd to say, they are your flowers and not mine that make the avenues so pleasant: and that your Letter at the beginning of my book, would look no further for the Spring or Chaplets which you promise. I keep this Letter as one of the most precious *jewells* in my treasury: and will produce it in time and place against the oppositions of Grammarians and Sophisters. I am not the child of so perverse a Mother; but she will give me the liberty to do it, and allow me to esteem a stranger, whom she would be very glad to adopt, and make her own. It is with her consent, doubt not, and without deviating from her Maximes, that I professe to honour you, and am perfectly,

SIR,

Dec. 24. 1649. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIIII.

To my Lord the Count d'Avaux, *Sur intendant of the Kings Revenue.*

SIR,

YOur favours are no novelties to me, and the civility you have lately done me, is an action of which you attain'd the habit long since. In the greatest heat of the warre kindled against me, you sheltred my innocence: You were stronger then Calumny; and if the Senatours and Cardinalls are now partisans for me, it is because you were my Protectour at *Venice* and at *Rome*, you did after the same manner endeare me in Germany, and in Courts the most distant from our world. Your judgment hath regulated that of Potentates: and the Letters I receive, dated from the shoares of the *Baltick* sea, are effects

of the curiosity you have infused into the nations of the North, of knowing a person which you love. But shall I conceale the bravest part of my Adventures? Is it not to you I owe that illustrious sentence that the king of *Denmark* pronounced in my favour? and did he not take you for his assistant, nay for his whole Councell, when the Lutheran Bishop that contested with me lost his cause in an Audience compos'd of Princes and Princesses? Since you remembred me at *Copenhagen*, there was no cause you should forget me at *Paris*; and that which I have understood of the new obligations I have to you did so little surprize me, that though I am sensibly affected with them, yet there being no novelty to amaze me, I could not testifie any great extasie or emotion. I apprehended much joy at the constancy of your goodnesse but this joy hath not excited any extraordinary agitation in my heart: it did not discover it self outwardly by the discomposing of my countenance: nor transport me to undecent exclamation. My acknowledgement was ever pure and without disturbance, and be pleas'd to excuse in it the nakednesse and simplicity of its address. At least suffer a Grammarian to speak properly, and do no longer prohibit me, to call you *My Lord*, you are certainly such by so many Titles, that I neither pretend to, nor will ever accept of dispensation and liberty. If a person whom you have gain'd, whom you have preserved, and conferred honour on, and procured favours to, should not call himself yours, I do not know with all my Grammars and Dictionaries, what name to find out for such a man. But there are yet some further concernments, and I have received advantages of another nature. Were I but the subject you have painted and beautified, yet you are Master of that Art that furnishes us with colours, and ornaments: I have nothing for my part but what you have distributed to me; and how often have I protested in full and glorious Academy that I had lesse profited by *Quintilian's* precepts then by your examples; and that I had more enriched my self with what I had received from your mouth, then what I had romaged from the Treasuries of Antiquity. It is that eloquent mouth that hath oftentimes been more serviceable to a good cause, then both the wings of an army: It is by that, the King speaks so high, and so effectually to forrainers, that he makes himself so many friends and servants; I meane Soveraigne and independent servants. If it were lawfull for me, I would say, you have gain'd me with the same power, and you possesse me by the same

Title,

title, that I am one of your first conquered, and your first subjects, that I yielded my self upon your approach, and that I met my felicity in my surrender. Upon these considerations shall I not be benefitted to call you *MY LORD*? Shal not you be my *Patrone* in *Italian*, and one of my Heroes in all languages whatsoever? Shall your modesty arrest my gratitude on my Lips, or desire it out of my writings? Such a violence is not in your power. You may dispence with me as long as you please, for what I owe to the Quality you hold in the world, but you cannot hinder me from acknowledging the superiority which vertue exercises in the Rational Word. You cannot give away her interest with your own. Extraordinary persons must be treated with respects beyond the vulgar addresses. And seeing you are so elevated above humane things by the sublimity of your soul, I am afraid I should make too long a conclusion, and not express in telling you only that I am with a kind of Religion,

My Lord,

Jul. 2. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XV.

To Monsieur Remy, *Professour of Rhetorick, and Poet* Laureat.

SIR,

THis is not the first day of my knowledge, and esteem of Muses: it is fifteen years compleat since I was first obliged to them; when they undertook my protection against *Don Roderigo*. In all this intervall, it hath been my designe to testifie my gratitude to you, and from thence forward my Prose ever did homage to your Verse in presence of our friend of the *Tournelle*. I brought him to confess that curious arguments were not spoyled by my hand, that I had good fortune in composing the Characters of illustrious men. If this poor deceased should rise again, he would confirme this to you in five or six languages, (for he spake so many) and would assure you in Poeticall expressions, but those affirmative ones (for he would also swear sometimes,) that I honoured you three compleat Olympiads, and had not the courage to tell you so had this backwardnesse continued longer, it might have been called Cowardice, if not by a worser name. There is no meanes to contain so much estimation and passion in my breast: they will force

their way out, by some short and authenticke declaration, and give you to know that that ancient Client of your Muse, that Oratour who heretofore made your Panegyrick in the Cabinet of Monsieur *Faverau*, that Hermite whom you have newly banqueted with your excellent verses, hath read them more then once with admiration, and concluded the metamorphosis is worthy of antiquity, and the other pieces of the Metamorphosis. I begge the continuation of your favour and am with passion,

Sir,

Jan. 4. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVI.

To the Reverend Father de Marin, *a Divine of the Society of Jesus.*

Reverend Father,

MOnsieur *de Marin* hath broke his Word with us, and hath pass'd over at St. *Cyberdeau* without comming to *Salces*: I entreat you reprove him for it, when you see him, and tell him from me, that the affaires of *Catalonia* might very well have permitted him to turne a League out of his way, and to bestow halfe a day on me. Shall we never walke all three together in the plain that he thought not unpleasant, at the bottome of the green mountain, upon the banks of the silver River, neer the baths of *Diana*, and over against her *Mirroir*? I expect you there, and him too, to make him relate his own History, and offer him that Historian of whom you have so high an opinion. The Father *Marin* prefers him before *Salust* and *Livy*: but it may be, some less obliging father will place him beneath *Ammonius* the Monke, and *Paul* the Deacon ——— I am,

Reverend father,

May. 12. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVII.

To the Reverend Father Vital Theron, *a Divine of the Society of Jesus.*

Reverend Father,

YOu make complaints against your old age, and I am resolved to write the Elogium of it. I will extoll it publiquely as

and *in genere Demonstrativo*; that age which is priviledged and cherished by Heaven, free and exempted from all the oppressive tribute, that other men pay nature, and purposes as an example by our goddesses, to excite ambition and courage in our young men. The winters of *Naples*, me thinks, have some resemblance with it, those cleare and serene Winters that are gilded with light, and crowned with roses; that of *Marsilia* was lesse green and vigourous, and the child which he begot at fourscore was a production not comparable to your Poem at threescore and fifteen. The reason is, that the fire which descends from Heaven by way of inspiration, is not extinguished by the diminution of naturall heat; and if Art have found out the invention of unextinguishable lampes, the Master of Art may very well preserve in its full force the igneous part of our mind, and make the ardour and vivacity of its operations durable. Are there not some sensible representations of this happy duration? who knowes not that gold is refined by waxing old, and that the Sunne its father, is as bright in one thousand six hundred and forty two, as he was the very day of his creation? I must therefore disclaime that erroneous sentence which I have formerly so much cryed up as a proposition of eternall truth, *That there was never seen a handsome old woman.* Pardon me that rash expression, I was not then acquainted with your Muse, which gives my proposition the lye, and decryes a Proverbe, to which I thought to have given eternity. Her age do's not cause the declining of her beauty, but is the confirmation of it by the very suffrage of Time, by approbation of the Present, as well as the Past: it is not a mark of the victory of yeares over her, but a trophy of her resistance and strength against time. I speak as I am really perswaded; but were I as courageous as the Authours of your Country, I should expresse much more: I should say at least of this admirable old Lady, that at the age of *Hecuba* she had as many Lovers, as *Helena* in the flower of her youth. I could alledge an infinite numbers as well of those that burn at *Paris*, as that sigh on this side the *Loire*: But it suffices me to speak for my selfe, who am the most passionate of them all, and as much as any person in the world,

Reverend father,

March. 4. 1642. *Your, &c.*

Let-

LETTER XVIII.

To my Lord the Duke of Elpernon, *Governour and Lieutenant Generall for the King in* Guienne, &c.

My Lord,

The obligations I have to you, affect me in such a sensible manner, that I am much unsatisfied with my selfe, that I am able only to testifie to you vulgar resentments and acknowledgments for them. Perhaps it were a safer crime to present you with none at all. The silence of meditation is somewhat more devout then the Musick of Hymnes and Songs. There is no Sermon so eloquent as an Extasie, and study may have flattery and dissembling, when the distraction of the soul discovers the bottome and secrets. 'Tis with confusion of my thought, My Lord, and a discomposed spirit, that I thank you for your favours. It was with transport, and the losse of speech, that I received them lately: and I should yet continue in the same condition; were I not afraid to breed ill example among those that receive favours. My trance must not ever continue so drowsy as to hinder me from turning my eyes sometimes towards the side from whence my good fortune shines. If I be dumbe with admiration, I will at least make signes, that I am not ungratefull on purpose: and when I shall taste those pleasant dayes at *Plassac* which you invite me to seek, I will say, at least in my heart, that you and the Sunne bestow them on me, or make use of a verse in *Virgil*,

It is a God that do's indulge this leisure.

The gods, my Lord, (I speak in the Language of *Virgil*) can not make a richer present to mankind: nay, they have not reserved a better for themselves: for it was affirm'd by one that *leisure was their businesse*, and by another that it was *their proper possession*. I hid my selfe in the village for the better pursuite of this businesse of Heaven, and to enjoy a happy idlenesse; to satiety but my fruition hath been disturbed, and I could not escape discovery. Though this little corner of the world is unknown both to the ancient and moderne *Geography*, and *Mercator* speakes no more of it then *Ptolomy*, my ill fate has pleas'd to bring it into reputation since my comming to it; and it's now depriv'd of that sweet and peaceable obscurity, wherein things unknown do rest. All the Prose and Verse in Christendome have learnt the way thither: Paraphrases and Comments, Orations and Panegyricks, flock to it from all parts:

but especially Letters, which claime a right to be admitted from the farthest Countries of the earth, and do verily believe they come to their own home, because I have written volumes of them. They do me much honour; I confess it: This perfection is too glorious for me: But yet it is still a persecution to a spirit over-charged, and that is no longer able ——. I fret and repine here in vaine against this glory: there is no way to acquit me from it but by escaping into some place of obscurity, where there is not only a porter to tell them, I am not within, but a Captain to speak it with authority, and repell curiosity from searching after me. You do me the favour, my Lord, to offer me this place of refuge, wherein I may hope to be in security: and I know well enough that without need either of Captain or Souldiers, you have no house but your Name alone fortifies. It is the safeguard of other men, and War respects it, even upon the door of a cottage. How can I fear my quiet then, when so powerfull an authority assures it to me, and your goodness vouchsafes to own me, of whom I am and will ever be passionately all my life,

My Lord,

Janua. 5. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIX.

To my Lord the Duke, de la Roche-foucaut, *Peer of France.*

My Lord,

IT is a great reproach to me to be so neer a neighbour to you and make so little improvement of that advantage. But it would be a kind of lesser treason to live in your territories, and repose my self under your protection without expressing one thought of gratitude for it. It troubles me I am not able to by an action of it, and I heartily wish it were possible for me to venture so far. But my repose being grown to an incapacity of motion, I am constrained, my Lord, to render you my duty in my mind, and be of the Court of *Vertevill* in the same manner, I am of the Academy of *Paris*, that is, without stirring from hence to either. My indisposition sowes thornes for me every where; it meets with precipices in the leveneſt wayes, and the infirmities of age do already so over-press me, that if they encrease never so little more, I shall not dare to go out of my

Cham-

Chamber till I have made my will. In this pitious estate, you perceive clearly, my Lord, my faults are rather from accident then choice, and that I am not guilty of my unhappiness. I lose so much in the want of your commerce, & your person hath so many Qualities to render it desireable, abstracted from that of your condition, that were I naturally an Enemy of greatness, I should not be so much my own foe, as to keep at distance from my good when it were in my power to approach it. There needs not more for this, but common sense, and self-love, and as in some mens judgment, I have some of this love to spare, so in my own opinion, I do not altogether fail in the rationall part. You may please to permit me, this little act of vaine glory upon this occasion. I will receive it as a favour from you: But on the other side, you will do me justice in this honourable beliefe of me, that there is no person more truly a his heart then my self,

My Lord,

Apr. 12. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XX.

To Monsieur the Count de la Vauguion.

SIR,

THe day you had the goodness to come and visit me, my spirits were so enfeebled with a restless night, and I was so incapable of all reasonable Society, that if you went not away with a very low opinion of me, you did an act of very high charity. Since that time the disgrace of that unlucky half hour hath lain upon my heart, and I have often inquired what you might conceive of the testimonies and approbation of the publique. Questionless, Sir, you accused the people either of simplicity or imposture: you judg'd that they had suffer'd themselves to be deluded by a very unable man, or else they would deceive others for his sake; had I but an indifferent esteem of you, I should comfort my self up against all you could speak thereupon: but I knowing your valour great as your valew, I must confess, Sir, I have doubtfull apprehensions of my reputation, for I am afraid I have either utterly lost it with you, or extreamly endangered it. To piece my self up again some way or other, and try to shew my self to you at a more advantagious light then you saw me, I have just now resolved to send you the discourse I was obliged to make *Of the conversation of*

de Xaintonge. You will find there what you ſought in mine: at leaſt you cannot be ill entertain'd in a place where Conſuls and Dictatours make up the honour of the houſe. I ſhall think my labour happy if it pleaſe you better then I have done: but I ſhould eſteem my ſelf much happyer then my labour, and believe I had repaired my detriment with advantage, could I but evidence to you with what reſpect, I am,

SIR,

Mar. 28. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXI.

To the Reverend Father Stephen de Bourges, *a Capuchin Preacher.*

Reverend Father,

YOu ought to commiſerate me, inſtead of complaining of me. You know well on whom the unhappineſs of your ſeparation falls, or at leaſt who loſes moſt by it, ſince you will be ſo good as to take a ſhare in the miſhap. For my juſtification, be pleaſ'd to conſider only the preſent eſtate of things. You are the diſtributer of the favours of heaven at the diſtance of a league and halfe from hence: The treaſures of the Church flow in torrents from your Lips: You deal out your largeſſes every morning; while I am tormented that theſe good things are done in my abſence, and am ſo out of favour that no one drop of theſe inundations reaches me. The people receive the benefits, and I only hear the newes of them. I who preſum'd my ſelf your confident, who would and am not able to be neer you. This is to tell you, Reverend Father, that there is a ſuperiour force againſt which we are too feeble, and inevitable miſchiefs, which meet us when we would flye them. Your divinity ſhall pardon me this errour if you pleaſe. I now acknowledge, that fatal neceſſity in my own perſon too, I feel the violences and chaines of deſtiny, which captive the moſt arbitrary and independent ——————. The world is ſo importune, it does not allow a man leiſure to ſay his prayers, and its importunity proceeds ſo far, & ſometimes to that curioſity that it is troubleſome even in the boſome of the deſart. It ſeeks out men in a place, where it is written over the door, that there is no body within; that it is the Manſion of ſilence, the Sanctuary of death. At our firſt meeting I ſhall expound this laſt article,

ticle, and lay open my moanes to you to receive your comfort. I am with passion,

Reverend father,

Mar. 4. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXII.

To Monsieur de Souchotte.

SIR,

WHatsoever opinion you have of the Barbarism of our climate, we are not so contemptible at *Rome*, but her largesses arrive to us; nor so little curious of rarity, as not to obtain a Jubile as well as you. Your Letter having found me in this good mind, had no great difficulty to perswade me to that good work you request of me. I shall be very glad to please you, in my obedience to the Church, and do an act of Religion that may either acquire or recover me a friend to the merits of Monsieur *de Saint Germain*. It is not possible for me to hate him, being as I am a member of the body of the Faithful: and if I had not esteem'd him, I should not be in the Catalogue of the reasonable. Oblige me therefore by assuring him of my affection and respects, after you have told him that I have sent you my injuries and my resentments to be laid upon the altar whereon he makes his vowes and sacrifices; that is, the Altar of Peace and Love, he must offer on it both for himself and me, all our froward passions, and all the sowrenesse and bitternesse of our spirits. I am resolved not to contribute to the continuance of disorder, or nourish my self with the quintessence of gall, nor grow old in a bad constance. You may add as many civilities as you please to this Christian protestation, I make this universall profession to you, that I am without reserve,

SIR,

Ap. 25. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIII.

To Monsieur Perrot d'Ablancourt.

SIR,

YOu will perceive by the Copy of what you requested of me, in what manner I determine our compliance with the present state of affaires, and what has ever been my opin-

en del tempo & della fignoria. The Letter is of an ancient date, as you know already; it was written to a man who had need of the like advice, but made very ill use of what I gave him: for some few yeares afterwards, being engaged in the revolt of *Rochell*, he died in a Sea fight, wherein he commanded a vessell against the King. It might be said of him that he Renowned himselfe in his destruction, and that he shewd miracles of courage, had he not done them in a bad cause, and had not his valur been his crime.

Ah quantâ Virtute scelus defendis, Amice!
Quam fortis rexis, atque invito qualia Marte
Neptuno mirante geris?

But when shall we perusle your History, in the condition you will suffer it to be seen? I expect it impatiently, that we may have a French *Alexander*, as stout, as brave, and as courageous in his words, as the Macedonian was in his actions. You know what was said of the pourtraiture of this, that of the two *Alexanders*, the son of *Philip* was invincible, and that of *Apelles* inimitable. You may make the application your selfe to your excellent work: For my part, I shall not lesse esteem *Alexander* the book, then *Alexander* the Captaine, and be all my life with passion,

SIR,

Jun. 5. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIIII.

To Monsieur de Bourdigal Candé.

SIR,

IS not a defluxion of these six weekes continuance, which hath made a fountain of my head; and a Chollick that succeeded it, to rend my entrailes, with a thousand troublesome businesses besides, that have overburden'd me at the same time, sufficient in your opinion to excuse my silence? Lesse then all this could not have made me break my word; and had I been capable of society, you should have known at the beginning of *October*, not only that I admire the Eloquence of your Letters, but I have communicated my admiration to all the wits within ten Leagues of me. I am not able to say more to you of it, and I beseech you Sir, do not take it ill that I send you not my Commendation the Relation of your friend, I am in a house where

Policy

Policy medles not with any other affaires but those of *Camillus*, *Fabricius* and *Scipio*: By the orders of our Land-lord, it is confined within the decades of *Livy*: nay the neighbouring history of *Augustus* is prohibited, it is not lawfull to descend to him as the quarrells of *Sylla* and *Marius*, or of *Pompey* and *Cæsar*. The Trium-virate must not so much as be glanced upon, so great a fear there is of approaching neerer, and becoming curious in comparing Ages, and Countries. I confesse this is a very nice restraint and in a manner turning of us into another world, but you must also confesse that your friend is very inquisitive after great secrets, and sick of Intrigues and newes. What account would he have me give him of that which is done above us, of the hurly burly and tempests of humane affaires? I look upon the troubled Aire and raging Sea, without murmuring at *Juno*, and execrations against *Thetis*: I am a witnesse, and not a judge of the life of Princes: and though I did not approve their conduct, which is distasted where you are, I would at least stick fast to that old oracle, *Bona tempora vota expetas, qualiacunque tolerare*, and to that more moderne, but not less true, though translated by *Apollo* into Kitchin Latin, *Bene lupo de superiore, Facere officium suum taliter qualiter, & future in quomodo, vadum*: had I any houres free from paine, I would hold you longer, but I have only moments of relaxation, and I must make use of this, to assure you that I am ever really,

SIR,

Oct. 30. 1617. *Yours, &c.*

LETTER XXV.

To Monsieur the Count of Cleremont, &c.

SIR,

I Have received an infinite number of favours from your goodnesse, and I have an infinite gratitude for them. But the mischiefe is, there is none that knowes it besides my selfe. I have been so farre from ostentation of my good fortune, that I have enjoyed it as a thing gotten by theft, and it seemes have taken a course to possesse it without witnesses, that I might keep it without envy. You may call it either covetousnesse, or modesty, seeking security, or avoiding Spectators: I am sure, Sir, I have kept silence with as much Religion as if you had Confess'd to me all the civilities you have written: and I cannot deny, that unlesse you have the gift of reading thoughts,

must needs be very dissatisfi'd with the care you have taken to oblige a man that does not speak. Yet I must at length, justifie my selfe, and help you to divine the true cause of this silence. It is most certaine, my resentments had not been imprison'd thus long in my breast, but because I knew not whither to addresse them to you: for you have so many Houses, in so many severall Provinces, that nothing was more easie then to misse you when you are aimed at, and mistake the Earldom for the Marquisate. Now you are fixed, Sir, and are to be found in the Castle which the Fairies built for your Ancestours on the banks of the *Dordogne*, I beseech you, gently admit these lines to present my respects to you, and assure you of a fidelity as pure and sincere ———. I could wish I had my selfe been the bearer of these assurances, to have passed with you the happy dayes which my affection promised me there. But this cannot be accomplish'd only with desires and passions, though Monsieur *Desportes* formerly called them the *feet of the soul*. I must move more materially, and with more strength: if God do not take compassion of my weakeness, I am afraid I shall take no more journies, but in the Mappe. I expect, therefore, by Monsieur —— a faithfull relation of the pleasures which I should have tasted, had I been capable to receive them. I will comfort my selfe by his assistance, with that harvest of Orange flowers and Jassamine, which is gathered in my absence. I will read the Diary of that warre, we should have both been at in a Coach, and I shall know the number of the slaine, whose Epitaphs we should have made after dinner: I meane your Harts, your wild Boares, and your Salmons, which are taken in such aboundance, as I am told, that there is no day in the yeare but you might feast *Mark Anthony*, and his Mistriss ———. I am,

SIR,

Sep. 2, 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVI.

To the same.

SIR,

IS it possible that our friend hath lost his liberty? and can that countenance of *Fabritius* that represents to our age the severity of the ancient Republique, demit it selfe sometimes, to delight the eyes of some young *Phillis*? I have much adoe to believe so strange a story. What probability is there, that having

joyned to the behaviour of old Rome, the Chaplets and Medalls of the new, and that having treated face to face with Pope *Urban* and drawn blessings from their source, he should return not confirmed in grace by those Apostolicall Conferences, and refuse to drink at that Fountaine of Holinesse? There is no appearance he would lose so faire an opportunity of advance to greater perfection, and you do very well to colour your accusation with all that may make it look like truth: for by the same reason I proclaime you to be an Eloquent Detractour, I maintain my friend an honest man calumniated. Though I had seen him enter into those houses that are afraid of Beadles and Constables, I should not conceive a worse opinion of him then of that Holy Marchioness who resorts the same places to gain souls to our Lord; and I should cry out to any one that judged rashly, *Doe not mistake him, he is a Physitian visiting his patients.* When he comes hither, we will see if for matter of chastity, your actions may receive any such favourable interpretations, and if there be no meanes of revenge for the ill fame you have aspersed him with; yet be confident, Sr, all this shall be done with the respect which is due to yourself, if it be not possible to make an Elogium of your countenance, without writing a Romanza more fabulous then the Rules of Poetry will permit, I promise you Panegyricks from me, and Odes from him, in commendation of your other vertues that are not controverted, and of which I am no lesse a believer then truly,

SIR,

Jun. 25. 1640. *Yours, &c.*

LETTER XXVII.

To My Lord the Duke of Grammont, *Marshall of France.*

My Lord,

YOur goodnesse to my Nephew, is a peculiar obligation to my self; and I resent it with all the apprehensions of gratitude that can enter into the soul of an honest man: but to return you the thanks you merit, is that which I dare not undertake: and I should have need of better words then my own to do it as I would. In time past, those trifling words have been happy enough not to displease you, and you have done me the honour to declare, they sometimes spent your [illegible]

hours with delight: But, my Lord, as that was a good fortune I was little worthy of, and so I have little title to promise my self the continuance of it. You are not obliged for my sake, to employ the acuteneſſe of your wit always sparingly, and use your strength by halves. Courteſies are not to be exacted like debts, and if you did me a favour when you made any account of me, you now do but justice, if you do so no longer. An obscured man, as I am, of no use in the world, should not aspire to the highest ambition of those that appear and act in it, I mean to your esteem, my Lord, and having only prayers to offer up, for the happy succeſſe of your great enterprizes, it ought to suffice me, if you but pitty my feeble passion, and suffer me to style my self as long as I live, withall kind of respect,

My Lord,

Jan. 14. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVIII.

To my Lord the Duke of Rohan.

My Lord,

YOu could not send your Decree to a person better perswaded of your cause then my self, nor more passionate to your service. I was much rejoyced at the report that ranne of it: but you were pleas'd to give me a more peculiar relation of it that my second joy might have something in it more sensible and noble then my first. In doing me the honour hereby of seperating me from the people, you desire I should see that though I am not one of your judges, I am one of those of whose voice you accounte, and whose opinion you do not contemne. At first, my Lord, and without deliberation my vote was for you. I judged you worthy of your good fortune before it befell you, and seeming a very just man from the first time I observed you, I did not think it any miracle that you should become fortunate, or that the choice of a goddeſs hath crowned the Graces of Heaven. All that has been attempted to trouble the succeſſe of this envied election, hath done nothing but bred occasion for you to triumph over envy; and you draw this advantage from your paines, and contests, that in a poſſession, which was too peaceable for so desired a good, there is now more as much splendor as sweetneſs, and something that resembles conqueſt, after your victory in Parliament. It was

such a one, my Lord, that it will seem to some, that the envy which assailed you, held correspondence with you; since the only made the onset that she might yield, and set up an Incognito in competition with you, to give you occasion to interest in your cause, and discover in your Race and Alliances, more Heroes and great Lords, than came out of the Trojan Horse. When I consider that brave throng of Illustrious names, that Triumph rather then that Audience, that day of your glory after those of your good fortune, so much Grandeur and Lustre at an hundred leagues distance from me; I confess I am somewhat asshaged of my solitude and obscurity. But I must tell you further, and *Monsieur Gautier* shall pardon me, if he please, that I have a little season of jealousie against him and his Eloquence, and I wish it it had been possible for me, to have been your advocate that day, being to that degree as I am,

My Lord,

Apr. 17. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIX.

To Monsieur de Couppeau ville, *Abbot of* La Victoire.

SIR,

That you may know your reputation hath no limits, and that you are esteemed both within and without the World; I advertise you, that Monsieur de la——— is to come to preach you in our desart, and that in a weeks conversation we have had together, he hath told me more things of you then a dozen mistresses that he left at *Paris*. The charmes of your tongue are sufficiently known, and you have made great experiments of them: but be assured they never wrought more powerfully then on the spirit of this Gentleman, you never spoke with more success then when he heard you, and never did more edifice. *Salust* was his first beloved. *Quintilian* hath since taken *Salusts* place, and you have succeeded *Quintilian*. I saw the beginning of a book he is writing of your Apophthegms; he hath learnt you by heart, and understands you throughly: so that if by any mischance you should be lost, you might be retriv'd in his memory. I leave you Sir, to imagine, the pleasure he did me, to concurre so exactly with my resentments, and chuse my inclinations for the subject of his discourse

discourse. It lyes upon him to give you a further account, when he sees you, and informe you of the first motions your name excited in a languishing soul, and the continuance of my joy in the sequell of his relations. He told me nothing concerning you, but I desired him to repeate it; and mentioned nothing of yours but what deserved this complement of the Academy Italian, *Di gratia Signor un altra Volta*: But particularly the description of the feast, you made Monsieur *Chevigny*, was acted over more then once at my most humble supplication. I found in it I know not what of learned Antiquity. But on your conscience, Sir, was that *Terence* which was served in for one of your sweet-meats, so stuck with perfumes and covered with flowers, absolutely of your owne invention? Is it not an Originall of *Martial*, or at least that gallant man of the following Century, *qui deliciarum arbiter, & cujus traditus luxus à nostro Cornelio celebratur*? How ever it be, we never heard of such cates before, and you wanted nothing that day, but *Dionysius Lambinus* for cook, and *Adrian Turnebus* for Steward. The piece is throughly ingenious, and much more humane and rationall then the desire of that Barbarous Grecian, who at *Alexanders* table wished for a Satrapa's head in a dish. This was a resemblance of the haughtiness of *Turky*, before there were any Turks in the world: and it is an example only fit for *Machiavell's* imitation, if he had invited *Cæsar Borgia* to dinner. But you are to deal with a man, who hath the palat of Roman Consuls, and not Asian Princes: and you have accordingly treated him after the Roman fashion; for it must be confessed, that the appetite of his mind could not be better represented, by an embleme more spirituall, nor more gallant then that you had devised. When if you make him a second Entertainment I have entreated our friends to give you a present from me, and deliver you some Latine verses, of the last inspiration of my Muses; they are neither the Ragousts of *Scipio*, nor the delicacies of *Mecænas*: yet they are fruits transplanted from the nursery of those happy Ages; and I have inserted my grafts upon their Stocks. You may please to judge of them when you have tasted them: and continue ever to love me a little, since I will never cease to be infinitely,

SIR,

Sep. 3. 1642. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXX.

To Monſieur de Bourneys, *Abbot of* Cores.

SIR,

IF I did not know that Generoſity takes delight in ſpeaking improperly, and thanks ſe owes that which it gives, I ſhould not underſtand the intentions of Monſieur your brother. His converſation hath diſpelled the clouds of my melancholly: his quittance hath melted the ſtubbornneſſe of my ſoul: he hath been my intercceſſour to the Commiſſary; he hath ſhewed me one of your Sermons: and after all this, he thanks me for all the good turnes he has done me, and will not make me happy without being obliged to me for it. And yet more, Sir, he would have thisconceit of obligation extend even to you, and diſturb you in the middle of your conflicts, that I might receive a compliment from that hand which ſtrikes dead Hereſie. Have I enough to ſatisfie the moſt ambitious ſpirit in the world. One graine of your incenſe is worth a maſſe of anothers, and nothing is ſo ſweet, even in the ſenſe of wiſe Antiquity, as the praiſes that come from a perſon that is univerſally commended. They that contemne the acclamations of the people, ſhould yet be ſenſible of theſe, which cannot be indifferent to any, but ſuch as honour their ſullen humour with the Title of Stoick Philoſophy. For my part, Sir, I declare my ſelfe to be none of that ſect, every kind of allurement would not be apt to ſtop me: but how is it poſſible to abſtaine from a meat which you have dreſſed, or reſiſt a paſſion, that workes its effect by your Language? So that I muſt needs tell you freely, I never received more joy then when I received your Letter. Monſieur *de Thibaudiere* was a witneſſe of my traunces: Monſieur *Chapin* had notice of my good newes: if it were poſſible I would have divulged it to all the Earth, and have printed it in all Languages, that all ſuch as can read might know, I am moſt paſſionately,

SIR,

Mar. 3. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXI.

To Monſieur the Abbot of Lavardin.

SIR,

SHall I dare to tell you that I write theſe lines to you, over-tired with watchings and melancholly? that I draw them

from a braine yet unsetled from yesterdayes tempest; that I now expect a fit Fit? It would be injurious to the worth of the excellenteſt Letter in the world, and to intimate to you, that it hath not absolutely cured me, or that it leaves any work behind for Phyſick or time: it would be too ungratefull a treating me of your favours, so rare and exquiſite, and which have so sensibly obliged me, yet I muſt alleadge the disturbance of my head, to justifie the little premeditation I am capable of, and the negligence of this scrowle. It will assure you, Sir, that there is no body so poſſeſſed with the Divell of a Tertian ague; but the sound of your words bring him some ease: there are no eyes so greedy of sleep, but love your Letters better then their reſt. I never saw so much beauty, so many ornaments, and so much riches in one place: and yet in the middle of this faire abundance, you complaine of being poore. Ask God pardon for that sinfull word. It cannot proceed from any thing but either an extream ambition or an insatiable avarice: and you put me in mind of him who reckoned the treasuries of *Darius* nothing, who slighted the tributes of the Indies and *Asia*, who did not think he had enough when he had all. You ought not Sir, to bewaile your poverty: you should reforme your exceſſe and profuſeneſs. For my particular you give me so much, that I have not roome enough to receive your benefits: and they are so unfit for me that I dare not touch them with profane hands. I make a conſcience of appropriating things so high and disproportionable to my meaneneſſe. I have no right to receive them, unleſſe you have power to force me to it, unleſſe you compell my humility as the Pope did that of father *Lugo*, who would not have accepted the Purple but only to avoid excommunication. What ever it be, Sir, and whatſoever accident menaces good fortunes, I hope to preſerve the Principle of mine, I meane your favour. And for this, I shall be deficient neither in paſſion nor reſpect; and if Time undeceive you in that counterfeit Grandee whom you eſteem so highly in my perſon, you shall find at leaſt, an honeſt man in the place of him, whom time can never change, and whom doubtleſſe, you will ever love, since he will eternally be with all his soul,

SIR,

Oct. 8. 1644. Your, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

To Monsieur Salomon, *Attourney Generall to the Grand Council.*

SIR,

YOu will not be offended, that I valew the accessory higher then the principall, and your Letter then your present. You have sent me a book I do not much admire, but you have written I know not what that charmes me. Pardon the curiosity of a man, on whom you have made triall of your enchantments; I desire of you seriously, Where is this innocent and handsom Magick taught? or, if you please, that subtle and new kind of Rhetorick. In that Country, from whence the *Genus Demonstrativum* comes to us, and in the shapes of Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, and the father *Strada*; there is not any mystery taught to attract the soul more gently, and by more delicate engines. Your civilities are perfumed with an incense so exquisite and precious, that that which is retailed at Court, is but a sophisticate Gum in respect of it. In a word, Sir, to expresse my selfe literally, without making use of the figures and Rhetorick I have learned from you; you imploy so much of your own Eloquence in praising mine, that you seeme rather to defie that, then make a complement to me. I have no mind, either to contest in this, or any thing else with you: I bear too much reverence both to the Kings servant, and his Tongue, and am too sensible of the advantage he hath over me; who the last yeare perswaded what he would, and whom I hearkened to with delight, when he gave his answers upon two hundred questions that were propos'd him. I am resolved to hear and applaud as long as I live, to give place and yield to you as much as you please: for I were better, I should passe for one of your Paradoxes, than, with words so unequall to yours, attempt to confute you to my own confusion. Why should I perplexe my self to resist a strength which is nothing but gentlenesse, and can do nothing but good? I must patiently endure my happinesse. In *Egypt* they do not cast up bankes against that beneficiall violence, which breaks in to enrich the Country that receives it: Be pleas'd therefore to continue your pleasing excesses, and over-presse me with infinity of favours. I shall be glorious in those precious ruines; write excellent things to me still whilest I only returne answer to them in the bare protestation, which I shall make you, to be ever passionately,

SIR,

Apr. 18. 1645. Your, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Monsieur Ferret, *Secretary to the late Duke of* Weymar.

SIR,

I Have been slow in answering your eloquent Letter, but the reason is because I have ruminated and meditated upon its Eloquence a long time. There are enchanted papers as well as Castles, and if I have forgot my self amongst your excellent things, do not esteem it sloath, but rather an extasie and ravishment. That which you have written to me, does honour to the memory of your Prince, and extolls his judgment after his death. I perceive by that, he understood how to choose heads and distinguish of men: that he was as knowing in pens as swords; that his Secretaries did not second him lesse gallantly in his Closet, then his Colonells in the field. But do not think you shall be ridde of me so, in shewing me you were worthy to be the Duke of *Weymar's* Secretary: you promised me more, that you would be his Historiographer for my sake, and I expect the *Memoires* I requested of you. In the meane time, Sir, I thank you for the Sermons you have taken the paines to send me, and beseech you to assure the honest Heretick that preached them, that I alwaies extreamly honour and esteem him. There is more then one Right Reverend, and one Regent Master amongst us, that I should be very glad our Church could truck for so deserving an enemy. Not that we want famous persons, but I could wish there were none famous in the world but who were ours; and it troubles me, I am forced to commend a valour that makes warre upon us. It is most certaine, I cannot withhold from praising that Monsieur *Daillé*, yea in the presence of the Jesuites my spirituall fathers, and the Capuchins my deare friends. I every day envy him your Party, and sometimes I tell him, though he can hardly heare me where he is, *Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses?* Will you be so faithfull as to carry him this amorous sigh from me? it makes its addresses also to you who very well merit our desires; and I beseech you, receive it with my protestation to be alwayes in sincerity,

SIR,

Aug. 8. 1644. Your, &c.

Let-

LETTER XXXIV.

To Monſieur de Plaſſac Meré.

SIR,

YOu are too good in pittying my ſolitude, and awaking me out of my drouzineſs by a name ſo dear to me as yours. I was raviſhed to find it at the end of thoſe curious lines that preceded it: curious, indeed, if ever I read any; for without any deſigne to irritate the goddeſs of flowers, or the god of light, I maintain there can be nothing more glorioufly enamelled nor more radiant then what you write. But from whence do you gather all theſe riches? You make but few journeys into the Latin Country, and very rarely into *Greece?* Without doubt you take all theſe rich materialls of the Univerſal Idea of things: your ſoul is naturally inſtructed and diſciplined, and you become learned in the ſame manner as the firſt Inventours of Arts and Sciences. I am confident, that excellent man you tell me of, is of my opinion, and that night's converſation you two had together in the walls of Saint *Germans*, ſhew'd him, that common underſtanding well-managed can outſtrip Philoſophy, and that there was juſt occaſion for a Dialogue, when it may be, he had provided a Lecture. I exceedingly approve the eloquent homages you do him in your Letter to him: I admire the high things, you ſpeak concerning the ſuperiority of his wit: and that ſilver Coller which you promiſe to weare as the badge of your ſervitude, is a rare piece in my conceite. I very much eſteem, Sir, the good Counſels you have given our Monſieur *de la* ——— if he reſolve to follow them, no heart can eſcape him, and we ſhall ſee as many *Chlorifes* and *Philliſes* as he can catch in his nets. O the gallant Inamorato, and youthfull Doctor of Love! When ſhall I make up the third in your ſociety? It cannot be till you both come hither; for in the condition I am, good fortune muſt come ſeek me, and caſt her ſelf into my armes. In the mean time, I beſeech you continue your hearty love to me, if you will have me live with any comfortably in expectation of you, and believe me ever,

SIR,

Oct. 1. 1643. *Your, &c.*

Le

LETTER XXXV.

To the same.

SIR,

YOu did not allow me time to expect the good which I desired. Almost at the same instant that I wish'd for manna from *Sedan*, I saw it rain in my desart: and the cloud broke upon the banks of *Charante*, when I thought the vapour began but to exhale from the streames of *Meuse*. Yet so rare a present is not the principall part of the benefit I have received: the spirit with which you animated it, is something more exquisite then the gift: I do less value your none such then your eloquence: and contrary to the ordinary course, words are here of more worth then things. Give me leave therefore Sir, to renew my old Questions to you and to demand, What God hath inspired you with these eloquent words; who hath revealed Rhetorick to you? on what hill have you slept, and what lawrell have you eaten? Or have you lighted upon the thoughts of those Philosophers, and Oratours, whose books you never read? Certainly your souls have seen and discoursed with one another in the other world, before yours came into this. You must have conferred together in the Closet, from whence celestiall originalls, and the first formes of things do issue, for your acquaintance with them must come from a farther place then mine. If it be so, me thinks you have lately put your self to a superfluous expence. What will you do with that perpetuall whistler, that chatters out Porphyries five *Predicables*, and that blackney Grammarian, who betrayes *Cicero* every time he goes about to translate him to him? Retrench your retinew of those two unprofitable mouths, and continue to search narrowly within your self, where I promise you, you will find excellent things. It is better to be rich by birth, then cease to be a begger by labour: and I esteem an admirable ignorant as you are, before an ordinary Doctour, such as I know store. But the matter in Question, hath been too long and too often handled. Let us therefore conclude it with that faire picture, which you have drawn in your Letter: and do you fancy that young Lady who dispenses good and ill dayes at her pleasure, and who without stirring from her mothers house, scatters fire over all *France*: fancy her, I say, either comming out of her bed, or from bathing, without a coate, without a night-gown, without lawn,

lawne, nay without her smock, if you be but valiant enough to endure such an apparition, and see her as naked as when she came into the world. On the other side, imagine to your self that Lady who ha's the prodigious memory, who is the inventory of severall Kingdomes, who groanes under the burden of fashions and *gugawes*, who hath all *Medeases* receits for perfumes, oyles, and essences. To which of these two, think you, would the inclination of a soul that knew how to chuse, runne first? before which would a man of a sound judgment, and good eyes most willingly prostrate himself? There would be no great scruple in the choice, Sir, and by the same sentence, your divine cousen and your selfe have carried your cause: but I am not of opinion to venture my self any further, though you would lead me. I am extreamly apprehensive of ridiculous designes and adventures; and my gray haires drive me from that banquet your good nature invites me to. I leave you then, the Phœnix, the eighth wonder of the World, the utmost atchievement of nature, and all the rest of the hardwords, of which you would have had me make an Oration, contenting my self to end this Letter in the simplicity of familiar language, and telling you according to my custome, that I am perfectly.

SIR,

Dec. 3. 1642. Your, &c.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK.

LETTER I.

To Monsieur Menage.

SIR,

IF your passion be as true as it is eloquent, and kindle as great a flame in your own breast as it casts lustre in your words, with the favour of *Socrates*, I am the most happy Lover that ever courted beautious souls. Within a little space, I have found a thousand rayes of that first, and soveraign *Faire*, which all the ancient Philosophy sought after: and you can so well represent what you happily conceive, that had you given me no more then this picture, I should have already received too much. But it is not your intention I should only be happy in figure: you do not designe to bedeck me with a new *nothing* nor make a largess of false money. Your Colours are solid and your appearances *essentiall*: and without Question you have professed to me the fervency of your love in the Ornaments of your language, to no other end but that I may see truth is not alwaies plain and poorly clad, but that she hath her festivalls, and actions of Ceremony. Can any thing be imagined more gallant and yet more passionate then this devotion of yours, and those vows which you continually pay, in the Church where we first saw one another? The secretse and the solitude which you sought out to enjoy, apart from witnesses, the paper which Monsieur Chaplain lent you, obliges me to cry out *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, and advertize the prophane people, that vertue weares sometimes the countenance of vice, and our Muses cease not to be chaste, though they are voluptuous. But what shall I say to your shutting the door, and fortifying your self in

in your chamber that no body might disturbe you in the possession of a dozen of lines? The long, and greedy kisses, you bestowed on the paper that wore my name, and the other most sensuall pleasures, to which your spirit, yielded in fact, when you read my testimony of your merit are farre from the actions of a dissembler, and can never possibly seem such to me, though I saw them only written, and in the Relation I receive. The fabulous *Pilades* and *Oreſtes* cannot be so lively acted, as the two *Pythagoreans* in the story. For my part, I having some familiarity with *Hermogenes*, and a little acquaintance with forms and Ideas, do maintaine there is no Rhetorick but the Amorous, that can speak in that style: and that is the true, and natural strain of noble affection. Mine beingmore strong then handsome, I do not venture to wrappe it up in a delicate style. I know not how to answer a Relation which I can only admire, and you shall be contented, if you please with vulgar expressions: but such as I do warrant every syllable of them in their most Rigorous signification, protesting to you that I am,

SIR,

Nov. 5. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER II.

To the same.

SIR,

YOu are not contented only to bestow your own affections on me, and place me in your heart: you labour for me elsewhere, and ceaſe not either to acquire or preserve me illustrious friends. Is it true wch you write of Monsieur the Embassadour of *Sweden*, and am I happy enough to be esteemed by him? I speak this to you as religiously as if I touch'd the altars whereon I swore our friendship: My ambition was dead, but you have restored it to life againe, and I should have the same extasies you, were but my blood as subtle and spiritful in my veines. Who would not think himselfe glorious by his esteem, of whose birth our Age ha's cause to be proud? He is a Living one, whom the President *Jannin* oppos'd to all the dead Grandees of Antiquity, and had *Holland* brought forth no more then this learned head, our deare friend is to blame: she had deserved alone all the laurells he would dispoil the rest of. For Messieurs du Puy you cannot believe what good you have done me, in telling me they alwayes love me, and that my sloath hath not forfeited their favour.

favour: For though Monsieur *L' Huillier* ha's engaged for me, and undertaken to preserve me in their remembrance, yet I should not have left all to him, and been deficient in a duty, which is payed them in all Languages, and from all places of the Earth. Nevertheless if you please to associate with that admirable Monsieur *l' Huillier*, and act joyntly in my name, who makes any question but they had rather hear you, then read me, and that my Agents would be valewed more then either I or my Letters; Oblige me therefore to let them know, Sir, but this from your eloquent mouth, that they have not cherish'd a savage, and that he who received their favours is a *Denizen* of the civilized world, capable of gratitude, and who both knowes and is sensible of a benefit bestowed on him. If it were not almost as hard to bring me to *Paris*, as to bring *Paris* hither to me, I would willingly ease you of this Commission, and be my self the bearer of my complement. In truth, though *Paris* have many allurements to make it be desirable, and though the Majesty of the State be not only contracted there in the person of the Prince, but diffus'd into as many parts as there are Courts of Justice; yet all this greatness, and all this Majesty cannot tempt me to return thither again. It is not the Louvre that attracties me thither, it is the Closet of those excellent brothers: and the fortune I seek, hath nothing in it but pure, spirituall, and learned: I am neither Courtier, Lawyer, nor Usurer. I am ignorant in all knowledge of these professions: but out of all that ignorance, there is found a certain animall, extreamly free and indifferently reasonable, who hath not been disliked by Monsieur the Embassadour of *Sweden*, who hath formerly been acceptable to Messieurs *du Puy*, and whom you may now prize to them, at what rate you please. I do not implore you to enrich the definition of me, to valew me at more then I am worth: I only beseech you not to forget what really I am master of, and to perswade even your selfe, (for with you I have most need of your good offices) that I can love without interests that my tendernels is firme and constant, that I am a Violent that lasts, that is, that I shall be all my life, with passion,

SIR,

Sep. 30. 1639. *Your, &c.*

Let-

LETTER III.

To my Lord the Marqueſſe of Montauſier, *Governour and Lieutenant Generall for the King in* Saintonge, Angoumois, &c.

My Lord,

Since it is infinitely beyond my power to returne a ſuitable anſwer to the favourable Relations I received from Monſieur *Chapelain*, what can I do but deſpaire as to my acknowledgments of ſo many ſolid effects and ſenſible obligations as I have received from your goodneſſe? You take too much care to preſerve that which you cannot loſe: my paſſion is the moſt unprofitable thing you are Maſter of; it is withall the moſt aſſured. The miſchiefe is, that having reſerv'd nothing of my ſelf when firſt I made you the gift, I have nothing now left to offer you; and I very well perceive that at the ſame time you intend to ſhew your own power and my diſability. I was immediately drained of my complements, but your favours are inexhauſtible: and whoſoever ſhall underſtand that your impriſonment in *Germany* did not bereave you of the meanes to oblige me there, will not wonder that your Government of *Angoumois* affords you occaſions to do it. During your confinement you entertain'd your ſolitude with me in your thoughts: In a time of melancholly you conceived me capable to divert you, yea my only name and image have ſerv'd to do it: and as remote as I was from you, I made ſuch rayes of joy ſtreame into your ſoul as cauſ'd an admirable and glorious ſpring in it. I preſerve my Lord, the bundle of thoſe excellent flowers I brought forth with much care: I bedeck my ſelf and flatter my vanity with them. I look upon them as the faireſt tokens of remembrance that *Polybius* could have wiſhed from his Scipio, and *Paulus Jovius* from his Marqueſſe of *Peſcara*. It is not without ſome deſigne of Heaven, or ſome good preſage that this Marqueſſe is come into my mind. Since you are not leſſe brave then he, it is juſt you be not leſſe happy. The *Victoria Colonna* of our age muſt compleat your felicity, ſince vertue hath begun it. There are no wiſhes to be made for you, after theſe. And though the preſent I have received from you be ſomething more obliging then the grant of Exemptions and Protections, or then the Majoralty of *Angouleſme* and that of *Saintes* which you have conferr'd at my inſtance; yet I think my ſelf ſufficiently gratefull, if I prognoſticate with ſucceſſe the poſſeſſion of a good which you eſteem infinitely higher then all others. It hath hitherto

hitherto been in vain desired: God hath refused it to the prayers and devotion of men: But without doubt, you are elected in the secret of Providence to be the happy possessour of it. Believe me, my Lord: I have been inspired more then once, and I tell you in the name of Heaven, and in the language of my Oracles, *Tua tua erit, et sua te propter esse dabnet. Tu certè dignus es quem ipsa Minerva præferat & virginitati & sibi.* I dare not adde any thing to these high words, and cannot better conclude my Letter then with a Prophecie. I am ever passionately,

My Lord,

Apr. 25. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IV.

To the same.

My Lord,

YOur remembrance is not a bare token of your civility: You remember me in termes that perswade me although they come from a suspected place, and that I know, at Court words are not much used but to disguise intentions. You use them with greater integrity, and more faithfull to the intent of nature. They are the faire interpreters of your soul; and in your Letters, the representation of the thing is no other then the thing it self. You love, my Lord, where ever you have said it; and your word gives me firmer assurance of my good then my possession of it. I repose confidence in that, who have reason to distrust the decrees of *Jupiter*, and in whom so many Oracles have proved lyars. I am not a little proud to find room in a memory, which usually is stored with Orders from the King, and determinate resolutions of the Councell. But I am much more glorious in being beloved by a man that looks on all Employments, and charges, beneath him who makes serious profession of Probity and honour, whom the Court hath not been able to effeminate, nor War to exasperate. I think I have said all in this. For is it not a little miracle to escape without flying, from the contagion of a corrupted Age; to have more true strength, then custome hath violence; to know how to manage fury, and mixe the Man with the *Lyon*; to be vertuous, rationall, wise, amidst the tumult of unchained passions? And in this place you must, if it please you, pardon me the liberty I am about to take, and permit me to demand of you, whether

you alwayes intend to employ Reaſon to a uſe that ſeems ſo contrary to her? Will you ever exerciſe an Art, ſo mortall to the quiet of the World? Shall the wiſe, my Lord, and vertuous be any longer injurious to the ruine of mankind? It may be, a milder ſeaſon will ſucceed this, and heaven may be reconciled to earth; poſſibly the future reſerves ſome good dayes for us, and all our feaſtivalls are not extinct: In caſe it ſhould be ſo, you will have leiſure to let us ſee you in your government; and that is at leaſt one fruit of the peace which I hope to gather on the banke of our fair *Charante*. I do not tell you in her behalfe and as her Poet, that the *Rhine* and *Danow* make her jealous: I ſpeak of my own head, that I impatiently expect the honour of kiſſing your hands, and am more then any perſon in the World,

My Lord,

Jan. 7. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER V.

To Monſieur de Puy, *Conſellour to the King.*

SIR,

Since your books are your miſtreſſes, and I am the cauſe of an eighteen months abſence (having detained them here ſo long) I believe you have put up many unprofitable vowes for their return, and they will come to your hands at the inſtant you are making imprecations againſt me; ſo long a day from their own home, and the opinion which they have in *Paris*, that all on this ſide the Loire is *Gaſcon*, may have rendred my fidelity ſuſpected to you, and given you ſome reaſon to fear that the Romans had much difficulty to themſelves from the Barbarians. Yet here they are, Sir, as ſound and entire as I received them from Monſieur *Girard*: and I proteſt I have borne ſuch reſpect to them, that, had it been poſſible, I would not have touched them but with ſattin fingers. Every thing that comes to me from you, and that weares the Livery of Monſieur *de Thou*, ſatisfies me immediately of its price and merit: and if I did but ſee that marke on an Almanack, or on the works of the Count *Vi Ma*, I ſhould reſtrain my ſelf from terming them pitifull papers. You may judge by this in what conſideration I held your *Hubertus Fobietta*, and his excellent company? Since the baſtards of *Vandalls* and *Goths*, if owned by you, ſhould be treated honourably by me; you may believe

&c.

Sir, that the same warrant did not permit me to dis-esteem the true and magnanimous Nephews of *Remus*. Monsieur *Menage* who knows my resentments in this particular, and the perfect value I set upon your vertue and your brothers, will tell you in more Courtly manner, what I only write you in the style of the village. He will chuse out words, which shall not extenuate as mine do, the greatness of my passion and gratitude. If there be any necessity of it, he shall bind himself by oath to you; he is good, and my friend enough to do it, that I am not less then he,

SIR,

Jul. 15. 1642. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VI.

To Monsieur the President de Nesmond.

Sir, my dear Cosen,

I Am so good a husband of that portion I conceive I have in your favour, that I would not willingly ever touch it; and had rather pass for a bad friend, then make a custome of recommending suits to you. But discretion must not be so scrupulous as to violate Society, and one may suspend the rigour of his principles without forfeiting the reputation of constancy. I thought I was obliged to offer that to Monsieur *Courrelles* which I had refused to an infinite number of Suitours, and I have intreated him to deliver you this Letter from me, to the end an action not usuall with me, might be a token to you of his extraordinary vertue. He is a Gentleman, whose noble extraction hath been improved with excellent education, he understands his own profession and that of other men too. And although Politeness and Purity do seldome meet together, yet he hath both the knowledge of the Court with the innocence of the Country. I have heard him commended by the greatest persons of this Kingdome, and I make no Question but you will be one of his illustrious approvers: after you have had an hours entertainment of his discourse. I most humbly beseech you, Sir, to do him this favour; and dismiss him back to us as soon as you can, with the satisfaction he promises himself from your justice. He is one of those that civilize our Barbarisme and represent us your great world: so that consequently conceiving my self interessed in my own particular in the supplim 2 cation

cation I have made to you, I redouble it in this place with a little fervency, and protest to you with much truth, that no man can be more then I my self,

Sir,

May 10. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VII.

To the Same.

SIR,

WHatever infirmity it is that confines me here, it is only Madam *Desloges* power that withholds me from causing my self to be conveyed to *Paris*, to be her solicitor there to you: But she will not employ all the right she hath over me, and whereas she may command me a journey, she is contented to desire a Letter from me. I have granted it to her, as a favour which she does me, or I rather which I do my self: and I write it to you with as much concernment, as my own good fortune depended on the success she promises her self from your justice. So the thing hath changed its name: it is not her business I recommend to you; but my own interest which I put into your hands, and prosecute in anothers name. I account it superfluous, Sir, to tell you at this time, of a virtue the most acknowledged and celebrated in the World. It would not only be a straining of a great subject in too close a Room, and bringing the *Genus Demonstrativum* to a strait, but it would look as if had a designe to mixe some thing of ostentation in a cause which I esteem wholly my own, and as if I had a mind to be little beholding to you, when I make many importune instances and allegations. I have not any such cunning design. I should be very loath to diminish the worth of your benefit by the reflection on any other merit. But on the contrary I declare to you, that of the many obligations I have to you both of new and ancient date, this will be the most considerable and beyond compare, Whereof I shall be more sensible and for which principally you shall be entitled My Benefactour, as I all my life time will profess my selfe,

Sir, my dear Cousen,

Aug. 15. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VIII.

To the same

Sir, my deare Cousin.

YOu have obliged me with so much goodness in the affaires of others, that I cannot doubt your assistance in my dearest and most sensible interests. It is true, I am ashamed that I never come before you but with the countenance of a supplicant, and that I never write any thing but begging Letters. I would at least once in my life, offer you my devoirs more nobly, and without blemish to the purity of my passion by this troublesome mixture of business that accompanies it. But on the other side, me thinks, it would have something of Pride in it, to be unwilling to owe you much; & your protection is so gentle that I am not troubled to be more yours eve y day, by some new title which you acq ire over me. Whom should we invoke in our calamities but him that effectually heark'ens to us? and to whom shall we addresse our prayers, but to a power that is beneficent to all? but to the tutelar Saint of our Province, and our peculiar Protectour? Preserve us therefore Sir, from the dreadfull harrasses of Barretry that menace us. Which after it hath defrauded us of what our lawfull right was not strong enough to maintaine, would now snatch that from us which the remorse of our judges hath left us. I do not accuse their integrity, though I cannot commend their judgment, I only say, to cleare them, that oftentimes fallihood has a better appearance then truth. I see very evidently the fictions of Lawyers are more dangerous then those of Poets, and the Sophisms of *Normandy* harder to resolve then those of the Latin Country. If you plead'd but to discourse upon this matter with any of our Commissioners, I make no question but being inspired by your words he would receive a new spirit for the good of our business, and the effect of his inspiration be immediately infused on all his Associates. The reverence of your vertue, would make them consider more exactly the goodness of our cause, you ——, and will be the chiefe Authour of the consolation we expect. I conjure you, to do us this favour, and believe me alwayes,

Sir, my deare Cousen,

Nov. 20. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IX.

To Monſieur de la Nauve, *a member of Parliament in the Court of Enquiries.*

SIR,

Hitherto I have ſollicited you in favour of my friends, and never for my ſelfe: At this time I muſt do it for one that is neerer to me then my ſelf, and I recommend ſomething more then my own cauſe, ſince it is that of Monſieur *Chapelain*: I draw ſo much advantage from his friendſhip, and ſo much profit from his example, that if I have any comfort in ſolitude, or any goodneſs in a wicked age, I owe him both. He made me a Philoſopher, and he detaines me from being a ſavage. I cannot be indebted to him higher then that, nor tell you more of him after I have ſaid, he alone is my *Socrates*, *Ariſtides*, and my *Phocion*. I beg juſtice of you in the name of thoſe three, concentred together in this one: In the name of vertue injured in his perſon: in the name of all civill men intereſted in his cauſe for the ſake of an honeſty ſo pure and exact, nay ſo rigid and ſcrupulous, that we may with advantage parallel it with thoſe of the firſt times. Theſe are high words, I confeſſe: yet they are not ſufficient for my purpoſe, and my thoughts outgoe them, though my expreſſion be forct to ſtoppe here. That expreſſion which did not diſlike the King of *Sweden*, and made the Duke of *Weymar* deſire that I ſhould ſpeak of him, doth afford me nothing that contents me, when I ſhould ſpeak of my friend. I find it weake in the teſtimony I now give of him, and think I render him this office but imperfectly, though it be with the utmoſt of my affection, and with as much fervency and zeal as I am,

Sir, my deare Couſen,

Sep. 10. 1640. *Your, &c.*

Pardon my precipitation: I had in my Letter forgot a fourth Grecian, in whoſe favour I am bound to ſollicite you: with their permiſſion I will adde, *Homer* to *Socrates*, *Ariſtides*, and *Phocion*. You will perceive more in the verſes I have cauſed to be copied for you, and which I ſent lately to *Columniers*, whether Monſieur the Duke of *Longueville* had carried Monſieur *Chapelain* to ſpend ſome few dayes with him.

LETTER X.

To Monſieur de Morin, *Councellour to the King in the Court of the Edict of Guyenne.*

SIR,

THere is a certain Spirit of Barretry and a ſhe divell of Law-ſuits which fills the world with diſorders. The Poets were overſeen in no reckoning her among their Harpuies and Furies: they ought to have made her one of their miſcheivous deityes, and ſhould have given her terrible Talons, and armed her with Torches and Serpents. You know, Sir, this enemy of humane quiet, hath tormented our friend a long time: but, it may be, you do not know that ſhe will torment him eternally, unleſſe you compaſſionate his miſeries, and become his abſolute Redeemer. I can neither doubt of your affection to your friends, nor your influence over the minds of the judges: I have had too particular experiences of them, and Suitours have formerly given me thanks for carrying the cauſes I have recommended to you. That which troubles me a little, is an apprehenſion leſt my Letter ſhould not find you at *Bourdeaux*, and that we ſhould by your abſence loſe the advantages your goodneſſe makes me hope. Yet on the other ſide, this apprehenſion cannot make any deep impreſſion for there is ſome probability that at leaſt in the middle of *February*, or the Latter end of winter, your Campagne may be ended. It hath laſted longer then thoſe of any of our Generalls: and unleſs you meane to paſſe in the Hall for one that ha's left the Barre, there is no queſtion but you will be by that time return'd to reſume your long robe. If it be ſo, our cauſe will be better by half: for though we have many contrivances and Engines, yet what uſe are they of, without an ingineer that underſtands how to manage them? I conjure you to be the ſpirit to animate and infuſe heat to the reſt, and do me the favour to believe that you ſhall never oblige a Suppliant more of readier gratitude, nor more truly then my ſelf,

SIR,

Feb. 14 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XI.

To Monsieur de Monrave, *first President of the Parliament of* Tholouse.

SIR,

Did not friendship justifie whatsoever is her own action, I should this day be guilty of a strange errour, and it would seem a sort of riddle; that one that was recommended to you by Monsieur *Maynard* should now recommend Monsieur *Maynard* to you: for his first complement it would be (if taken literally) a very peremptory piece of extravagance, the History of *Tholuze* would record my addresse to the Prince of the Senate, but not much to my commendation, and those which treat of the doctrine of Manners would quote it in the Chapter of Good-Carriage as a prodigy newly hapned in the rationall world. This would be the consequence, Sir, were my action measured by the rules of common Morality: But according to the priviledges which are granted to us by a more sublime Philosophy, conceiving my self dispensed with from the rigour of formalities, and licensed to fall immediately upon the point, I do not see any more remarkable, nor that concernes me more then that we now treated of: And since I find my own interest involved with that of my friend, I most humbly beseech your allowance in this particular, that being mov'd by a naturall principle, and without further deliberation, I may pay what I owe my self. I will not prejudice your time of publique audience with my addresses. You shall be suffer'd to act the God on Earth, losing my selfe in the crowd of affaires which accost with you into the Tribunall. I shall patiently awaite your descent: and not engage my selfe in the throng of Suppliants, or expose my weakeness to those popular tides and tempests which I so much dread. A man accustom'd to serenity who is troubled at the least view of any commotion; will sollicite you, if you please somewhat more conveniently. I will choose some propitious and favourable houre: and could I upon some day of rest slip into your gardens under the robes of Monsieur the Bishop of *Utica*, I do not think you would be strong enough, though you have all the fortitude of *Cato* and *Phocion*, to refuse what I would procure him to tell you in favour of our cause. This worthy Prelate was formerly my sword and buckler in the Kingdome of *Scotus* and *Albertus Magnus*: and if my name is yet remaining in the nature of things after so many conspiracies against

against it, and so many designes from'd to surpress it, a great part of the obligation is due to him. From whence I conclude that he seldom speaks but he perswades: for if he have for my sake, tamed the most savadge Doctours of Christendome, the *Phalarisses* and *Dionysiusses* of the Schools, it is probable he will not have much difficulty to recommend a person effectually to you who already is in some favour with you, and an intercessour from the Muses to their *Apollo*. When I call you by that name; I conceive I speak most appositely: you inherit it from Father to Son, and it is not a new title, that you have brought into your house. Oracles have ever been delivered from thence by two different Divinities, and I do not look upon it only as a Veine of Purple, but also as a Nursery of Lawrells. Upon my conscience, Sir, and if I have any skill in Lawrels, those which I saw by Monsieur *Maynards* meanes are the most lively and verdant, and goodliest to weave into Chaplets, that have this long time been gathered on the Latin hills. But is it possible that Monsieur your Father, that is a Frenchman of this latter Century writ things so pure and Roman? Can it come to pass that a Port of our Age should be so powerfully possessed with the Genius of Antiquity? Were I not assured that *Virgil* was not acquainted with Saint *Serain*, and Saint *Papoul*, I should attribute that excellent Poem to him, in which there is no Hemistick but beares the Character of his style; and if he could possibly have lived till this time till some enchanted Castle of an unknown Island, I should believe he had been baptized in the yeare, one thouland five hundred and ten: and affirme that *Virgil* being lately converted to the Christian Religion, had made Hymnes to the Images of *Tholouse*. But we must not ascribe that glory on a Spectre which is due to a blessed soul, and such as in the place where he now is may preside over all compositions and studies. We may take him for one of our Patrones both in prose & verse, and for one of the tutelar Saints of our Art: if he continue (as it is credible) to love those exercises in the other world, which were dear to him in this; He will Questionly take part with the Orators and Poets that are now all in confusion; he will side with the interests of our publique society, that implores either your justice or favour. To this most powerfull recommendation, and request made immediately from Heaven, shall I dare to annexe my poor and frivolous labours? they are two discourses, not disapproved at Court, and which you will read perhaps

perhaps with some delight though such as I entreat you to look upon only as written at the instance of a friend. He will present them to you from me with a comment of his own, and beside relate you the occurrences of the desart where he has been, since your curiosity doth not contemne what passes in it: and when you have seen in what manner you are celebrated there, and in what veneration I hold your vertue, he will not faile to give you his testimony of my zeal and respects, and assure you that I am, and will ever be perfectly all my life,

SIR,

Jan. 7. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XII.

To Monsieur Huillier, Councellour to the KING, &c.

SIR,

I Wil take some other opportunity to commend your eloquence, but what you write me of the fourteenth of *March*, is so affectionate and obliging that at this time I can only praise your goodnesse. You draw glory from an adventure which is much more glorious for me then you. The Lady that treated you as my favourite in the walks of *Luxembourge* has done me an honour in which you have so small a share, that it was humility in you not to have rejected her Complement. I receive it of her, as a favour addressed directly unto me, and which so pleasingly tickles my vanity, that if I were at *Paris*, I would intreate you to carry me to her to thanke her for it. I cannot be known to the world by a definition that delights me more then this, *This is he that is so great a Lover and admirer of* Monsieur l'*Huillier*. What a goodly property is this to distinguish me from an infinite number of writers of scurvy prose, and bad verse, as well as I ! Do not mistrust the verity of my words; for were I of worth enough, to recommend men by the passion I have for them, or if I durst give attestations of their vertue as *Justus Lipsius* us'd to do; after I had treated you with many magnificent superlatives, I would informe all present and all to come, that you are one of my dearest and most violent inclinations; that I am the rivall, but a very zealous one, of those blessed *Chaplains*, *Mynages*, &c. who possesse you in my absence. That last word enforces a sigh from me, Why should

we grow old in a friendship altogether abstracted and seperated from matter? Without any sensible society, & animated by word of mouth? without hope to see one another again untill the resurrection? ever remote above ten dayes journey? For less cause then this, the honestest among the Poets have made imprecations against Fate, and railed at destiny: But we must not adde blasphemy to our bad fortune. I will comfort my self with your Letter, for the happiness I am depriv'd of in the loss of your conversation, and will wish you more such adventures as those in *Luxembourge*, that from time to time some fair tongue may advertise you that I am more then any person in the World,

SIR,

Apr. 3. 1644. *Tours, &c.*

LETTER XIII.

To Monsieur de Gomberville.

SIR,

THe Holy Scripture calls Death the Kingdome of Silence, and the Land of Oblivion. Let us evidence that we are not yet of that Region. Let us make use of our faculty of speaking, and the convenience of a poste, at least, once in ten years. Let there appear some signe of Life in our friendship: either by a little motion of the heart, or by halfe a word of remembrance in an old Formula, to ease the paines of Rhetorick; or by that ancient and famous *Si vales bene est, ego quidem valeo.* The only advantage I have of you, is, that I have given you the on-set, for I am sure you wish me well: and God forbid I should ever reckon your good will, or indeed any thing of yours in the number of things corruptible. Length of time hath no rust that can waste the affection of Philosophers: those people go straite to eternity and perfection; and particularly you, Sir, who continually dive into the chiefest and profoundest Ideas; and purge things from all the impurities and defects that attend them. Since you can make finer worlds, and better then that we behold, without doubt you have in your self the principle of that perfection, which you communicate to your matter. There is no probability that the father of Demy-gods is subject to humane infirmities, or that you want gentrosity after you have bestowed so much on *Polexander*, *Phelismond*, and many more absolutely believe the truth of this Article, that

that I made no scruple to promise your favour to the Cavalier that delivers you this Letter, upon the assurance I have, that it is a gage which he will find where I left it, and which you have kept securely for me after so many years. Thus they lived in the golden Age, and I beseech you to believe, that with all the frankness and sincerity of that Age, I am,

SIR,

Sep. 4. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIV.

To Monsieur Arnould *Abbot of Saint* Nicholas.

SIR,

FAther *Mersi* is not now at *Paris*, and you have continuall correspondence at *Rome*: I believe therefore, I may without presumption accept the book which you offer me with so much civility. Our friend has writ the express termes, and way you took to do it: which I find so generous and obliging, that though the present be very rich in it self, yet I do not esteem it more than them. I look upon them as a liberality more your own then the first. They make me remember with delight the first charmes you used to winne my heart: and amidst the lightning and thunder of the Apostolicall Preacher, me thinks, I behold again the sweetnes and serenity of your countenance. Yet this is but a faint representation of the things which I have lost: I am deprived of an infinity of happinesses by my remoteness from your presence: but withall I very well understand the wretchednes of my condition, and the greatnes of my losses. Nothing is able to comfort me for them but the honour I have of your love, and the favour you will do me, if you please, to believe me with all my soul,

SIR,

May. 13. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XV.

To the same.

SIR,

YOU are alwayes either doing or procuring me good: you intercede for me, when you do not give; and my riches flow from your goodnes, either as from their fountain or in their chan-

well: I call those things riches which you sent me from *Rome*, because I now know no other. My soul being cured of ambition, and having never so much as been sick of avarice, neither the employments nor dignities of your world can tempt me in the desart: I am no way pregnable but by the spirit, and covetous only of goods purely spirituall. So that I judge I have received more grace from Monsieur the Cardinall *Bentivoglio* in the clause of a Letter, then he could have done me by a load of Bulls, though the ring of the Fisher had been the Seal of them. How dextrous is this Prince in winning men! how learned in the art of obliging! what delight there is in presenting him! It is a way to see him do miracles, to make him change the smallest and vilest things that are offered him, into great and precious. Upon reading the words he hath written to you concerning me, me thinks, Sir, I am no more my self. I believe I am one of *Augustus* Court, and my verses are as vigorous as those of *Virgil*; I imagine I have been crowned in the Capitoll, I know not how many Ages before *Petrarch* received that honour. In the extasie I am transported to, by so high a Generosity, and which hath made so low a descent, it is impossible to grow higher without running into extravagance. And that is done already, unlesse you please to style that Enthusiasme, which they who speak properly would call Frenzy. But supposing there be a reasonable fury, yet the motions of it not being in their right place, when in a Letter, I intend to reserve them for my Latine compositions, and a Hymne to the God which hath inspired me. In the meane time, be pleas'd to be my intercessour to him, and besides, my security in another place that the person to whom I confesse I owe much, may not doubt upon your word, but that I am very gratefull. But you ever do more then I entreat you: Indeed, you love too nobly; your cares are too punctuall, and your good offices too passionate. How shall I behave my self in this confusion, into which your generous friendship ha's cast me? I can only assure you, Sir, that of all those you love, there is none who reverences your vertue at that height as I do, nor who is more perfectly then my selfe,

SIR,

Jul. 20. 1642. *Your, &c.*

Let-

LETTER XVI.

To Monsieur Sarran, *Councellour to the King in his Court of Parliament.*

SIR,

I Conceive my self injur'd by your excesse of modesty, and I look upon your humility as bad usage of me. Indeed you treat me too much after the fashion of the Country, in demanding the causes of our new acquaintance with so much reasoning and curiosity. Though I am a villager, I am not so scarce of intelligence, but I know some thing from time to time, and have a little commerce with the world. At least I can be instructed by common fame; she flyes hither sometimes and brings us the names of the Gallant, Wise, and Learned which the world esteemes. You are, Sir, one of those illustrious ones, whom I know, by report of the publick voice, and by a testimony that never flatters. And although Monsieur *de Morin* were nothing to you, and you were not the great confident of the great *Salmasius*, yet you have parts essentially your own, for which you very well deserve to be regarded. Your vertue entirely pure, and seperated from all adherences shall ever be a most worthy object of my passion and respects. You alone can furnish me with commendations then, for more than one Senatour, and to make above one Elogium; and do you think it strange yet I should account highly of you? To be Priest to severe *Themis*, and yet not omit sacrificing to the Graces, who are lesse rigid; to receive equall benedictions from the Catholick people, and the Huguenot nation: not to be lesse Grecian or Roman then French, and to be able to deliver your opinion both among the *Areopagites* and the fathers Conscript, with the same facility as in the Court of the Edict; Is all this, Sir, but a trifle in the barbarisme of these latter ages? Are not these qualities that ought to oblige me to seek your friendship, and to offer you a little present, to gaine my self the possession of a very great happinesse? It is not necessary to speak disadvantagiously to you of my present estate. I will not by undeceiving you, robbe my selfe of the fruit I gather by your errour. I will only tell you, as to that amity which I sought, that it was long ago in my wishes, and I shall be no unjust possessour of it, if it be sufficient to be as I am with all my soul,

SIR,

Oct. 10. 1644. Your, &c.

Let

LETTER XVII.

To Monſieur the Preſident Maynard, *Councellour to the King.*

SIR,

Menelaus was contented with the declaration of *Greece* in his favour; But our friend of *Quercey*, looks for more. He conceives all the Earth be concerned in the accuſation which he charges on his wife; certainly, he is much miſtaken, and is not throughly acquainted with mankind. Men jeſt at misfortunes of this nature, in the perſon of *Socrates* and *Cato*, I meane ſuch men as otherwiſe love *Socrates* and *Cato* very perfectly. They are violences if they be not Tragedies, for they compell people to laugh, unleſſe ſome capitall crime be involv'd in the trick of youth, or there be poyſon mingled with the love. In ſuch caſes, indeed the buſineſs is beyond raillery. The delight of laughter is changed into deteſtation and abhorrence; and theſe two things, as *Ariſtotle* hath noted, afford no roome for good language. Out of theſe caſes the publique doth not take the injuries of particulars to heart, one half of the world ſerves for paſtime to the other; what *Titius* calls violating the ſanctity of the Lawes, and defiling the purity of Marriage, *Seia* calls it ſport and recreation. Yea ſhe is ſo confident of the merit of her action that ſhe ſayes it was but juſtice to preferre an honeſt fellow before a Sott. When women delude their husbands upon the ſtage, is there any ſpectatour ſo ſevere but applaudes it, and gives his approbation to that which paſſes? all the people favour the Malefactreſſe: there is no body but would ſave her from the danger ſhe hath fallen into. Yea, even the Fathers Conſcript, and Roman Matrons are not of his ſide that ſuffers the injury. I can lead you to honeſt *Quintilian*, where you ſhall find in the Chapter *De Riſu* one of theſe ſage Romans, ſeated on the Tribunall. Ask him what he thinks of a man that is ſurprized with his neighbours wife: he will give you no other anſwer but this, that the injur'd perſon was deficient in point of diligence and labour. You may ſee by this, that our friend of *Quercy's* complaints are ſuch as do not move pitty, they are evills no more bemoaned then the Megrime or toothach. Let him therefore conceale that which he can diſcover only to a jeering and unpittying world; and how juſt ſoever his cauſe be, yet reſtraine him from getting ſuch a victory, of which the Garland would diſhonour him. I wiſh him the patience of *Marcus Aurelius*, ſince he hath not the good fortune of *Brutus*.

You

You are acquainted with *Portia* and *Faustina*, and know, Philosophy is a remedy, that cures all kind of sick persons. I recommend to your care the dispatch to *Tholose*, the Letter to Monsieur the Count of *Clermont*, the copy of the Poem which Monsieur *de* ——. I am,

SIR,

Sep. 10. 1630. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

SIR,

I have watched these five and twenty years; or to speak more Historically, have slept ill these five and twenty years. I have sought all remedies imaginable, but have been diligent to no effect. Since Physick hath failed me, I am fallen into superstition. I pray to him whom our Predecessours admitted into the List of Deities, and who yet hath Altars in the works of some of our moderne Poets. I address to him in the language of *Tibullus*,

Huc ades, ô bone Somne, veni dulcissime Somne,
Et mea furtivâ lumina claude manu.
Somne veni, en volucres tibi dulcia carmina dicunt,
Invitat placito te vaga lympha sono;
Te viola, te lilia pulchra, tumque papaver,
Teq; vocant plenis Rhetica vina cadis;
Nec tamen ipse venis: quidnam mitissime rerum,
Tam surdum precibus te facit esse meis?
Non Divos violavi ullos, scelerisve nefandi
Conscia perpetuus mens mihi tortor adest.
Ille ego sum Phœbi, si nescis, Somne, sacerdos;
Nutrivit tenero me pia Musa sinu;
Et citharam dedit; Et dulces tibi condere versus
Jam meditor, properâ jam modo, Somne, veni.
Ni properas lethi sopor ingruit, et mea sevus
Lumina perpetuâ claudere nocte parat.
Ergo, age, Somne, gradum celera, ne fama vagetur
Immeritum culpâ me periisse tuâ,

Ne

Nam si nulla meæ tangit te cura salutis,
At parcas famæ, si sapis, ipse tuæ.

And after that, in the language of *Petrarch*,

O Sonno, ô de la quieta, humida, ombrosa,
Gratte placido figlio, ô de mortali
Egri conforto oblio dolce de mali
Si gravi, on d' è la vita afflitta è noiosa,
Soccori al core homai, che langue, e posa
Non lieve, e queste membra stanche e frali
Solleva: à me t' invola, ô Sonno, è l'alt
Tue brune sourа me distendi e posa
Ou e'l silentio, che'l dì fugge, e 'l lume?
E lievi sogni, che con non secure
Vestigia di seguirti han per costume?
Lassa, che mon ti chiamo, e queste oscure
E gelide ombre invan lusingo: ô piume
D' asprezza colme, ô notti acerbe e dure,

In English thus,

Sweet Sleep, thou pleasing Son of quiet night,
The sick mans ease, the joyleſſe mans delight,
Afford my wearied heart thy timely aide,
And supple limbe thy want hath uſeleſs made:
Come with thy powerful Rod, come touch my head,
And thy ſoft wings o're all my body ſpread.
Where is ſweet ſilence fled that ſhuns the day,
And gentle dreams which thy commands obey?
O cruel nights! Deaf ſleep, in vain, in vain
I ſing, and flatter thee to charme my pain!

You ſee by the concluſion of this Sonnet, that I invoke, but am not heard: that he who hath been called the gentleſt of all the gods, is ever cruell to me, and that he perpetually reiects my prayers and my devotion. He will not be perſwaded by my words, nor yet by better then mine: He derides both the Latin and Tuſcan I had borrowed from two ſuch rich perſons, to endeavour to mollifie him. At all adventures I will make one prayer more to him. Let us try whether *Malherbe's* language will ſucceed better with us then that of *Tibullus* and *Petrarch*. But I muſt pray, Sir, in your name, for mine is too odious to him. Oblige the god *Somnus*, either by an Ode,

or a paire of Sonnets, or three Epigrammes to relent of his cruelty, and deal more favourably then he is wont with your poor friend. Get him to allow some good hours in the night, for it would be too much to demand whole nights. Let him powre upon my eye lids at evenings, one little drop of that precious liquor, in which he plunges my Laquay over-head and eares. If he will do nothing, and continue peremptory in his rigour, then you have liberty to alter your style; and to pass from invocation to blaspheming him. You shall threaten him to degrade him of his Divinity, to beat down his images, and set fire on his temples; to take away the Wise *Homer* gave him, and to grubbe up the Wood which *Statius* planted for him; to deprive him of all the pretty names, all the *Epithet-Titles*, and in generall of all the honours he hath received from the Poeticall Nation, since the reigne of *Orpheus*, to that of Monsieur *de Grasse*. I begge this comfort of you, that I may be revenged, if I cannot otherwise be satisfied: I am,

SIR,

Dec. 8t. 1645. Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

To the Chloris of Monsieur Maynard.

Madam,

WEe are indebted to you for the rarest things in the world. Monsieur *Maynard* sings them, but it is by meanes of your inspiration: and it must be acknowledg'd that you have either infus'd new spirits into him, or awakened a faculty that lay dormant in him. Since he is your Knight, he is become our Master, and his strength has encreased by half, in the last Stanzaes that he writ. He is raised above the vein of France, in the sublimity and loftiness of his strain: He leaves *Italy* behind him, I mean the witty and eloquent Italy, even in the judgement of the eloquent Cardinal *Bentivoglio*: and it would be the greatest infelicitie, that ever hapned, if he should not winne you, with such a —— as has vanquished a nation victorious over all the rest. Believe my counsell, Madam, I know assuredly that your reputation hath raised jealousie in the Closets, and divers *Calistaes* and *Clorindaes* are envious of the praises of *Chloris*. I lately saw a dispatch from Court which speaks of a Widow in this Country that gives out, that

Cloris, and sweares the amorous stanzaes belong to her. Give the world, Madam, the satisfaction of a truth which is so important to you, & silence the tongue of a presumptuous counterfeit. Secure your glory and praises with speed; and, in a word, take possession of the name of *Cloris* by a Solemne act which neither *Cloris* nor *Menander* can undoe again, if they would. I wish each of you a long and perfect happinesse on condition, that pleasant life be ever fertile of good Verses, and that the Prophet do not grow so drowzy in the armes of the Nymph, that he forget to prophesie. He must utter Oracles according to his custome, and chant his enjoyments as well as his hopes. But to this he must have your yes, so that I want only your consent to have your Epithalamium; & in the behalfe of all *France*, I begge a Poem of you, that cannot be made without you, and professe my self,

MADAM,

Aug. 20. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XX.

To Monsieur Costar.

SIR,

'Tis not to do a favour to a vertue not common, to esteem it extraordinarily as I do. When I praise *Madamoiselle de Damjane*, I am just, but not liberall. The Law of Nations would exact the like duty from me, to the person of a Spanish Lady in the heat of a proclaimed War. So that you must not take her upon my testimony: that is too much beneath her merit. But my suffrage must be added to the other commendations that are due to her, and confesse that she is indowed with modesty and all the other qualities that beget pride in her sexe. She asks you a strange request, in desiring you to perswade me to forget that I had ever seen her Letters in the hands of a Lady that feasted me with them two hours together. Your way, Sir, to effect this must be by the help of Sorcery: you cannot make me forget two so happy hours, and so dear, to my remembrance with less then making me lose my memory. Have you learned either Magick, or Physick enough to reduce me to that condition? Have you as much as will send me a disease like that of the ancient Orator, who having known all things forgot them all to his own name? You see what is the demand

of *Mademoiselle de Dampierre.* I am confident neither you nor I, are able to do any thing in it. I shall ever be the same I was, ever steadfast in my judgement and affections, ever an admirer of *Mademoiselle de Dampierre*, and the excellent things she writes, and ever passionately,

SIR,

Apr. 25. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXI.

To Madam de Villesavin.

Madam,

WHen I tender you my duty, I have no other design then to tender it in intelligible language, and not to pass for a man of the other World before a person of this. Yet you are so good, you would perswade me that I write you Letters, and that I am eloquent without any intention of mine to be so. You profess to admire, Madam, what I believe you could not endure, but out of grace and indulgence. If so favourable words were not accompanied with more obliging effects, I should conceive some suspition they proceeded from the spirit of the Court, and that in that part of the Kingdome it was their manner of mockerie. But the craftiest way of derision not being the style of truth, and consequently not yours, I beseech you, do not confound me any more by commendations that amaze me. I might be vain enough not to reject them in things I did ever pretend to; but what Colour can there be, to admit them in this, where they are no less beyond my ambition, than out of their proper place? No, Madam, my soul discovers her self to you in the simplicity of her first thoughts, and you may easily perceive she is not naturally a Rhetorician. They are my very thoughts that speak to you, and the Art of fine Language has nothing to doe with the passages of my heart. We do not study our passions. I have not learnt to love either by Greek or Latin, from *Aristotle* or *Cicero*: and though I could not write with any kind of Ornament, yet I should not cease to protest with a great deale of truth, that I am,

Madam,

Jan. 4. 1641. *Your, &c.*

Lam

LETTER XXII.

To Madamoiselle de Scudery.

Madam,

COuld I have obtained one moment's dispensation from my indisposition, I had told you long since that I have neither humility enough to reject the praises you bestow on me, nor prelumption to assent to them. To believe them with an Historicall faith requires a very strong Imagination; and yet to be offended at so obliging a Fable would speak an ill nature. The mean herein which I intend to choose shall not be to your disadvantage. I will consider your excellent language as purely yours, and not with any reference to my self. Thus they shall still have their true effect, and I shall ever be convinced by them; that is, Madam, of the beauties and perfections of your soul; of the Eloquence that gives those praises, not that to which they are directed. Pardon my distrustfull humour, I cannot believe you are of the same opinion with your Letter, nor that my Relation to *Stenander* is of that strength you speak of. Possibly it may move you because you are compassionate of other mens misfortunes, and your goodness interesses you in all the adventures of innocence. In this respect, indeed, I may deserve your favour, and your worthy brother too might justly take me for one of those objects that need his assistance. He can defend with as much valour as assault, and his bucklers are no lesse impenetrable, then his other armes are piercing. The piece of his which you sent me, me thinks, retaines that tuall solidity. The greatest enemyes of shewes and Wit-feasts, will not hereafter be able to violate them, under such a protection. *Pleasure* shall by his meanes acquire a good repute, and by his favour we shall be merry without scruple, in spight of the *Sad* and the *Severe*. I could say more to you, if you were desirous to examine me concerning your book, or take an account of my studies. But this is no place for Comment, or Preamble: and the noble assemblies which are not ungratefull will on all sides proclaime so loud the glory of their defender, that it is probable a voice so weak and remote as mine, would not be observed in the great shout of so many acclamations. It shall suffice me, therefore, to tell you without any dresse of words, that I am not voide of gratitude for so compleat an obligation: and that it being impossible the present I received should be richer, Monsieur *de Scudery* has found out an expedi-

ent to make it more acceptable, by entrusting you to send it. With his permission, I thank you with all my heart, and will ever be, if you please to suffer me,

Madam,

Jul. 25. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIII.

To Monsieur de Villesavin.

SIR,

AS I am not importunate, so I will not be ungratefull. The study of wisdome which teaches to beg nothing, teaches how we ought to owe; and though it ha's taken away my desire of getting, it has not extinguish't my acknowledgment for benefits when I receive them. You are one of those generous persons, who take pleasure in obliging: But how grateful soever I am in my heart, I might appeare somewhat too reserv'd did I any longer conceale how I am engaged to you: I must at length, Madam, fall to an open publishing of your goodness and that of your memory. The first expected not my entreaties to recommend my interests, to Monsieur the Surintendant, and the other minded you amongst the great croud of the world, that there was a certain *Some-Body* in the desart, not unworthy your protection. This *I know* that who hath yet some motions of a rationall life left, enough to distinguish his repose from laxiness. He is by some chance or other illuminated still with a bright ray of light, and his retirement is not altogether his buriall. ——— Vouchsafe me the honour to believe it, and that I am ever passionately,

Madam,

Dec. 12. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIIII.

To the same.

Madam,

I Do not straine for fine words to compile you a handsome Letter. Hypocrisie hath so adulterated all that kind of Merchandise, that I am conscientious of charging my self with it, and had rather proclaime my good fortune aloud, then seem to doubt of it by servile complements. Instead of thanking you after a pittifull fashion, or beseeching you timorously, I tell you

you, Madam, you cannot be indifferently generous; you are resolv'd to take care of a contemplative person that ha's none of himselfe: and you intercede for a bashfull man, that cannot beg; you can perswade pay-Masters to exped tion and change their lying *To Morrowes* into true *To dayes*. I have said much of you, Madam, in a few words: but what can I say of my self, but this? that instead of all the vertues of the time present which I could not compasse, it shall suffice me with you that I have one of the time past which I brought into the world at my birth, and to be, as I am, with all fidelity,

Madam,

Feb. 4. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXV.

To the Reverend father Pitard, *Provinciall of the Jesuits in* Guyenne.

Reverend father,

YOu have done me a great civility in granting the request that was address'd to you in my name. But because one favour drawes on another, I am willing to believe you will add this second I now beg, to the first which I have already received, having left the Reverend father *du Creux at Angoulesme*; for my sake be pleased to suffer me to enjoy the advantages of his neighbourhood and permit him at convenient times to make a little journey hither. It will be an action becomming your charity to take some care of so barren and dry a solitude as mine, and to send your Angells into the desart to comfort such as are weary of themselves there. I beseech this favour once more of you, out of my meere necessity of rationall commerce, or to say better, of Philosophicall conversation, least perhaps the first word give offence to the Coridons of my Parish. Such equivocall words have heretofore pull'd great quarrells on my head, but I think one may speak securely to you, especially in matters so innocent as these. I am resolved never to meddle any more with such as are dangerous. Do not feare I will discourse to you of the Intrigues of Princes Court, or the warre betwixt the *Barberini*, against the *Farnesi*. I will only tell you newes from *Parnassus*, (for my diurnall takes notice of none elsewhere) that the Tragedy of *Mariamne* has merited the esteem and applause of all the learned in this province. There is not one of them but sayes, it is pitty so handsome a Compo-

sition should dye within the walls of your Colledge; The Authour is persecuted by an infinite number of people to extort Copyes from him, and, as ill luck would have it, you have allowed him no Secretary to transcribe his Originalls: so that the Publication of it, is begged of you by the generall voice; and herein I am but the delegate of the learned nation to your Reverence, &c. I am,

Reverend father,

Octo. 20. 1642. *Tour, &c.*

LETTER XXVI.

To Monsieur de Barreaux.

SIR,

HEre is no discourse since your departure but of you. My father, whom you elevated into *Patriarch* Laban, and whom you so elegantly thanked for the present he bestowed on the world in begetting me, is in continuall admiration of your Eloquence. He protests, those houres he past with you, are the best part of that age he is now drawing to a period of. Your adopted mother values her fruitfullness at a lower rate then her fortune, and does so often mention her sonne at Court, that she begins to raise jealousie in him of the Country; for the widdow, that holds up so stoutly against Time, and whom you thought not over-wrinckled, she does with much contentation remember the pleasant rapture you delivered your service in. It is true, she did not accept it, but yet she dares not deny, that in the very minute she gave you audience, there came into her mind a thought much lesse severe then she usually harbours, and what ever she sayes,

Si non pertæsum thalami, taedæque fuisset, &c.

I know, these kind of widdowes do not relliſh very pleasantly with your palate, and you are no great approover of fidelity to the dead. But yet what say you of your vertuous Cosen, according to whose example my sister conformes her self, and of whom I speak in the Characters of Renowned Ladyes?

Et cineres lachrymis rigat, atque accendit amore,
Et tota in mortem fertur, nec jam amplius ullum
Esse diem, vitaque put at cælestia dona.
Vivos tamen superest, ut sanctam diligat umbram
Igne pio, nudumque colat post funera nomen,
Aut conjux æterna viro, aut æterna sacerdos.

I

I say nothing of the Evening Walke, the remembrance of which you are oblig'd by oath to consecrate in your verses: Nor do I mention *Diana*, nor her Companions; nor the Satyres that stole them away, nor the green mountain, nor the Bathes of the Gods, nor the Miroir of the Stars, nor the other pieces of our walke. You are to write me intelligence from your Muses, and acquit your self of your Word: yet to make you remember it the better, I am in the mind to send you some verses, that entreat the performance of it from you. They were made in the same place of the Meadow, where you promised yours at the setting Sunne, and the god of CHARANTE. I am,

SIR,

Oct. 12. 1641. Your, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Reverend Father d'Estrades, *a Divine of the Society of Jesus, and Superiour of the Confessours Cloister in* Bourdeaux.

Reverend Father,

WEre I happy enough to be near you, our friendship would be one of the goodliest things in the World. You would render me worthy of it by making me better then I am. I should reape all the advantages, and you would bear all the charge; for a little docilenesse and good disposition which I might possibly contribute to it, you would lay in common a perfect vertue, which is now your own propriety: For this is it I mean when I call you my perfect friend. And speaking of friend, pardon the repetition of what I have formerly express'd, I do not mean a Companion for Commerce or good-fellowship, nor a perpetuall admirer, nor one that punctually payes visits the next morning after he has received them, nor yet one that can write three answers to a single Letter. I mean a witnesse to the conscience, a Physitian of secret griefes, a governour in prosperity, a comforter in declining fortunes. You are all these and somthing more: but the misérie is, Reverend Father, you being at so great a distance from me deprives me both of the more and the less: it debars me the practice of all the good you have done me. I may perhaps think, when I set forth from hence, to meet you perhaps at

at *Rochel*, when some holy necessity has removed you a hundred leagues from thence. If I travell those hundred leagues to see you, you, it may be, will give me the slippe the same day I arrive there; and Monsieur the *Archbishop* of *Bourdeaux* may come to take you from thence with his Navy: And yet more, you will go to sanctifie the VVar in *AFRICA* or *ASIA*, if either the Church's good or the *KING'S* service require it of you. So that this corragious piety and magnanimous zeale, which you profess, oppose all my good designes and are the cause that I have no probability to hope for you, but by the Treaty of ————, that is, the restitution of all, that VVar has usurped from us. My impatience is to no purpose, we cannot enjoy you sooner: for you, and peace are two gifts of God, which he will send us together. But when you are sent, I beseech you, let us be they that shall receive you, and not the *Gascons*, nor the *Rochellers*. After so many journies, and expeditions it is fit *the Crown* be the center of your rest, and that its extent circumscribe the *Plus Ultra* of your ambition. You cannot chuse out a retire of a more lucky Omen, that will afford you greater serenity and glorious dayes, or less interrupted silence to your devout meditations. When this comes to pass, you may easily believe, so glorious a neighbourhood will give me much occasion of pride, and that I will indeavour my utmost to improve a friendship so beneficiall as yours. The fresh assurances you are pleased to give me of it by words that speak the zeal of antient Christianity, are new chaines that bind me yet closer to you, and force me, Reverend Father, but with the delight of those that receive liberty, to be, if possible, yet more then I was,

Octo. 8. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVIII.

To Monsieur de Voiture, *Councellour to the KING, &c.*

SIR,

I Am not minded to write you a Letter? I am too religious an observer of our old wont, and fear to put your civility to too much trouble, for that, peradventure, might oblige you to another. This scrowle requires no more of you but your

mark

make without writing or an impression of your Seal,

Ut nescio qua agrestis Musa tuo adsit nostrum Illum
Illustrissimum,
Qui Regum solet adversos componere motus.
Qui Gallum, atq; Aquitam conciliare potest,
Et Martis dare vincla, & terris pellere diras,
Et Sanctam optatæ condere Pacis opus.

If you are not very confident I love you, honour you, and esteem you infinitely, you are very ill informed of what passes in my heart, and your familiar spirit does not give you a faithfull account of the things that are done a hundred leagues from you.

Esto mihi tu Sol testis; tu, Dia Carenta;
Vos Nymphæ, Num me Veneres laudare pudicas
Visturi, urbanosque sales, artemque placendi,
Audistis, solidumq; altis in rebus acumen,
Et bona vera animi, cum, me dicente, vel ipse
Castardus siluit, facundior ille nepote
Atlantis licet, et Visturi maxima cura
Castardus, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

To Monsieur de Lyonne, *Councellour to the* KING, *and Secretary to my Lord the Cardinall* Mazarin.

SIR,

I Am affected by you, without having the honour of being known to be so. I had no designes of requesting any favour from you, and you have taken pleasure to oblige me. I but now understand how much I am bound to you, and you forbid me to testifie my acknowledgements. This is not, Sir, the manner of common goodness, and I confess the rarity of it, has surprized me. I Questioned at first whether this action were done at *Paris* or in the fortunate Islands; the corruption, of the yeare one thousand six hundred forty four, or the purity of the Golden Age. However it be, I must not permit you so much

much advantage over me. The prohibition you make me is noble and honeſt, but my obedience to it will not be ſo. It ſeems you would be ſo highly generous as to make me appeare ungratefull, or as if you had a deſign to purchaſe glory with the loſs of my reputation. This is indeed, too much, and your generoſity muſt be meaſured by charity and moderation. Accuſtome your ſelf to magnanimous actions as much as you pleaſe; profeſs a ſublime and difficult vertue: but leave me at leaſt the eaſieſt and ordinary duties; the laſt and meaneſt member of that ſociety wherein you have thought me fit to be enrolled; I mean, Sir, that of receiving and owcing thankfully, that which binds the poor as well as the rich, and whereof I conceive my ſelf able to diſcharge my ſelf, ſince the heart is ſufficient to do it. I have one yet good enough to be capable of ſuch a rationall reſentment: and if I cannot by my merits warrant the teſtimony you have given of me to his Eminence; yet I hope by my paſſion and reſpects, to maintain the happineſs I enjoy in your favour, reſolving to be perfectly as long as I live,

SIR,

Jan. 7. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXX.

To Monſieur Colletet.

SIR,

I Will neither violate my oath by writing Letters, nor injure our friendſhip by returning you no anſwer. Therefore, if you pleaſe receive this in the Quality of a Ticket, and ſo I ſhall acquit my ſelf of what I owe you, without prejudice to another obligation. What can I ſay to that excellent preſent which you have ſent me? Your Muſes have alwayes ſome new favours for me, and your Poems are the daily recreations of my mind. But you over-valew the teſtimony I have given of them, which expreſſes my intention as imperfectly, as it does their merit. Believe it, were I the *Apollo* of the Poets, and were to diſtribute their Chaplets, you ſhould not receive one of the fained verdure, or made with the leaſt care. For the Collection you ſpeak of, notwithſtanding all the paines I took, I cannot eaſily give you ſatisfaction in it. Since our *Scevolaes* dyed, our *Abels* have been almoſt ever ſick: and if there can be any other who can purge the Municipall Oratours and Poets of their

their old and scurvy signification (as I know one that can) who is so grave and serious, that he would hardly be brought to let his mind stoop so low as matters of joy; your Collection may then me made without us, or to use the phrase of your Letter, your body may rove up and down the Country freely, there is none to oppose you. But I beseech you, do not complaine of the smallness of it; the biggest are usually the worst and we have lately seen that a whole Army of Banditti were not worth one Company of a Low-Country Regiment. I proceed further; I shall fall unawares into the inconvenience which I counsell you to avoid; at least, this Billet would be a Giant amongst others of that name, and might hazard to be reckoned in the number of Letters. That must be carefully declined, and therefore to take away all likeness and resemblance, I shall chuse not to end with *Sir, and your most humble servant*, though there are not many gentlemen whom I esteem more then you, nor any person more your servant then my self,

Jul. 20. 1639.

LETTER XXXI.

To Monsieur Conrart, *Councellour, and Secretary to the King.*

SIR,

THe loveliest solitudes are those about *Paris*, and you have the happiness to be a Courtier in the morning and a Hermite after dinner. This is the way not to be tired with either kind of life, and prevent nauseating by change; for my part, I am here confined to one of the futhermost corners of the earth, eight long dayes journeyes distant from your polite world, and so consequently reduced to gather a simple satisfaction with my self, which I can almost never do; or if at any time it is only by conversation with the dead, who yet do but repeat me over the same things. The condition of Madam *Desloges* is little better then mine, and unlesse it be in her own Closet or her family, she sees nothing that can please her. But she is more to be commiserated now then any of the yeares past. Besides the melancholiness of *Limosin* she apprehends all the dangers of *Breda*, and according to her account it is on her alone the Spaniards make all their sallies, and shoot into the trenches of the Hollanders. I lately left her in a fit of these fits of discontent that made her tremble at the opening of every

Letter

Letter she received, for feare she should find a sonne or a nephew dead in it. Yet in this deplorable estate, she remembred you with comfort, and you were the subject of one of our leegest conferences. You were read over and over a dozen times. I shewed her the description of your retreate; and she requited me with the sight of other fine things of your making; and this was our result for you, that there is good sense in *Paris* as well as at *Athens* and *Rome*, and that it is possible to invent happily and expresse those fancies with successe, without the help of Greek or Latine. If I use both of them more then ordinary, I do not think this forraine abundance any great credit to me; but rather a reproach of my own sterility. It is, in effect, because I am forced to borrow from others, having exhausted what was my own; and wanting strength, I have need to leane on something to support me. However it be, it is no small matter to please you, whether as an Originall or a Copy; and since you assure me that my writings are your most pleasing divertisements, I fully resolve to be a Scribe still, though there were no other Reader in the world but your self. So that I intend to fall to work again this winter, and keep & maintain the authentick Priviledge you have obtained for me, who am alwayes most perfectly,

SIR,

Sep. 18. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXII.

To Monsieur de Souchote.

SIR,

THough I had lost the use of my hands, and had not wherewithall to maintaine a Scribe; and though I had made a second oath, with intention to observe it better then the first, yet I should not cease to love those persons to whom I did not write. Your goodness has made you one of that number, and to justifie this you may please but to consult your own memory. Do you remember the day when I made over my affection to you by a solemne act? it was in the presence of the God of the *Seine*, and the Sunne of the meadowes *aux Cleres* was witnesse to it: you assured me you were contented with that forme of gift, and that you would not desire I should send you any new titles to it by the Carrier or the Post. This is the reason of my long and obstinate silence, you may terme it laziness as long

long as you please, but you will injure me if you give it any worse name; you would derogate from my friendship, if you imagine that it is enclosed in my Letters, and you mistake one thing for another, if you lay inconstancy to the charge of a man that is stedfast even to obstinacy. I love and esteem you, do not question it; and had I as much good fortune as good wishes you should see I am as zealous in essentialls, as I am cold in ceremonies. For the two Lists you speak of, your absent friend is authour of both one and the other, and consequently, the complaint you make to him upon occasion of them is more gallant then reasonable. I had no hand in the distribution of the Copies; and I believe Monsieur *de Campaignole*, who was the chiefe manager of that little affaire, did not think of all my friends. But, I beseech you, what matters it, that an Almanack out of date, and some scribled sheetes of paper were not presented to you? The authour himself in body and soul, his whole Library, all his Learning, Eloquence and Hyperbolies are yours, that is, I am absolutely,

SIR,

Nov. 15. 1644. *Yours, &c.*

LETTER XXXIII.

To Monsieur de Bois-Robert *Abbot of* Chastillon.

SIR,

YOu are very well informed of what happened here as my Lady *Dutchesse* of —— travelled through this province. What ever judgment may be given of it in the place where you are, and whatsoever interpretation they may lay on a casuall action, I can assure you on my knowledge, that in all that businesse there was nothing lesse then interest of State. It is a pure Hypothesis of that Chapter of *Aristotles* Rhetoricks where the generosity of the young people is opposed to the circumspection of the old, and honour to reason. Cavaliers will ever be obsequious to the beauteous sexe, and not deliberate of safety or danger when the question is of serving them. They talk so frequently of the Empire and Soveraignty of Ladyes, and have their heads so full of Romanzaes and strange adventures that they believe they can atchieve whatsoever was done in the reigne of *Amadis*: they think they are obliged to follow the mode of Gallantry though contrary to all the reasons of policy, and that they may at least tell a suppliant Princesse,

Etenim ipſi Dii negare cui nil potuerunt
Hominem me denegare quis poſſet pati?

You will do me a pleasure to send me word of the consequences of this businesse, and believe me ever, I beseech you,

SIR,

Sep. 15. 1640. *Tour, &c.*

LETTER XXXIIII.

To the same.

SIR,

I Know very well, you are cured of that sickness which you have walkt through so many provinces, and which has bred me so many disquiets. But my friendship is not satisfied with that; I would understand that you are confirmed in health, and that you have recovered your pristine strength. For this purpose I have entreated Monsieur *de* —— to survey you curiously when he delivers you this Letter, and send me word whether your eyes are cleare, or your face well complexioned; But especially, I have desired him not to require any answer from you, for I would not my curosity should prejudice you nor have you discerned any secret interest in my passion: reserve all your fine words for discourse at the fine Court, that takes delight to give you audience *Quaque te imprimis habet ista instrumenta honesta et erudita voluptatis.* But now concerning Learning, my sister just now sends me word that you have a Kinswoman writes books, and that she has received one of her making. According to this rate, every one of your race is learned as well the females as the males: So that I must no more valew you severally: Nor yet arrest my esteem upon your dear brother that heroicke Madcappe, that Citizen of I know not how many Kingdomes and Common-wealths, that Quartermaster Generall to *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, and the rest of the Conquerours, as honest Monsieur *de Malherbe* us'd to call him:

Et merito; namque ipſe Deus qui ferre per auras
Juſſa Jovis ſuevit, minus orbem novit utrumque,
Nec Sol plura videt Nerei ſpacia alta, ſuiſque
Terrarum quicquid Nereus complectitur ulnis,

Ille nunc capit et frater, Populoſque, Ducesque,
Tutamque angusto rerum sub pectore molem,
Invidiâ vel teste, atque æquo gestat Ibero.

These last words are a granted truth: for a *Spaniard* speaking to me concerning him, told me he was so well acquainted in *Perse* that he could tell the signe of every Inne in it, and that he knew every bush in the Country of the great *Mogul*. I have repeated them often since, and am never weary of speaking of you, and of what ———. But I was induc'd to be pleasant a little, in the description of that Illustrious *Debosht* that you might partake of my mirth. You see I represent him in the style of *Marus Varro* who mingled prose and verse, and Greek and Latin together in this manner. He was one of the jovialest fellows of his time, however our friend ——— accuse him for the greatest Pedant that ever Lived. But our friend is too delicate that he cannot endure the miscellany of Idiomes; no not in the *Kyrie & Christe eleeson* though otherwise he be a very good Catholick. I am,

SIR,

Nov. 1. 1640. *Tours, &c.*

LETTER XXXV.

To Monsieur the Abbot of Beau-regard.

SIR,

I am glad you are so happily deceived, and that the defluxion into your eyes hath not done you so much mischief as it threatned. You were afraid of an eternall night, and it has been but an Eclipse of four and twenty hours; You had bid adieu for ever to that light which was next day to returne to you though *Homer* heretofore was blind, and *Cupid* be so still, yet it is not necessary you should resemble them in this, for without loss of your goodly Eyes you can make goodly verses, and strike love into either sexe. I am one of those, I protest, whom you have wounded deepest, and you set me in a fire from the very first minute of our conversation. The World is full of false Friends. Towns, and Common-Wealths are made up of these honest kind of Cheaters, and into what place soever your Geography can lead me, I am sure I shall not find what

you have brought me hither; I mean affection without interest, a fidelity without ſtain, with all the goodneſs and freedome of the Golden Age. And, to repreſent me a more lively picture of that happy Age, inſtead of Rivers of milke and hony whereof your anceſtors talked, you have taken a courſe to ſend me mountains of Sugar, and Sweet-meats, and to feed me with Viands which I value little leſs then Ambroſia. Indeed I am ſomething fearfull of the carriage of them, by reaſon of their delicacie, and the rough hands of the Carrier's ſervant who never heard any one ſpeak of the Golden Age, nor its delicacies. But were they all ſpoyled by the way, I am already extreamly obliged to you for your liberal intention. To remember me before you came to *Orleans*, and in a place where you had ſo agreeable occaſions of diſtraction, was to have plac'd me in your ſoul among the choiſeſt objects of your thoughts, and given me timely notice that I am unworthy and ungratefull, if I am not all my life,

SIR,

Jun. 10. 1642. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXVI.

To Madam de la Chetardue.

Madam, my dear Coſen,

I WVill not eat your ſavours without a teſtimony of my gratitude. You have feaſted me theſe four dayes, and either there are no pleaſures in taſte, or I find them in your Cheeſes, They are not only Cream, well-Houſewifed, but a quinteſſence hitherto unknown: they are ſome I know not what miraculous things that with a tartneſs which bites the tongue, afford a ſweetneſs that fills the mouth. It muſt needs be that God loves you who has beſtowed ſuch a Land on you as flows with Milke and Honey. He did not heretofore treat the Jewes his favourites better, and theſe were the Riches of the Golden Age. But in places where ſuch Riches are to be had, good Cheere ſhould be confin'd to them, without ſeeking after any other kind of abundance. You ought long ſince to have put down hunting, and purified your Kitchin; For what a ſhame is it to live with Murder and Cruelty, amidſt ſuch innocent ſuſtenance? I cannot ſet too high a rate on them, nor too much thank you for your Preſent: and what ever you pleaſe to ſay,

I cannot think they were the labour of any of your Country Mopses. Such counterfeit hands know not how to labour in things of that delicacie. Questionless the Nymphs of *Vienne* had a hand in them, and it is an invention of theirs which you have sent me for a rarity. If this conceise seem Poeticall to you, so is the subject of it too: It might make a piece of a very good Eclogue, or be drawn into a corner of a Pastorall. But I have never learnt to rime. It is fitter for me to quit this language of Fables, to assure you in true and serious Prose, I honour your vertue so highly, that though you had given me nothing, I should have thought my self nevertheless indebted to you much: And were you not my benefactress, I should not be less, then I am,

Dear Cosen,

Sep. 14. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXVII.

To Monsieur Senné, *a Divine of the Church of Sainter.*

SIR,

I Had need only of two earthen basons, and I have received a whole Closet of rarities. I desired but enough to supply necessity and simplicity, and you have added Ornament and superfluity. This profusion is not to be allowed in a man that every day preaches against luxury: They are exorbitances which would deserve reformation in any Common-Wealth more severe then ours. I speak this without any manner of aggravation, for you know I have utterly renounced Hyperboles. Neither the Buckler of *ACHILLES* described by *HOMER*, nor the other rich descriptions of the rest of the great Poets, neither the *Thesis* which the Father *D'orleans* formerly dedicated to Monsieur the Cardinal *de la Valette*, nor all that ever I saw of greatest variety and History in the world, is so much as what you have done me the favour to send me. And yet you are pleas'd to say notwithstanding, to extenuate the merit of your present, It is but clay. You who know *Tertullian* calls clay *Serorem nobis materiam*, and that Kings and Emperours are moulded out of it: It is not only in Vessels of the like stuff, as you write to my Niece, that Antiquity offered incense to their gods; but the gods themselves were made of it, and you remember that verse which sayes,

Fictilibus crevêre deis hæc aurea Templa.

I could, if I please, alledge *Prometheus* in *Lucians* Dialogues to you, and *Agathocles* in *Ausonius* Epigrammes. I have also two passages in *Pliny* on the same subject, and three in *Pausanias*: But let this text of scripture suffice, if you please, and I will only tell you that by your favour, *Thesauros habemus in vasis fictilibus*. Is it not true Sir, that I have altered my customs strangely, and am not I become a terrible Rapsodist? It is a disease our dear friend the great Doctour of the short robe has infected me with. He is the cause that for these five months I have not spoken in the vulgar tongue, and he hath beaten so this gibberish into my brain, that I do not thinke *Petrus Valens* is more of the University then I. The importance is, the ancient innocence is preserved there still, and the dissimulation of the Court has no admittance. Do not doubt therefore, I beseech you, but that I am in earnest when I have a better conceit of my self for your liberality, and when I profess my self,

SIR,

Aug. 10. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Monsieur de Morin, *Councellour to the* KING *in the Court of the Edict of* Guyenne.

SIR,

AS I would not be accounted ungratefull, so neither would I proclaime my debaucherie? What shall I do therefore in this strait? I dare not openly name the present that I have received from you, and let any one know, I have a Load of Muscadine in my house without hazarding the good reputation of my former life? I cannot commend your liberality, but I must at the same time accuse my own intemperance. Some expedient either of Rhetorique or Poetry, which you please, must be found out to free me of this intricacy. Without mentioning that scandalous name of Muscadin, I will say with your leave, it is a present fit for the Duke of *Saxony*; it is the Soveraign Remedy of sadness and ill thoughts; the true Nepenthe *Homer* sung of; an admirable wash for pale complexions;

ons, a device to make a man valiant in an instant, utter Oracles immediately, speak unknown languages even to Monsieur *Salmasius*: In a Word, Sir, I will say it is a kind of *Enthusiasm* and inspiration which you did me the favour to send me. But on the other side, what will our severe and peevish friend say, if he discover my excesses through these high and magnificent words? What opinion will your brave and learned ones have of me when they hear I draw up Bottles in *Battalia*, and they are told my Library is stored with them? It will be to much purpose, to alleadge the honest *Passerat* for doing the same thing: his authority is not owned out of the Colledge, nor indeed in it by the debauched Students It is better for me, after my ancient wont, to have recourse to my old Rome, that never failed me at a pinch: and I confess I should be ruined in my honour were it not for the example of old *Cato*, whom I oppose against all our sober Modernes. You know how dry and stiff his vertue was, yet he sometimes moystned that drought, and soaked that stiffness. Nay, who knows whether that iron vertue were not pregnable by so gentle a force? I would not sweare it. For peradventure had *Cæsar* during his abode in *Gallia Narbonensis* thought of sending him as good Frontiniack as this which I have received, this surly honest man might have been sweetned by that excellent wicked one. But to change our subject; I have at length found out the three pieces I promised you on Ale; which were strayed among my papers. Do not you think this delertion of my subject pretty sport? I do, in earnest, intend to be the founder of a new Proverb: and if I may be believed it shall be said Ale for *Frontiniacke*, as well as *Copper* for *Gold*. The pieces you see are short, and consequently I have much more time to drinke then you to read. *Quem vero nostrum tu judicio beatiorem credas Ilotta? Utrumque, præstantissime Morine, nam et Philosophari, sed paucis, ut Neapolemus apud Ennium, et multum bibere amat, ut olim Pater Ennius.*

Francisci Guieti In Cerevisiam.

Tritices latices, mensis Borealibus apta
Munera, sed Cellis terra venena meis,
Quæ vos sacra tulit tellus, quæ numinis ira
Æmula lethales pocula finxit aquis?
Qui vos odit, amat musas, Bacchumq; Cypriumque;
Et superos odit, si quis amare potest.

Vos vitiata Ceres temeratis devovet undis,
Nais, et adversis Cynthius horret equis.
Cui sapitis, nihil ille sapit, dignusque sitilli
Juve sit, et socios glandis habere suos,
Qui bibit, irato tentabit Apolline carmen,
Arcadicosque, dabit rusticus ore sonos.
Hinc Batavi, fumis Cereabilibus ebria turba,
Carmina vel Musis inficienda vomunt;
Et miseri plaudre sibi, gaudentque profanos
Prondibus eternis implicuisse comas.
At deus è Pindo crassa delitia gentis
Ridet, et has penas impietatis habet;
Ducite damnatos, gens Barbara, ducite succos,
Nectareus nobis prolue ora liquor.

Hugonis Grotii pro Cerevisia.

Humor dulcis aqua, sed igne cocta,
Quam succo Ceres imbuit salubri,
Qui corpus vegetat nec impotente
Commotam furias vapore mentem,
Quo potu fruitur Bateva tellus,
Neptuni domus horrenique mundi,
Et quotquot populos mares ab alto
Cali culmine conspicatus Arctos,
Ipsa te sitiunt novem Sorores,
Nec Permesside proluuntur undâ,
Ex quo Grecia Barbaro sub hoste est,
Nec Bacchi cyathos amant puella,
Sed Rheni vahalisque temperatos
Almis pastibus hauriunt liquores.
Durâ mentis, iners, merumque vas est,
Si quem Basia non movent Secundi,
Et quos Dousa canit perenne majet
Cælo siderevs rotante cursus,
Et que spicula Baudio vibrante
Non unum sibi destinant Lycamben,
Et quos dat numeros nihil vetustis
Cedens vatibus Heinsii Thalia.
At me (sentio) larga cum sequatur
Vini copia, frigidique fontes,
Seu Musa fugimus. Venite quondam

Dilecti latices: Nec esse aridum,
Nec contrà decet, ebrium Pectam.

Eryciì Puteani De Cerevisia.

Defæcata nunc, quam expectas, Cerevisia est, atque itinerisparatis. Jam igitur instructam hac hebdomade cellam habeas. Bina vasa sunt: alterum ejecit florem, ut fieri solet; alterum sordes tantum, ut non solet. Hoc enim peculiari nos modo agimus, ut subsidente pinguiori materiâ, vires liquor diutius servet, & alatur velut à fæce. Sitne aves? Testam, poculi instar, sed aperto et collo et fundo (ejusmodi ferè vascula sunt, quibus urbani passerculi nidos suos & pullos credunt) Testam, inquam, gutture in os dolii immisso, tanquam infundibulum, flatumus, in quam se fæces bulliendo attollunt nec ejiciuntur. Cogitur enim è testa in dolium redire spuma, unde surrexerat, & posito velut fervore densatur ac mitescit, limi instar, humore supernatante. Testa demum aufertur, vas clauditur, & Cererem velut Bacchum stringit. Non enim Dea hic Deo cedit, aut in fœcundo vitior natura est. Ibidem sic quidem Cerevisiam quasi Cereris vim olim definivit ipsumque adeo Germanorum potum Tacitus, hordei liquoremque similitudinem vini corruptorem. Sed an corruptum? Quod ignis coquitur, corrumpi certè non potest. Deinde bibitur, sapit, nutrit; imo ut scias quam vini imse, vincit virum ac deponit. Obiter hæc indicare volui, ut non ingenium tantum utriusque Cerevisiæ distingueres, quam mittemus, sed & usum. Ætatem illa melius feret, quæ flori suo incumbit, & subservata juventa habet: Altera ante senium magis allubescat. Plurimi utrique, nos ama, & vale.

THE THIRD BOOK.

LETTER I.

To Monsieur Salmasius.

SIR,

MY admiration is not within your jurisdiction, give me leave to speak of an extraordinary merit in termes that are not common, and allow as much confidence to truth as to flattery. Having seen such a multitude of your excellent works, so many goodly and choise things, I must needs say then is nothing so vast, and bound-lesse as your learning. I except neither the extent of the Ocean, nor the depth of the Abysse. I will maintaine, that your soul is of another kind then ours, and you know more then can be comprehended by a humane capacity. They that think it sufficient to call you a *Genius*, do not expresse you in your full latitude: They omit some thing that is essentiall, and forget two words that should attend the first. You are indeed, a gentle and amiable *Genius*: one of that charitable order that love and help men; and have as much goodnesse as knowledge. You possesse the vertues of urbanity in the same degree of perfection as you do the advantages of wit, whereof I have an eminent instance in my hands; and I perceive Sir, by the Letter so extreamly modest, civill and obliging which you have favour'd me with, that the French gentleneſse and courteſie ha's retired with you to the neighbourhood of the North, into the Country and among the Sons of *Neptune*. You are in all regards the grand enemy of Barbarisme, and alwayes the absolute favourite of those Goddesses, called *Manuetiores*, even to the excluding the graces and Venus; yet I must confesse your sweetnesse ha's a pungency in it,

and

and your hony is not without a sting. The inclination that moves you to do good to all, is nevertheless fatall to some; you sometimes wage warre; and if necessity require it, you do it to the extremity with all the forces of reason and all the Artillery of Authority. Woe be to counterfeit Learning, and Errour puffit up with presumption when they dare make head against you; As you protect the weake, so you chastise the Tyrants: and it must be acknowledged that unlesse you had come in to our assistance, there would in a short time have been no liberty in a State that has been hitherto esteemed Aristocraticall and ——. I am,

SIR,

Jan. 15. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER II.

To the same.

SIR,

ALl things will be at the best passe in the world, provided you be well, and that the defluxion your Letter tells me of, be not obstinate in tormenting you. It would be a strange irregularity, indeed a notorious injustice, if it mistake the Abstemious for the drinker, and that you with your water and diet-drink should suffer the punishment which one of my acquaintance has escaped with all his Sack and Frontiniacke. I beseech God render every one according to his works! at least that he do not deal with Temperance more severely then with Excesse, and that your designes be no longer interrupted by the surprizes of this vexatious disease, which sometimes opposes the resolutions of the Prince of *Orange*. May you give light and ornament to the world for many periods of the Suns motion. Be not weary in doing good to mankind, and enriching our Age with the treasures of your wit, instructing them that are now alive, with them that are yet unborn. You will without question find equity and gratitude, both in this and future Ages. Rationall Learned men, who invoke you in the difficult tracts of Antiquity, and in the Quicksands and Rocks of History, will not refuse you their oblations after they have propitiated you with their prayers. For my part, I owe you more then all the rest, I shall promise you as religious an acknowledgment as any, but I dare not say any thing that savours of the profane medley which I have blamed. I will not speak any more

more of *Infinite, Genius divine, &c.* (they are the words that fell from me in my last Letter, and your modesty disapproves) It shall suffice me to tell you in the plaine Language of men, that I am more then any person in the world,

SIR,

Apr. 25. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER III.

To Monsieur John Frederick Gronovius.

SIR,

I Was transported with joy at the opening of your Letter, but upon observation of the date and that it was written from *Paris*, I was reduc'd to a more calme and serene gladnes. This little Abridgement of your *Odysseus* composed in a place of security, restored my mind to its former tranquillity, and appeas'd my inquietude. For indeed I began to have doubtfull apprehensions of you, I was at the same time afraid of Heaven, Earth, and Sea; that is, of sicknesse, imprisonment, and shipwrack. But now the cloud is dispell'd, and if I were one that committed the faults which I have reproved, or mingled two Religions together, I should pay my vowes to Fortune; I should offer a victime to *Mercury*: and give thanks to the other Gods that preside over travelling abroad and returning, for the conservation of a Head that is so infinitely deare to me. But we must not withhold our acknowledgments from the authour of the mercy. Let us be gratefull to your good Angell, or rather to him that put you in his custody; and confesse, that if you had been minded to passe through *Hungary* and make a voyage out of the Christian world, he would have tamed the Barbarians for your sake,

Posuissentque effera Turca Corda,
Jubente Deo.

But you have done better, not to hazard your self upon such an occasion, and to be contented with the view of the frontiers of a Country, wherein you would not have found many Libraryes. I am of opinion, there are but very few Turkes Rhetoricians or Philosophers: you would hardly have met with any solution of your doubts amongst a people that hold such ignorance the fundamentall Article of their Religion. They take the most vulgar operations of the Mathematicks, for Magick,

ple, and believe Printing, and Clocks, inventions of the Devill. So that I extreamly approve your stay in *Italy*, and the paine you had to understand and observe the deportment of the most rationall People of the world. But why do not you speak of *Rome* as well as *Venice?* Do you only esteem the Ruines of *Antenor*, and make no account of the sons of *Æneas?* I should think father *Strada* might merit as much your curiosity, as father *Fulgentio*; and you ought not to have slighted the Legitimate heir, or rather the very soul of *Tacitus*, to runne after the shadow and reliques of father *Paul*. You make no mention of the Court of the Princes *Barberini*, though it is most certaine that all manner of vertue is wellcome to that Court, though it come from *Hamborough* or beyond the *Elbe*. The Muses are lodged in that Palace, and he whom you Gallants call *Jupiter Capitolinus* may justly adde to his titles of *Most good* and *Most great*, those of *Most learned* and *Most generous*. He speakes the Language of Oracles even when he do's not speak in *Tripode*, and makes himselfe familiar with men. And it is possible, had you written that Elegy *ad Romam*, which you have written *ad Venetias*, the good Pope that understands the making of verses might have return'd you an answer which is beyond the skill of the Duke ———. I am,

SIR,

Oct. 1. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IIII.

To Monsieur Rigault *Councellour and Master of the* Library *to his Majesty.*

SIR,

I Confesse my sinne but do not repent of it: I am the most vaine of all men Living; but how is it possible to be humble with all the glory that you give me. After such rich tokens of your amity and esteem? commendations bestowed by you, are in effect, something more glorious then Statues erected by a publique decree and carved by *Phidias*. When I consider with my self, it is the deare and last confident of the great President *de Thou*, who is also my intimate and perfect friend, you can not believe what advantage I draw from the meere imagination of so illustrious a society. As often as I think that it is a Patriot of old *Rome*, and a Christian of the Primitive Church with whom I converse, I fancy my selfe immediately transported

ported back into former ages, and am sometimes become companion to the *Sulpitii* or *Scevolaes*, and at other times to the *Tertullians* and *Cyprians*. That which you have sent me to confirme my opinion of one of those good fathers, is most worthy both of you and him. And should he returne from the other world himselfe to give an account of his thoughes, he could not justifie them better. But because they may seeme somewhat harsh and strange, (at least to the nicety of women and ignorance of children) and appearing in French cast a generall fright on all unlatin'd people, I could wish you had taken the paines to transfuse them out of the vulgar tongue into the learned, and adde this new benefit to all the old favours which *Tertullian* ha's received from you. I could desire too, Sir, (but in the same manner as *Brutus* did) that you would give me the *Christian* which you once promised me. I meane that Christian of the Heroick times of Christianity, one of those gluttons of *Fasts* and *Martyrdomes*, as your *African* would have called them. I should be infinitely obliged to you, if you would please to dispatch this present to me, and if at the opening of a packet from Monsieur *l' Huillier*, I found but three leaves written with your hand, in the style and vigour of your Prefaces, with this inscription on the front, *Rigaltii Christianus ad Balzacum*. Permit that admirable Monsieur *l' Huillier* to importune you for it in my absence, and me to burden him with the sollicitation of a businesse, that lies neerer my heart then you can imagine. Besides his own strength and power in perswasion, he shall be assisted, if it be necessary with the last part of my Apologies, to *Menander*, a volume of my Discourses, two volumes of Letters *ad Atticum*, and some other such Records (that is the only word of Barretry I am Master of) that shall all combine to demand the like debt from you. When you have payed it, we will talk more civilly. It shall then be a benefit or a favour, and I shall be glad to be yet more firmely then I am,

SIR,

Nov. 27. 1644. *Your, &c.*

Le-

LETTER V.

To Monsieur the Abbot of Guyet.

SIR,

YOu entreat me a great benefit to my self when you desire my company. I understand what advantage a man that has but good ears may gain by it, and I should have a soul too stubborn and flinty, if it would not be mollified by the remonstrances you use to me. Though I am one of the most rigid Anchorites that live in the Desart, I must confess, you have shook the firmness of my vow, and the society of one of your merit is a violent temptation to encline me to Apostacy. A solitary life has indeed its charmes and delights: But who can chuse but grow lean, when he is brought to that pass as he has no aliment but his own juyce? And how commendable soever the commerce with books be, yet every thing considered, is it not an unburying of the dead, and oftentimes a descending into their Sepulchres by deep and melancholy meditation? A man had almost as good work in the mines. He runs the same fortune, and hazard, and brings back no better a countenance, nor eyes less sunck in his head. They are living books that illuminate the mind, without prejudice to the sight, and you are Sir, one of those excellent and agreeable books. What delight then is in such volumes as can answer and reply! they save the labour of scrutiny and choice, by presenting things pure and simple: they have something of more power and life then reading can possibly be capable of. And though your three great favourites, *Terence*, *Horace*, and *Virgil*, be my ancient inclinations too, yet I confess I never accounted them such honest fellows as when I heard them speak out of your mouth. But what shall I say of the incomparable things I have heard from your self? What Oracles have you deliver'd in my presence: or to speak more plainly, what admirable verses have I seen you make and recite? By your favour I once had them among my papers, and should have kept them still, if some curious hand had not pillaged my Cabinet. Be pleas'd to make me a second present of them, if you desire to have me believe my own not displeasing to you. Let Monsieur *Menage* prevaile with you; and I shall know you esteem me in earnest if you send me your Gold for my Copper. After so many famous Wits, once in my life I make use of the fable of *Glaucus* and

Diomedes

Diomedes; but besides this, I do not offer you any thing fabulous. My protestations are not Poeticall, and I profess a sincere truth, when I assure you, that I am passionately,

SIR,

Oct. 18. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VI.

To Monsieur Heinsius *the Sonne of the Sr.* Heinsius.

SIR,

YOUR Excellent Verses are seducing Spirits that came to tempt Anchorites they had like to have destroyd the merit of many years solitude in a moment, and I confesse I had an inclination to review the world that produces such admirable things. But the temptation was not long; according to the usuall manner, second thoughts were wiser then the first. The consideration of my honour retain'd me, and I bethought myself it would be dangerous to administer you an occasion of undeceiving your self, and supposed it was not the best of my prudence to give you a neerer Prospect of that, which owes its beauty to distance of place, and the passion of Monsieur *Menage*. It is more advantagious to me to preserve the good opinion you have of me by my absence then to do my self an ill office with you by my presence. There is no Question but you would still seek me after you had found me; and perceiving nothing in my person either worthy of my name, or your curiosity, you would call Fame to an account for her testimony of me, and *Monsieur Menage* for his love. Possibly I might in former times have had something in me that would not have displeased; But heretofore is not now. Age that never comes alone, does oppress me with so many diseases, that lesser injuries then I feel would serve to crush far greater Ornaments then I was ever capable to receive from some little Art, and weak Naturals. Time effects strange Metamorphoses. The Masters of this world weep the miracles of the past; and such She as has been plac'd amongst Temples and Altars, and shewn for miraculous, has now no other place but a Chimney corner, and hides her self to avoid frighting of people. The Famous Wrastler that flung all men in the Lists of Exercise is now the poor bed-ridden Paralytick whom all the World can

commiserates. I am not yet reduced to so deplorable an extremity: it threatens me, and I am drawing neer it. I want strength and the quickneſſe of my apprehenſion failes me: I have begun to dye in my memory; and I loſe my ſoul by little and little. Though the Syren of *France* (for ſo you are pleaſed to call me) is not altogether dumbe, yet ſhe is become for the moſt part hoarſe, and Rheumatick and at her beſt ha's ſo ſurvy a little pipe that ſhe ha's not voice enough to lull aſleep the drowſieſt marriner in your Country. You, Sir, are in the flower of age and in the condition to charme not only *Ulyſſes* companions, but himſelf: I meane, you can equally pleaſe the People, and the Wiſe; beſtow pleaſure on the eare, and give ſatisfaction to the mind. At four and twenty you have atchiev'd whatever an exquiſite education can adde to an happy birth: and that flourishing youth is attended by ſo great a number of other gifts from Heaven, that I unleſſe I arm'd my heart with more then a triple plate of braſſe, I could not hinder ſo many *Venuſes* and Graces from making impreſſion upon it. Thoſe which I found in the *Hendecaſyllables* I received, would have tickled a ſoul that were the moſt enemy to Verſe and Muſick in the world, and would have tamed the moſt ſauage beaſt in the deſart. You do me the favour to believe me more humane and reaſonable; and conſequently you cannot doubt the eſteem I have of a preſent which I cannot rate high enough. I will only ſay this little to you, and deliver you my opinion of them. They are ſo ſoft, ſo amourous, and charming, that I believe they would hinder me from feeling the ſtook of the hardeſt, moſt virulent, and cruell lambicks, that Monſieur your father could diſcharge againſt me, if I had provoked his indignation. Do not repent, I beſeech you, that you have made me happy: prolong my good fortune by the continuation of your favour. Which I beſeech of you from my heart, and will be, while I live paſſionately,

SIR,

Jan. 15. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VII.

To Madam the Countreſſe of Brienne.

Madam,

YOu do injuſtice to your Academick, to ſubmit his book to my cenſure. I adore the myſteries in it, though I cannot com

comprehend them, and have no mind to use the liberty which you have given me. I should render you but a slender account of a Science wherein I am but at the Accidence. I scarce understand visible objects, and the outside of nature: and for what is above it, I dare not attempt to clambe up so high. My curiosity is not so presumptuous and I wholly referre my self to the Sorbonists concerning superiour things; Expect not here, therefore, from me a precise judgment of what I cannot reach, I have not discover'd the depth of the book: It is true, Madam, the outside and surface is very beautifull and is precious. I am ravished with the sound of the harmony which is made by matters I cannot comprehend: this way of writing would have amazed the Philosophers whom it had not convinced. And had Gregory of *Nazianze*, shewn such a piece of work to his friend *Themistius*, questionlesse it had wrought upon him He would have admired the appearance and outside of Christianity though he could not have beheld the secret and interiour part of it. They are not words printed and read on the paper, they are felt, & penetrate even to the very heart. They live and have motion, and I perceive something of the vigour of the Primitive Christians and the style of that Heroick age wherein the same vertue animated speeches and actions; conveyed it self into the Wit and Courage, and bred Doctours and Martyrs. Will you please Madam, to tell me the sincere truth? Ha's not, he that appeares in the front of these Chapters, been at the Oracle of our Ladyes Cloister? Ha's he not been inspired by our excellent Abbot? In earnest, I conceiv'd I had known his style. I observed traces and impressions of his wit in severall passages and exclaimed with *Virgil*,

These are his eyes, his hands, his Countenance.

Your Doctour ought not to be offended at my suspition: I do not injure him in saying he ha's the veine of an extraordinary person. So noble a resemblance is an infinite advantage to a mediocrity and there is nothing low in imitation of the highest Idea that can be aimed at. If my conjectures be well grounded, sollicite that Grand Artist to sit close to his work, and follow it openly, and let the Oracle speak it self without an interpreter. Besides your high merit herein, Madam, from the Church, you will have more encouragements to maintaine that understanding piety nobly, which the Oracle humbly told me was in you. You will have something more to lock up in this rich cabinet wherewith you dazzeled my eyes the other day, and

and whose workmanship I valewed not at a lesse rate than the matter. I do not question you care in the choise of what you admit into it; for a Poet sayes *that a prison of Gold and Emeralds should retaine none but Gods, or Demy-gods*, &c. I am,

Madam,

May. 5. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VIII.

To Monsieur Conrart, *Councellour and Secretary to the King.*

SIR,

IT is true, I affect silence better then noise, but who ever told you I lov'd it above musick? Who inform'd you, I preferred my lumpish, and stupid indolence before your lively and subtle pleasures? As many persons would do me a pleasure to leave me to my rest, so you oblige me in disturbing it. There is no slumber so sweet, but is infinitely recompenced by so welcome a voice as yours. Besides, what is written at *Paris* and related at Court, may very justly awaken the attention of a contemplative dreamer, although he meditated upon the banks of *Seine*. So that you need not question, but I shall readily forgoe a calme much more serene then mine, and a River that glides much more gently then ours, to regard that uniform rapidity, and orderly torrent which rushed from the mouth of *Voiture*. The style and work of your friend present me with a certain Resemblance of it, and I confesse I have not often seen a thing so Impetuous, and yet withall so Regular. But Rules are best learn'd by Time, and Study gives Art to the least fortunate natures. There is that secret force in him which animates his words and comes immediately from Heaven, and that with grandeur and Majesty.

This person ha's Received a very ample portion; and if these be Elogies which he dispenses in this manner, they seem to be utter'd in the same tone as if he were making Lawes or pronouncing judgments. He adores indeed, but 'tis with Confidence and familiarity; whereof one is the companion of a good conscience, and the other proceeds from love. Such as are not of his opinion may terme him idolater and inamorato, as long as they please, without moving his passion; but they cannot with justice accuse him either of hypocrisie or flattery. He speakes his beliefe; and delivers nothing slight and low, because all his conceptions are above mediocrity. Although I

am become an implacable enemy to every thing that has the resemblance of a Panegyrick, yet I am pleas'd with this for that very reason. His mind being wholly possess'd with his subject, is not so taken up in contrivance of a Harangue, and scanning over common places, as to make himself intelligible, and represent his Ideas. Every thing seems naturall and his own; even the ornaments which he borrows; and there is no part in it but is free, yea servitude it self triumphs. That servitude, I say, which cannot but provoke envy, and seem glorious and noble in the eyes of all. How is it possible to hold out against such a violent manner of writing, which has a compulsive power disguised in the Art of perswading? And do not you seem to desire my approbation, in the same fashion, that one of young *Cæsars* Captains demanded the consul-ship for his Master? *This*, said he, laying his hand on his sword, *This shall do it, if you will not.* There is therefore no room for deliberation, I must needs grant you what you have already forc'd from me, and I cannot enhance the worth of my esteem by the difficulty of obtaining it, since it is no longer in my power to refuse. This is of the kind of those armed reasons that are attended with a strong party of reasons and Rhetorick; and such a courageous eloquence as leaves neither indifferencie to the will, nor liberty to the judgement. If I understand any thing, there would need no other to preach up the Croisade effectually, whereof it speaks; and I doubt not, but if the people could apprehend it, it would save the Princes a considerable part of the charges of the War. There is so much humility in him that owns it, to submit it to my censure, and it would be too great a presumption in your most humble servant to accept an office so full of envy. Besides the offence the Court would take, which has already exploded it, I remember the Original cause of the miseries of *Troy*, and the example is too dangerous to admit a Country Swain the second time to be judge of supream beauty. It is enough for me to let you know, that I am one of those that easily receive her wounds, and that I sometimes pursue even her shadow and resemblance———. Tis not the course of a strong affection to pry into little defects, and examine the slight imperfections of the thing it loves. If there be any in this I am not in a condition to observe them; and you may please to inform your Doctour *Candido*, that he hath made me an interested ob-

ject

ciple. I beseech your endeavours to continue me in his favour. And for this, Sir, which I am so neglectfull of, & I find so faithfully prefery'd by you, your self are the cause that I do not much fear its loss. You give continually, and yet never remember that there is any indebted to you. It is pleasure to you to bear all the burden and charges of friendship; and your affection is far more active, then my sloath is torpid and languishing. Yet I cannot in conscience acquit my self of shame for it, and I must confess it a great miscarriage, that you should never be weary in conferring obligations and favours upon me, both in my own person, and the concernments of others and I so backward in the testification of my acknowledgements, that without somewhat of divination, and a great deal of Faith, you cannot be assur'd that I am,

SIR,

Dec. 9. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IX.

To Monsieur Corneille.

SIR,

I Found a strange alteration of ease and recovery upon the receite of your Packet, and I cannot contain from proclaiming the miracle in the beginning of my Letter. Your *Cinna* restores health to the sick: He causes the Paralytick to clap his hands, and gives speech to the Dumb, much more to a Rheumatick. I had indeed lost my speech with my voice, and being repossest'd of both, by the vertue of what you sent me, it is just that I employ them to your glory, and publishing the soveraignty of the remedy. Yet you fear you are one of those, that are over-charged with the Majesty of the subjects, where of they treat, and you are not satisfi'd that you have brought strength enough for the support of the *Roman Grandeur*. This modesty does more please then perswade me, and I am bound to oppose it on the behalfe of truth. You are too nice an examiner of a composition that has been called excellent by the publick voyce; and though it were true, that you had discover'd a little disparity of weakness in some part of it, yet this ought to be a secret between your Muses and your self, since I am confident it would be for ever imperceptible by any other. The weakness should be rather charged on our expression and

the incapacity of our language, then your conceit, and the defect imputed to the inconcanniuy of the instruments, not to want of skill in the Artist. You have shewn us as much of *Rome* as is possible to be seen at *Paris* without any prejudice by the removall. It is not a *Rome* of *Cassiodorus*, for lorne and ——— as it was in the age of the *Theodorus*. 'Tis a *Rome* of *Titus Livius*, and as magnificent and pompous as it was in the time of the first *Cæsars*. You have even found that which she had lost in the ruines of the Common-wealth, her noble and magnanimous fierceness. We meet with some tolerable translators of her language and expressions, but you are the true and faithfull Interpreter of her spirit and courage. I proceed yet higher, Sir, and tell you, that I know you are many times her Tutour, and admonish her of decorum when she has forgotten it. You are the reformer of Antiquity, where it wants either Ornament or support. In those places where *Rome* was but of brick, you rebuild her with Marble; wherever you find a void interstice, you fill it up with a Master-piece; and I have observ'd that what you supply to the History, of your own, is ever transcendent to that which you borrow from it. The wife of *Horatius* and the Mistress of *Cinna*, which are two daughters of yours and purely creatures of your brain, what are they less then the principall Ornaments of your two Poems? Is there any thing of the production of good antiquity in the weaker sexe, that is comparably vigorous and strong to these late *Heroesses*, which you have brought into the World; to these Roman Dames of your begetting? After a fortnights time, I am not satisfied with surveying the perfections of her that came hither last. I have astonish'd all the Wits of our Province with the sight of her. Our Orators and our Poets speak wonders of her. But a Doctour of my Neighbourhood, who is ordinarily upon the high strain, speaks of her indeed after a strange manner. The first day he was contented to say that your *Æmilia* was the Rival of *Cato* and *Brutus* in their zeal of Liberty, But now he goes far higher. Sometimes he swears she is possess'd with the Genius of the Common-wealth, and at other times calls her the saine, reasonable, holy, and adorable Fury. These are strange words indeed, concerning your Roman Virago, but yet they are not destitute of reason, and foundation. She do's in effect inspire the whole Conspiracy, and diffuses heat to the party by the Fire which she raises

rules in the breast of their Generall. She endeavours to interest all the World in her revenge; and would make a sacrifice to her Father, which were too great for *Jupiter* himself. She is in my opinion a person so excellent, that I think I speak not too much to her advantage, when I say that you are more happy in your Illue then *Pompey* was in his, and that your daughter *Æmilia*, is witho t comparison of greater worth then his Grand-Child *Cinna*. If he had more vertue then *Seneca* could imagine, it is because he fell into your hands and had the benefit of your care. He is oblig'd to You for his merit, as to *Augustus* for his dignity. The Emperour made him Consul and you have rendred him an honest man. This you have effected by the Rules of an Art that adornes and refines truth; that allows favour in imitation, and that sometimes proposes to it self the apparent and sometimes the true good. I shall say too much if I adde any more. I will not begin a Dissertation but end a Letter, and conclude with the usuall protestations but most sincere and true, that I am,

SIR,

Jan. 17. 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER X.

To Monsieur Costar.

SIR,

YOu write me strange news concerning the Doctour that is fallen into disgrace for having spoken too liberally of Grace. Certainly your Theologues are men of no ordinary temper, since they speak of the affaires of heaven as if they were Counsellours of State in that Kingdome, and declare the secrets of *Jesus Christ* as freely, as if they were his Confidents.

They conceive their news as certain, and deliver it as affirmatively, as if they had not only slept in his bosome with St. *JOHN*. But even as if they had watch't in his heart and soul, and there were none of his intentions hid from their knowledges. Do you not think there is laughing enough at their brawls and contests; and that the Church Triumphant is offended at them. For my part, I conceive the modesty and discretion of our ignorance would be more pleasing to God then the presumption and insolence of our Doctrine; and that he better approves of a peaceable silence, and contented-

ness, then of a warre of bitter words in which it is very difficult to save our charity. You remember that Ode of *Ronsard*, which *Galandius* once esteem'd worth the Dutchy of *Milan*, the beginning of which is,

Errent par les Champs de la Grace
Qui peint mes Vers de ses Couleurs.

A person, which you know, tells me, that unlesse Monsieur the Coadjutour redouble his prohibitions, it is to be fear'd there will be store of these *Errants*, and that *Grace* will make Bedlams of more then one of these subtill disputers, who examine the question with too much curiosity. I approve your not declaring your self on either part, and the Neutrality which you resolve to hold to, notwithstanding, the person you know, cryes as farre as he can see you, that *media via nulla via est, aut neque amicos parit neque inimicos tollit.* But yet I must tell you, that this Neutrality which I consent to, must not be altogether dumbe, and that I consent not to it, saving upon condition, that you give an account of it to the Publick, and justifie it by a large and eloquent Manifesto. The Cavalier, which your Letter mentions thought to have been the bearer of mine, and to have had time enough, to keep his Court with you at *Paris* before the beginning of the Campagne. But here arriv'd a Messenger to tell him that his Brigade was commanded to —— and so he is necessitated to depart hence directly thither. He would have been glad to have entertain'd you with some news of me, and not unwilling to have seen the faire St. *Germain*. Nevertheless in this last unhappinesse, his comfort is that he goes to serve under a Prince, that performes things of great admiration and excellency, &c. —— I am,

SIR,

March. 2. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XI.

To the same.

SIR,

THe book which you have sent me from Monsieur *Sorbiere* is a present very acceptable to me, and which I have reason to prize at no meane rate. At the first perusall it serv'd me for Physick and reliev'd me from a fit of the spleen, which had quite overcome me, if that had not come timely to my

you

cure. I hope it will effect much more upon frequent application. Possibly it may cure me of my serious pensiveness and my melancholy Philosophy; and I shall learne to turne Chancery Bills and Processes into rime, and become buxome by contagion. He is indeed an admirable Infirme. He enjoyes something that is better then health, I meane dull and materiall health, for you know the *Arabians* describe joy to be the flower and spirit of a quick and active health. Since you are desirous to know the severall thoughts which I have had of this infirme, and require a particular Chapter of them, I tell you, Sir, that he is a man either the greatest dissembler, or most patient and constant in the world. I look upon him as one that beares witnesse against the tendernesse of mankind, or else paine treats him with more courtesie then she does other mortalls: It may seem the Tormentour ha's conspir'd to flatter the patient. When I see him laugh in the middle of his paines and tortures, I cannot but think the disease do's rather tickle then pierce and pinch him. In a word, I affirme, that the *Prometheus*, the *Hercules*, and the *Philoctetes* of Poetry, not to mention the *Job* of Truth, did utter high expressions in the violence of their torments, but never jocund and pleasant. And that in severall places of Antiquity I have met with constant, modest, yea and wise griefes too, but never any that were merry and blithe but this; nor was there ever before heard of a soul that could dance the Saraband and the Matachines in a Paralyticall body. Such an eminent prodigy deserves the consideration of inquisitive Philosophers. History must not forget it, and if I had a fancy to be an Historian, as I am an Historiographer, I would record it for none of the least miracles of our times, which have not been unfruitfull in the production of great ones. 'Tis not my designe to diminish the glory of the dead, with whom I have had some friendship too. But there are different degrees of glory; and though the quality of Apostle be a Title not a little considerable in a Christian family, yet it must be acknowledged, that the Martyrdome of the Son has somewhat more rare in it then the Apostleship of the father. What thoughts would your *Senec* have had concerning him, who sometimes took so much pleasure in treating of the like subjects, and so often sought occasions to do it. Is it not true, that that rough and haughty vertue, which he ha's so much commended, & which vaunted it could be at ease in the Bull of *Phalaris*, and say all was well, wanting the bare shadow

of this vertue, so sweet and humble, that can put in practice the Paradoxes of the other, and yet boast of nothing at all. Let us conclude therefore in honour of *the Queen's Infirme* that there is either Extasie or Possession in his Malady, and that the soul do's her affaires apart, without being concern'd in the matter. Or else that he ha's an extraordinary courage and vigour, and that the soul wrastles with the body with all the advantages the greatest strength can have over the greatest debility.

Aut cæleste aliquid, Costarde, Astrisque propinquum
Morbus hic est, superóque trahit de lumine lucem;
Aut servant immota suum Bona vera serenum,
Státque super varias virtus illæsa ruinas.
Post tot sæcla igitur tandem, gens Stoica, Regem
Cerne tuum: Fasces tenero submittite vati
Sublimes tragicique Sophi, Zenonia proles;
Nec pudeat decreta humili postponere socco
Grandia, & ampullas verborum, & nomen Honesti
Magnificum, ac veros audire in carmine voces.
Scarro ager, Scarro infando data præda dolori,
Non Fatum crudele, Jovem non clamat iniquum;
Ingratis parcit superis, sortique maligna,
Et patitur sævos invictâ mente labores,
Jucundúmque effert dira inter spicula vultum.
Nec simulata gerit, personam indutus honestam,
Vel mistâ ridet, veluti Mezentius, irâ;
Sed purum, & sine fraude & lætis ridet habenis.
Dicam iterum, neque sat semel est dixisse triumphos,
Qui læta, ingeniosâ, ægro de pectore promit;
Qui ludit Cæum, Enceladum, vastumque Typhœa,
Terrigenásque alios, festivo carmine fratres:
Qui sedeat licèt æternùm, mirabile dictu,
Perpetuum agitat Pindi per amœna choreas;
Proximus ille Polo, Fortunâque altior omni,
Scarro meus, mihi namque tuum, Costarde, dedisti,
Magnus erit Rex ille sui, quem prisca coronet
Porticus, & rigidi vox imperiosa Cleanthæ,
Ni secle invideat nostro rigidúsque Cleanthes,
Priscoque Dijs Divûmque Patri se porticus æquans.

I know not whether the miscellany of this Chapter will plea

please you. But I will take care at least, that it do not offend you with its length. Therefore I give you the Good-night, and rest unfainedly,

SIR,

Jan. 1. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XII.

To Monsieur Grandillaud, *President in the Presidiall Court of* Angoulesme.

Sir, My deare Cousen,

Either I have no judgment in handsome things, or those which you shewed me are such in perfection. But the bare sight of beauty is not satisfactory; I must obtain the enjoyment. Therefore be pleased to remember your engagement and give me the possession at my ease and with a true and full pleasure of that, which in passing before my eyes hath only inflamed my desires and disturbed my quiet. It is great pitty, and I am infinitely sensible of the losse, that an Eloquence I dare terme soveraigne and which would do honour to *Paris*, should be bounded in the precincts of an inferiour Court, and have no larger Sphere then a little corner of this great Kingdome. One of the Antients would have termed this the putting of a Pilot into a Cock boate; and another would have said, it was to shew a treasure in a place where it could not be seen. As for me, I only confirme what I have already said, and remaine in expectance of the effect of your promise,

Sir, My deare Cousen.

Jan. 3. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIIII.

To Monsieur d'Argenson, *Counsellour to the King and Intendant of Justice in* Saintonge.

SIR,

I Am determin'd to forbeare my importunate caresses, and will no more offend you with stroking and embraces. Since your vertue is so delicate as not to endure the perfumes and flowers which it merits, it is necessary to comply with the strangenesse of your humour, and you must be obeyd though it be with injustice. So that you shall neither receive incense or Chaplets from my hand; notwithstanding I cannot passe it, without

without protesting against the violence which you do me, I will complaine of the losse of my liberty, and inform the world, that 'tis no fault of mine that I am not just. I am perfectly so, Sir, as farre as the will and endeavours. Your jurisdiction do's not extend to the secrets of my heart, and you cannot hinder the devotion of my soul, although you do with so much severity prohibite me the ceremonies and outward worship. I question not but you will find my expressions very high, when you are the subject, which yet do not seem such to me. My words, I conceive, may be drawn from holy things without offending Religion; and your verses being related to it, I look on it as a piece of divine service to read them. Since the Muses which supply you with such excellent inventions are not false Deities, the honour which is given them goes directly to Heaven; and we adore the inspirer of Prophets and Sybills, when we admire a Peer so chast and pure as you. Be pleas'd to admit this truth, which is compatible with their modesty, and represents you some shadow of my intention. If you would allow me to display it, what should I not say of the early atchievements which I have seen, and of that prudent and grave youth, which reproaches my gray haires? But the orders which I have receiv'd from you are of too strict a tenour, and you will be so punctually obey'd, that I cannot so much as publish your Elogium in Epitome. All I can do in a person so commendable, and that is offended with the effects of his vertue, is, to esteem him perfectly in my heart, and to be, as I am with all my soul,

SIR,

Jan. 5. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIIII.

To Monsieur Collettet.

SIR,

I Am at a losse, what language I should use to please you by commendation of your self and your works. Great titles have been prostitu'd by being conferr'd on undeserving persons, which they have obtain'd and still weare out of a frolick of fortune. Excellent, Admirable, and Incomparable, are words of every day; and if I should treat you with the Epithets of Divine, I should only give you the relicks of Saints and Martyrs

who have been saluted in that manner by poorer Poets then themselves. I have determin'd at length to seek out no new termes at all to expresse you my ancient passion, and the esteem I have ever had of your person and productions. I will content my self to read them so often, as to be able to give you account of every verse; and to tell you, that this tickled me with delight, and the acutenesse of these touch'd me to the quick, I was wholly transported by another, and such a whole scene charm'd me. You may perceive I have no need of *Ballesort* to enflame me, and they receive applause at a hundred leagues distance from the Theater. Yet I do not deny but the voice and good action have life in them. You know what the rivall of *Demosthenes* said in that particular, and if I had been present at the representation of the piece which I have read, there is no question, but I should have made my selfe hoarse with the violence of exclaiming, *Ange, Belle*, &c. My admiration is more calme upon my paper, though not lesse true; and I am as really, Sir, though without much noise of complements,

Jan. 5. 1641. *Your*, &c.

LETTER XV.

SIR,

I Have a great designe of making you a magnificent acknowledgment; and such as might be answerable to the civilities of your Letter, and according to the degree you have plac'd me in amongst the Latine Poets, with that too favourable,

——— *Tibi carmine ab omni*
Cedetur jurique tuo Natura relinquet
Quis vatum esse velit.

But what hopes is there in contesting with you in point of generosity and gallantry who are then at *Rome*, when you are no longer at *Paris*, that is, who change one Court for another, and never go out of the great world? So that I shall only tell you, that without pretensions to the glory of which your Letter has's presended me, I receive very much honour from the four termes of warre which you bestow on me; and from the first as well as the other three. Although the style of *Statius* be not that, to which I would frame mine, yet his straine is none of those whose imitation I account vitious. I am not so delicate

delicate as those Gallants on the other side the mountains, and I have always blam'd the *Capricio* of that *Venetian* Gentleman, who to ingratiate with *Virgil*, burn'd the woods which he had compos'd in his youth, because they were sprung from the Nursery of *Statius*. He would not have Posterity ignorant of his bad humour, and ha's therefore preserv'd the memory of it, in an Epigram which begins thus,

Has, vulcane, dicat Sylvas tibi villicus Aymon
Tu sacris illas ignibus ure, Pater.
Crescebant dulcis è Statî propagine Sylvis,
Jamque erat ipsa bonis fragibus umbra nocens.

Perhaps that which was an effect of cruelty in this Gentleman of *Venice* would be in me an act of justice, if I condemn'd my verses to the same fate that he did his. And indeed I am so doubtfull of their goodness, that unless our Master, Monsieur *Menage* sweare to me that my apprehension is ill grounded, and after that confirme his Oath by the testimony of our other Masters, Monsieur *Bourbon*, Monsieur the *Ambassadour* of *Sweden*, I shall have a beliefe that you and he do only abuse me with your applauses. I shall imagine that you have a designe to make your selfe sport with the gibberish of a Country versifier.

Qui linguam violare Remi temerarius audet,
Somniat & Thuscum Tiberim & Saturnia Regna,
Accola Santonici Oceani, viridisque Carenta
Potator, procul à doctis, vetus exul, amicis.

However it be, there is no sort of pastime but may be allow'd in the Common-wealth of good Letters, to two persons which have deserv'd so well of it, as you and Monsieur *Menage*. And as to matter of raillery, it is no great hurt to suffer somewhat from the Historian of *Mamurra* and the father of the stage. I would signifie by this last word, that you may be *Aristophanes* when you please, as you are already *Sophocles*, but I should never be offended with your mirth. The warre which you make upon me, instead of hurting me shall afford me divertisement. You cannot be otherwise to me then a gentle and agreeable Persecutour; nor my self, though ill treated by you, any other then,

SIR,

Your, &c.

Let-

LETTER XVI.

To Monſieur le Prieur Pacquet.

SIR,

YOu have given life to me, as well by the great care you have taken of Monſieur *Coſtar*, as the good newes you have ſignified to me of his recovery. I beſeech God it may have a long and faire continuance and that the loſſe, which we were in feare of, do not happen but to our Nephews.

May I ne're know Thyrſis ha's ceas'd to be;
Heaven keep that day for our Poſterity!

But you muſt contribute your part to the favour of the Stars. Preſerve us! I entreat you our treaſure, and be not weary of a ſervice which I envy you. It is ſo noble and ſo glorious that the Muſes and the Graces themſelves would not diſdaine your office. Without queſtion they would alwayes write, if Monſieur *Coſtar* would alwayes dictate to them. I recommend him to you once more and remaine,

SIR,

Feb. 1. 1642. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVII.

To my Lord Sequier, *Chancellour of France.*

My Lord,

I Have heard you would not permit the publication of a book, newly made againſt me, though the harme I had thence received had been ſmall. My obligements to you for the favour cannot but be great; it being a very particular care you have for the quiet of my life, not to ſuffer the leaſt noiſe to diſturbe it. I know not, my Lord, whether you may not ſeem to have treated with too much delicacy, one who makes profeſſion of Philoſophy. It is enough the publique authority ſhelters me from the tempeſt without defending me from the wind and duſt; and that it protects my hermitage from the violence of ſalvage beaſts without beating off the flyes, and other importunate Inſects from me. But, my Lord, the goodneſs you have for me goes beyond the limits of ordinary juſtice: you would not only I ſhould enjoy a calme repoſe, amidſt the agitations of all *Europe*, but were farther willing the world ſhould have ſome reſpect for my retirednes, and that being cloigned from

the

the society of men I should be placed without the reach of detraction. And yet it pursued St. *Jerome* even to the Grotto of Bethelem, and to the foot of our Saviours cradle, it even there found him out, though, as himself tells us, he endeavour'd to lye hid; if that insolent had no consideration for so admirable a sanctity, nor for a place guarded by Angells, no wonder a vulgar innocence, retired into a village ill fortified, should not find a very favourable entertainment. But to passe from the purity of manners to the high qualities and endowments of the soul, if from time to time there have been bold revolts against the heads of Arts and disciplines, and if within the memory of our fathers, it hath publiquely been said at *Paris*, that *Aristotle* was a bad Sophister, I think my self civilly used in that place that they content themselves to call me a bad writer, that grand Blasphemer of the name of *Aristotle*, as well by his pennes as by his tongue, was (as you know) Peter *Ramus*, who though of our Religion, past for an Huguenot in the Massacre, and dyed the death of the Rebells and the Factious: in effect some have thought, God permitted it by a just judgment and that the tutelary Angell of Learning took the colour of the cause of faith to revenge the injury by him done to reason. There is this day living in *Germany* a tyrant Grammarian, an enemy of universall truths, an accuser of *Cicero*, who not long since hath printed his Animadversions, wherein he is so impudent as to arraigne his judge, and to dispute the precedence of the Prince of Latine Antiquity: insomuch, My Lord, that the consent of all Mankind, confirmed by a possession of eighteen ages, is not Title sound enough to secure the reputation of that Roman against the Pedantry of this Barbarian. If when it availes not vertue that she hath been consecrated by time, and crowned by the people to preserve her inviolate from the attempts of particular persons there is no shew of likelihood, I should move their compassion, amongst so many injured Hero's, or that I should have respect showne me, when *Aristotle* and *Cicero* are not in safety. An ordinary man ought not in justice to complaine, if he undergoeth the same destiny with extraordinary persons, neither would it be handsome in me to petition, you would reforme the world for my only interest. I know not, My Lord, but that this petty disorder may be of some use to the Common wealth; and it were to be wish'd that malice would alwayes amuse it self in things of so small concerne, to the end it might never intermeddle with affaires of greater moment.

Those

[illegible] who have employed their talent, in perverting the sense [illegible] my doe, and falsifying my works, had otherwise perhaps [illegible] hanged in forging wills, and coyning money. And he who [illegible] only desires an Imprimatur from you for his book, had I [illegible] been, might have sued to you for a Reprieve, or Act of [illegible]. 'Tis much better, injustice should sport it self with my [illegible], then that it should have ought to do in civill society; [illegible] much the lesser inconvenience, that injurious persons [illegible] should transpose words, and alter periods, then that they [illegible] should remove the Land-marks, and ruinate the houses of their [illegible] neighbours, it is, to say the truth, the most innocent imployment vice can have; and I do not think the Common-wealth [illegible] little beholden to me, that I have for these ten yeares set a-[illegible] a number of ratchlesse idle fellowes who apparantly would have proved dangerous Citizens, if they had not chosen [illegible] the ridiculous Censurers: 'tis very well if the heat of their [illegible] exhales this way, if their intemperance finds this vent; and that, to avoid their rage, their folly may be licensed, leave them then (my Lord) this exercise; they know not what to do with their time, and will employ it worse if you will not permit them to use it thus: suffer their turbulent youth to spend its fury upon an insensible subject, and to combat dead words which are neither capable of griefe nor joy, so long as they present themselves before you in no other quality then as Gladiators of the Penne, be not sparing of the Kings grace, and remit somewhat of your severity. If the thing were new to me, 'tis likely I should not find my self aggrieved that the first Pamphlet that libell'd me should be stopt in the presse, but now that there is already a faire Library of them got together, I am well content they should encrease and multiply and take pleasure to behold a goodly heap of stones which envy hath thrown without hurting me. The reproach of some persons is not resented by me as shamefull, because I esteem not their praise for honest. I do not trouble my self to go begging of voices or making Cabals, that I may be approved by all sorts of people. I have what I desire (my Lord) if I have your approbation; as that which proceeds from an un-erring principle, & an understanding perfectly cleare. God had indued you with a soveraigne judgment before the King had bequeathed his soveraigne justice into your hands, and you were all powerfull in reason before you were so in authority. I will have no recourse to this latter, because I know the former is not altogether my

enemy;

enemy, and am more proud to have pleased you, then I should be satisfied should you have prescribed all my adversaries the advantagious discourses you have held with me upon diverse occasions, your Picture which you were pleased to give me last yeare as the gage of your affection, those rich works of yours which you have formerly made me partaker of, I meane those writings animated with the soul of State and full of the grandeur of your Master, which appear'd to me so transcendently above the force of the present age, and so worthy the Romane Majesty; in a word (my Lord) every moment of that happy afternoon I had the honour to passe with you in your Cabinet, are Priviledges for which I have dearer considerations, then for what you have denied to the Ape or Fantasme of Philarchus. I dare not mention what other obligements I have to you: in that particular you have injoyned me silence, with a beliefe your favours would go lesse, and receive alloy in their purity, should my acknowledgments waite upon them; 'tis not fit however, you should oblige me from having the intentions of an honest man, nor deprive me the liberty of gratefull thoughts. You have forbid the publication of my thanks, but have not impeach'd me from acquitting my selfe in the secret part of my devoire, or, at least from being in my soul alwayes,

My Lord,

Oct. 30. 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVIII.

To Monsieur Menage.

SIR,

I Have at length retriv'd the Letter, which was lost in the confusion of my Papers. I entreat you do me the favour to shew it to our father *Bourbon*, and tell him it was written by a Father much more ancient then he. Tell him moreover that this Father understood neither Greek nor Latin; but the late King *Henry* the Great had a good esteem of his French, his capacity and honesty. He even desir'd to have him neere him, and had he not been ty'd by affection to the service of a meaner Master, whom he would not quit for a greater, it is possible your friend might have been son to a Secretary of State.

Diis aliter visum, atque illi meliora dedêre,
Silvasque irriguosque hortos camposque patentes
Atque Aulæ contemptum & nullis otia jussis

You

You see that my Verses do confirme, what you told me in
praise of the tranquillity of my life and the beauties of my ha-
bitation. But although I could adde all the delights of the
Golden Age to this quiet of the village; though I should dote,
to speak more nobly, though I should meditate in an enchan-
ted palace, which *Ariosto* had built with his own hands; in a
word Sir, though my desert were as faire as your Language,
it were not possible for me to be happy, if I were there without
you. There is no felicity for me in the absence of two or three
persons, whom I see no more; and I mark those dayes with
black, which would otherwise be most pleasing and agreeable,
since not my heart in another place. I am,

SIR,

12 May 1644. Your, &c.

To Monsieur de Balzac, from his father.

Deare Sonne,

Since I first began to sollicite you, to present the publique with the fruits of your industry, twelve yeares are insensibly slid away, and my own as much augmented, being already entred into the 89th year of my age; and though it be now time for me to employ all my thoughts upon well-dying, rather then any other subject; yet, as it is intaild upon humane weaknesse to desire a farther reprieve, and prolongation of our dayes, I must confesse my selfe in that, not to differ from other people, nor to be yet weary of my life. But withall it is most true, I desire particularly to live, that I may enjoy the content, in my extreame old age, to see, before I leave the world, those faire works of yours publish'd, which I have already view'd in writting. It seemes to me (Deare Sonne) that you cannot reasonably deny me this last satisfaction I demand from you, and that, should you farther harden your selfe in your deniall of my request, your excuses would savour more of Melancholy then Modesty. If the desire of being praised by men cannot tempt you, at least that of pleasing me ought to make some impression upon your soul, and I am willing to believe that in this occasion, you will have some consideration of my person, who dispatche my selfe of my paternall authority to transact with you by intreaties and Remonstrances. I know well, you are abundantly rich in things of rarity and value; but to keep them close prisoners in your Cabinet, is to be covetous: and I desire you with as much affection as is due to the goodnesse of your nature, which never yet refus'd me obedience, not to let me continue longer in a languishing suspence: content the impatience of

an urgent suitor, who is in haste to accomplish that remaines for him to do on earth. And in the first place (Deare Sonne) send to the presse with what convenient speed you can, the two books of your Apology, which in my judgment are admirable, and which I have read, and reviewed many times, and alwayes with a new pleasure. You owe this not onely to the glory of the publique and your own reputation, but also to the honour of our Faith, and to my particular interest; to the end you may disabuse certaine people who were induced to believe, upon the credit of a false witnesse, that you have not alwayes had an high esteem for me, nay more that you were unwilling to allow me a place amongst reasonable creatures. Thus was it foolishly concluded by the ridiculous subtilty of the Disciples, who design'd to set us at variance, but that is beyond the power of School-niceties and distinctions to compasse, and there is no piece of Sophistry whatsoever can induce me to think ill of you to the prejudice of a multitude of good offices, which age hath received, and daily doth receive from your assistance: for which I beg of the Almighty alwayes to preserve you in his favour. I am your affectionate Father,

To serve you, Guez.

LETTER XIX.

To Monsieur Maury, *Doctor of Divinity.*

SIR,

YOu might possibly in the sheets which you published, have obliged a person of greater dignity and eminence, but none more acknowledging of your favours, or passionately adoring of your vertue then my self. I have such a particular esteem of that unsported virtue, that although your Verses are extreamly handsome, and your Prose no lesse, yet I prefer the solid before the glorious; and confess to you that it is neither the Oratour nor the Poet, but the Honest-man that is the object of my passion. I am not a little sorry, that I cannot with truth give that Title intire to him that you lament in the Printed Leaves, and that I have cause to complain of his dissimulation and improbity, not to say of his treachery and perfidiousnesse. It is a History which I shal recount to you in person. I think Heaven ordain'd the occasion of it some years since, to the end I should not dye with sorrow at present. I should have been utterly incapable of all consolation, if I had left Monsieur de——— in the year sixteen hundred thirty seven.

ven. At least, I should have spared no paines and cost in the search of Gold and Marble in all places to render honour to his memory. But the violation of his faith dispenses with me for that care; and having been injur'd in such a degree, all that I can do is to give him room in my charity, and to pray God for a poor Deceased, who were it not for that action, would now have been one of the Demi-gods of my Closet. The freedome whereof I make profession will not permit me to play the dissembler with you, and I have discharged that into your bosome, which lay so heavy upon my heart. I had hitherto complained only to the Trees and Rocks of my Desart, and my grief should have been still secret, did it not concern me to justifie my silence to you, and to assure you, that it is not without reason that I bear not a part in the consort of your Funerall Elegies.——I am,

SIR,

Feb. 20, 1643. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XX.

To Monsieur de Flotte.

SIR,

I have been almost drown'd in an inundation of Rheume, and I am not yet dry from my shipwrack. I have great dread of the return of the tempest and that the clouds are not dispell'd in good earnest. Notwithstanding, without further expectation of a more assured calme, I will make use of this tolerable moment, to rejoyce for it with you, yea and to give you my thanks for it too. I have it in effect, by your gift, and you have restor'd me the use of my eyes and my soul. 'Tis by the reading of your Letter, and Monsieur *le Feure's* book, that I renew the commerce, which I had intermitted with all handsome Letters and good Books. The receite of that you sent me, has done me more good then you imagine. They are not Scutcheons but Armes which you have furnisht me withall. Your Volume is my Arsenal; and I do not doubt, but when I have finish'd the Lecture which I am enter'd upon, I shall be not only more polite and stor'd with fine Notions, to make my self regarded amongst my neighbourhood, but also much stronger and fortyfi'd with examples and reasons to defend the Rights of my Country. In the mean time be pleas'd to suffer me to remind you of some less serious Subjects which I

have long expected of your enriching and embroidering. I desire of you in the first place the History of that exemplary death which hapned in the Palace of *Guise* in the year sixteen hundred and eighteen. The Dialogue of *Austin*, when he was dying with Monsieur the *Almoner* (who exhorted him to dye like a Christian, and b unted all his Divinity against the hardnes of his Turkish soul) will be none of the worst passages of the piece. But for the little that you will excite your mirth in tickling your spleen, you will make wonders of his Testament, and his taking leave of all the Pots and Kettles one after another. Policy, which is my Mistress, and the speculative Sciences my dear friends, must pardon me, if they please, that, I love this sort of Relations better then those of *Botero* and *Antonio Perez*. Amidst the Hostility of the two parties, there should be the *Gazettes* inviolable to both; and if they had leisure to laugh in *Germany*, there is no Question but they would afford equall pleasure to our enemie *Picolomini*, and *Torstenson* our Allie. Let my request prevaile with you to exercise your self in these excellent wayes of writing, and do not suffer the graces of your discourse to expire with the sound of your voice. Preserve us the memory of your feasts after the example of *Plutarch* and *Athenæus*: And to the end your good cheere may last after the Table is taken away, and all the *Comoedium* may tast it, I meane the whole man, prepare us a volume of novels, which may deserve to be term'd even by the sober Monsieur *Chaplain*, the Ragousts and delicates of the Wit. Provided they containe no forbidden ingredient as there is in some of those of *Boccace*. I promise you a publick remercîment for the pleasure you shall give me, whereof I have so great need. I beseech you consider of it, and be pleas'd to believe me alwayes,

SIR,

28 Decemb. 1641. *Your &c.*

LETTER XXI.

To Monsieur de Silhon *Secretary to my Lord the Cardinal* Mazarin.

SIR,

MOnsieur *Chaplain* ha's inform'd me of your zealous goodnesse, and the heat which you testified in my little affaires. They are obligations of which I am infinitely sensible, and I consider them much more then all they can produce of profitable

profitable and advantagious to me. I have need of my pension but I cannot live without your friendship; and having assur'd me of the continuation of it in your last Letter, you have given me much more then I shall receive from the Exchequer. Yet I shall not make you a studied thanks for it, nor put my self to the trouble of providing Rhetorick to send thither whence it comes to us. You perceive the very bottome of my soul; and know that I preserve you in it with what is most precious and deare to me; with my Heroes and my Heroesses; my Masters and Mistresses, (if I have any.) It is a cleare fountaine, you need not doubt it, and is not at all soil'd with particular interest. Therefore, Sir, you may draw out the acknowledgment that is due to you: But withall, expect something from it which you have newly inspir'd me with, and I owe to the reading of your last work. The faire Ideas of our mellow reasonings which remaine still in my soul, have left a seed and principle of beauty in it which hath already germinated some thing, that possibly will not be displeasing to his Eminence. I do not designe to passe with him for a maker of Panegyricks: But I can make it appeare to him in time and place, and in matters of historicall certainty that an honest man, of a good perswasion, can relate truth with no bad grace. And of this your self are an undeniable instance,

Tu, Silo, sacro Sophiæ quem Nectare pavit,
Qui pleno rerum pectore verba facis;
Qui cautos Regnandi artes, dubia omnia Bellum,
Terrarum dominos optima sola doces:
Nec falsum nec inane sonas, velut Aulica turba,
Turba etiam ducibus plaudere facta malis.
Hîc quanquam haud æquo tua per vestigia passu,
Scilicet Urbe procul, sorte nec arte parem,
Me tamen & Rectum & Veri secreta latentis,
Secura invidiâ quærere mente juvat.
Veri diva potens Sophiæ, mihi Numinis instar,
Tu, Silo, auctores, vos sequar, esse mei.

I did not think to conclude with Verses, but the first begat the rest, as chance made the first. I will not complaine of that chance, but rather call it my good fortune, if it ha's given me the meanes of expressing my meaning to you better, and represented me in a more noble manner, as I am perfectly,

SIR,

19 Feb. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXII.

To the same.

SIR,

I Shall perhaps one day have the courage to attempt to speak something of his Eminence. But for the present you must know that my Muses have been more daring and active then I my self. Their Verses have got the start, and left my Prose behind: If you do not approve that I separate and make a distinction betwixt me and my Muses, I must take another course to expresse my self. You will perceive by THE ORACLE OF THE GREAT JULIUS that I performed my devotion more then a yeare since, without vaunting of it to any one, or recording it with the Book-sellers. You will also see by consequence that I am a better Frenchman then a Courtier; and that in the actions of my duty, I oftentimes content my self with the testimony of my conscience. After the Oracle, there followes an Epigram, which has already appeared in the place, where you are, but in a Copy that depraves my sense in divers place, and transposes my words almost throughout. That which I now send you is the most uncorrupted, and you may give it what Title you please. I would have made one that might have serv'd for an Argument to the Epigram, not forgetting the sickneese at *Fontain-bleau*, *Et cum post gravissimum illum morbum melius se haberet Eminentissimus Princeps, &c.* but that you are no friend to *Asiatick* Titles: for are not we bound to know all that happens to a person that presides at this day over the affaires of *Europe*? who is so necessary to the generall good of the world? who, &c. I am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

To Monsieur John Frederic Gronovius.

SIR,

BEing in the *Low Countries* you are in the suburbs of *Paris*, at least you are neerer then I to the true *France*. I believ'd you upon the confines of the furthest Almany, neighbour to the King of *Denmarke* and in suite, or upon termes of accord with him. So that I shot a hundred and fifty leagues beyond the mark, and perceive that he that caus'd me to write

last

last yeare to Monsieur *Grotius* Chanon of *Hamburg* was pleas'd to make himselfe sport with my pen and your name. He impos'd upon me with a fable to draw a Letter from me, upon which I think he will neither find credit at the Bank nor Courtesie among the Croates, if he should fall into their hands. But I am sorry I have cause to complaine of a man of your country, and am constrain'd to aske, *What is become of the German candour and sincerity?* I beseech you let not this word scandalise you, for at the same moment I answer my self, that it is retired into your breast. And though War should have wasted all, though it should suffer neither Vertue nor Civility upon the face of the Earth, yet I am assured you would not cease to be good in the generall ruine of good manners. You can love and oblige your friends with tokens of so ardent and passionate a remembrance, that I should be more cold and flinty then the rocks of desart, if I did not kindle at your fire, and feel the points of your words. I wish to God, Sir, I were neerer to you to make a greater benefit of my fortune and draw more profit from so advantagious a neighbourhood. You have made a book *de Sestertiis*; but I should then begin to reckon by Talents, I should flow in abundance on all hands, and beside the naturall riches of your wit, you would entertaine me with the Treasures of Antiquity. I expect the promised *Titus Livius*, and in the meane time I send you one of his children I meane my Roman, attended with some other Treatises of the like nature. They will demonstrate to you whether my soul be full of *Titus Livius*, and if by his assistance I have fram'd a sufficiently high Idea of the ancient Common-wealth. I have written to *Paris* to cause another discourse to be sent you, in which I conceive I have pleaded the cause of the people, with all the respect that is due to the Majesty of Soveraignes. I have principally in it endeavour'd to avoid the style of a Declamation; for I can neither endure that Orators should be Parasites, or Eloquence the slave of Greatnes. *Male sit illi per quam mala audiunt nostra dea, & quam nos quoque laudavimus.* But I aske pardon of God for it, in all the prayers I make to him: And I think my repentance is effectuall, since my choler is stirr'd even at the most just and lawfull praises. It would proceed to farre as to suppresse *Nazarius*, *Mamertinus*, *Latinus Pacatus*, and many more. If the Adagies of the Doctour of *Roterdam* happen to be printed againe at *Leyden*, I entreat you to cause this to be inserted for my sake, *As very a lyar as a Panegyrick or a funerall*

Oration. I should continue this discourse to you were not I thronged with a crow'd of troublesome businesses that beset me on all sides, and enforce me to defer the rest to another time. I am with all my soul,

SIR,

9. March. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIIII.

To Monsieur de Bellevene Villotreus *Counsellour to the King.*

Sir, My Cosen,

IF I did not know you to be no lesse true then eloquent, that excellent Letter which you writ me, would make me suspect the cruelty of your gowt, not to be so extream as you represent it. It is difficult to preserve the freedome of the mind amidst the paines that besiege it, and assault all its Organs. And to effect this, the soul must be absolute mistresse of the body, and very much unlooséd from the matter. But that liberty is not attain'd without help and by the sole strength of nature. You are oblig'd to Philosophy for it, although you give her so little thanks for the good offices she ha's done you. and tell wonders of her unprofitableness in your Letter; notwithstanding, 'tis she, that beares up in your heart, and do's not permit you to suffer as vulgar souls do. Instead of the childish cries and womanish complaints of others, she inspires you with strong and masculine expressions: she is the cause that rage is reasonable with you and gave you that serene moment in which you have renounc'd her so elegantly. I could accuse you of ingratitude in her name and undertake her cause against Romances, to which you are reconcil'd only to despight her. But that which you do is accompani'd with so good a grace and in such a perswasive manner, that it is not possible to be of any other side but yours. You can never imploy a bad reason, not even when you plead against Reason, and conclude that *Aristo* is an honester man then *Aristotle*. I do not wonder at the favour you do the Poet, to the prejudice of the Philosopher: You are interessed in the cause of good Poets, and in truth there is nothing more excellent then the Eclogue you have done me the favour to send me. For the deceitfull Nymph, or the Nymph of *Madrid* which I had put into your hands, I confesse she is no longer to be known, since she ha's been under your care. I am astonisht at the beauty you have given her,

and

cannot be satisfied with considering the dresse and ornaments. From whence I observe, that an excellent education is able to correct the defects of a lesse happy birth, &c. I am passionately,

SIR,

14 Feb. 1645. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXV.

To Monsieur Ménage.

SIR,

I Am devoted to your glory, that it does not trouble me to be poore, provided you have wherewith to exercise your liberality. Monsieur *Chaplain* gives me notice of half a shop that you are sending to me, and that there is need of a wagon for the conveyance. Certainly it will be enough to make me a great Doctour, if I be not wanting in capacity. I hope to make some profit of the long communication, that I shall have by your favour with Monsieur the Embassadour of *Sweden*,

Quem mea non totum Bibliotheca capit.

I am much taken with his *Hexasyllables*; wherein I have found the just straine that I sought for in that kind of Verse, which is they must be somewhat inferiour to the strength of the Heroick, and yet have nothing of effeminate, as some judge they ought, who enervate their sweetnes even to softnesse. But, to tell you the free truth, the Elegiacks of our friend are quite another thing, and carry him from ——. Otherwise, he is not the first that dislik'd the taste of Ale, and bestow'd Poeticall maledictions upon it. This false *Bacchus* has's been curs'd long since, and disown'd for the true son of Jupiter. Do not you remember the Epigram of *Julian* the Emperour.

Γ'αλιανὲ βασιλεως ἐις ὄινον ἀπο μελίσσης.
Τίς; πόθεν εἶς, Διόνυσε; μὰ γαῖ' ἢ ἀληθέα Βάκχον,
Οὐ σ' ἐγιγνώσκω. ἢ Δίος οἶδα μόνον.
Κεῖνον νήκλαρε ὄδωδε· σὺ δὲ τρέχεις ἢ ἐς σε Κελτοὶ
Τ' ἀπειὴ βοτρύων τεύξαν ἀπ' ἀσκελύων.
Τῷ, σὲ χρὴ καλέειν Δημήτρεον, ἢ Διόνυσον,
Πυρογενῆ μᾶλλον, καὶ Βρόμιον, ἢ Βρόμιον.

You

You see, the [illegible] of our *Celtes* was the beverage of them of those times, but 'tis because the *Celtes* afterwards came to the knowledge of planting Vines, and learn't to husband their vintage. And thus the two passages may be reconcil'd: it is true the Greek is contented to testifie his aversion against Ale, without railing on the Bards or the Druides. The Latine might have done so too, and I am sorry he ha's offended so many honest men of our friends. But because it would be too great pitty to maime a body so well shap't, let us perswade him to put *Hinc Aborini* in the place of *Hinc Batavi*, and abandon those remotest of men to him, according to the testimony of *Virgil*. If he be not content with those, let us give him in prey all the Spanish part of Flanders, upon which he may make warre without violating the sanctity of our Alliances in hurting our Confederates ——— I am with all my soul,

SIR,

8 Octob. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVI.

To Monsieur du Herrier, *Canon of the Church of* Bea[illegible]re.

Sir,

I Have many great obligations to my father besides those of my birth; but I think I owe him very much for giving me your friendship. It is a present so rich and rare, that I know not whether it was possible for him to have made me another of equall value. There is a sterility of those things in all parts of the earth. There are scarce found two men, but I see interest and traffick on both sides, and in a great nation it is very difficult for me to discover affection and persons that love. You are one of those extraordinary goodnesses, whose love is pure and generous, and without an eye to advantage. No body has businesse in the desart, or drives a trade with Hermites: Nor can I repay your civilities with any thing but my good intentions, and return you only a weak and fruitlesse passion, for that efficacious friendship of yours which has been so ingenious to oblige me. You may speak of it with as much modesty as you please: But as for me, I put it in the number of goods that are not subject to the infelicity of the times nor to the outrages of fortune. Being possess'd of a true friend in your

Provinces, I account my self more wealthy then if I were owner of those three parishes, which the Countesse *Alix*, gave to the great Grandfather of my Grandfathers Grandfather. In that I comfort my self for my poverty in *Angoumois*, in that your favour I am not so in *Languedoc*; and I cannot have all my thing in this Country that is equivalent to what you deserve me there. If my health permit me to make the journey I designe, I shall declare my resentments more particularly, and sweare to you, if it be necessary upon the Tombes of our fathers, and by the Genius of our common Country, that I am and will be passionately, while I live,

SIR,

Jan. 30. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVII.

To Monsieur Costar.

SIR,

IF it were in my power to make verses as often as I would, those which I have now in hand, should bear the Title of *Iambs* and begin with

Effis Io Superi, nec inexorabile Clotho,
Volvit opus ———.

But you know well that inspiration is not in the will of the Prophet. That spirit from on high is sometimes long a coming; and the good wind do's not blow at all hours; but oftentimes there is a necessity of a fortnights attendance only to pass from *Calis* to *Dover* ———. I cannot obtaine from my self either so much faith or patience; and therefore I shal without further trouble, tell you in the language of poor mortalls that I bewail'd you *verissimis et calidissimis lachrymis*. Notwithstanding I could also tell you, if I pleas'd, in the language of the gods of *Olympus*, that made a thousand exclamations for your loss against them,

Et Socii immeriti mortem indignatus acerbam,
Crudelesq; Deos, Fatum crudele vocavi.

Monsieur de ——— was the first that arrested the torrent of my blasphemies and qualified the violence of my grief. He injoyn'd

injoyn'd me to hope well: But Monsieur de ——— came after him and did much more, by bringing joy to my hope. At present, since I see by your Letter to Monsieur le Gouz, that you are not contented with health but pretend to strength, and represent your self rather as a Champion that is ready for a combate at barriers, then one that is only well and sound, I know not if ———. This shall be the subject of one of our conversations, when you will do me the honour to come hither, where I expect you in *April*,

Cum Zephyro, primisque rosis, & hirundine prima.

I am eternally with all my soul,

SIR,

Jan. 2. 1643. Your, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Monsieur Girard *Commissary and Canon of* Angoulesme.

SIR,

YOu have extreamly oblig'd me by letting me understand some newes of your self and our freinds, Monsieur *de* —— is alwaies the best and most obscure of men. He speaks continually in the Language of the *Druides* and leaves *Pharamond* and *Merouée* farre behind him, &c. In earnest he hath not sent me a Letter but a Riddle, and if I should returne him an answer, I might perhaps do it to his meaning, which I know is very good, but not to his words, which I cannot understand. Notwithstanding the murmurings of your presumptuous Poet, I cannot repent of that expression, *from the reigne of Orpheus to that of Monsieur de Grasse*. No body can dispute the Crown of *Parnasse* to that excellent Prelat. For besides that he makes admirable verses and his Bishoprick rimes to his kingdome; that kingdome being a holy state as well as the state Ecclesiastical, no secular ought to take it ill, that they are Prophets or Divines which command in that Country, &c. As for the newes of this Village, the Gazette of it advertises you that ———. I might be a very honest man if I should indeavour to get a compliment, to end my Letter with; but you would not be so, Sir, if after 36 yeares of amity and confidence, I had need of complements to perswade you that I am, more then any person in the world,

SIR,

Nov. 29. 1646. Your, &c.

Le-

LETTER XXIX.

To my Lord the Marquesse of Montausieur, *Governour and Lieutenant Generall for the KING in* Saintonge, Angoumois, &c.

My Lord,

I Have been a languishing patient these six months, and at present I cannot say that I live, but only because I am not quite depriv'd of sense. Yet Heaven has taken care of me in this condition: Some angell that does not hate me hath inspir'd me with the charitable thought, which you have of honouring me with a Letter. The receit of which has [illegible] me out of my languishment to a fuller injoyment of life, and mitigated those paines which were worse then death: It has restored my strength by giving me courage and confidence. For, how is it possible I should think my self ill, as long as I am well within your favour or dare to complain, with your friendship, in your esteem, and which is yet more, your admiration. You see here, how I follow the Language of your Letter, although I confess this last word is not suitable to me among the rest. But I am not to doubt how it came there, since the haste of your departure for the Siege of *Dunkirke* was the cause that you were not curious of proper words, but serv'd your self of such as came next to hand. There is nothing besides the Sun, the Ocean and such great works of nature that are worthy the admiration of wise men, and yet you are pleas'd to profess that you have that passion for mine, which are so small and inconsiderable in all regards. You give my Verse the name that is due only to those of Prophets; Wherein my Lord, the honour of your judgment cannot be sav'd but by the interpretation of your words; and you cannot admire any otherwise then as people do Dancers on the Ropes and such as make dangerous leapes. I hazard my self as they do, and raise my self from the ground into the aire, and in other places precipitate my self again, and generally practise an Art which I do not understand. This is my work when I make verses. I abandon my wit to fortune, and leave it to be dealt with at her pleasure, and lead it whither it cannot go alone. So that there is but little commendation due either to the Artist or his designe. Fortune and casualty must be thankt for the success. That good goddesse must have all the merit of an action, to which I contribute

only

only the temerity of venturing and the boldness of beginning without knowing what will become of it afterwards. However, since you approve my lucky attempts, I am minded to deliver them from ruine; and resolve to present you with them in full day-light with the advantage of Impression, as soon as I am able to dress them up for it. But if I durst, they should avoid all other eyes, since I seek no Theater out of your Cabinet. I am,

My Lord,

Oct. 21. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXX.

To Monsieur de Meré.

SIR,

IF I should tell you that your Laquay found me sick and your Letter cured me, I should be neither guilty of poeticall invention, nor oratoriall exaggeration, I should be a faithfull Historian, and render you a true account of what past'd in my Chamber: You are not ignorant of the great opinion I have of the accomplishments and perfections of your soul; but perhaps you are to be informed that though you had no merit at all to compell me, yet I could not possibly forbear to love you. This affection of mine without question comes from above and the stars have some influence on it. I am sensible of a secret violence that constraines me, and it is most true that I never see or think of you, but I feel a kind of soft delight that tickles my soul. So that the favour you do me in rendring me happy is but justice, to my strong and constant affection. Since I find there is a necessity of loving, I am glad of my good fortune that I have a correlative in the knot which is a happiness I have sometimes wanted. I shall say no more concerning my self, who am proud of being your favourite, and come to speak somewhat of my papers, which receive no less glory from your esteem then I do from your goodness. It is no small matter to have pleas'd a person, who having none but sound passions, can relish no other but true pleasures. The Testimony of one that is cleer sighted ought to be prefer'd above the guesses and hear-sayes of the whole people of Blind men. Since you have wit and judgment in perfection there is none that can justly dispute the title of a Judge to you in the works of the mind, and that far before such Doctours as are remarkably

defective in both, who employ knowledge against Reason, and accuse *Aristotle* of all their bad opinions. Yet your sentences are much to my advantage, and you are very liberall in your praises of my papers. And what boldnesse would it be to contradict a Gallant and a Philosopher together; it would certainly be rather rashnesse then modesty, and therefore I am with docility and respect,

SIR,

Aug. 24. 1646. *Your, &c*

But, be pleas'd to remember, Sir, that there is another consideration, never to be violated, and that you have promis'd me to oppose the combination of the Grammarians against the Poets. Since I am an admirer of Monsieur *Chaplain*, I think Monsieur —— would do well to be so too, and yet do himself no prejudice; and he will always find more safety in believing us, you and me, then in relying on his own sense.

LETTER XXXI.

To Monsieur Mericet, an Advocat in the Parliament.

SIR,

YOu are guilty of a great injury against your selfe in distasting the fruits of your labour, of which you ought in justice to be extreamly satisfi'd. They are rare and exquisite, and if you continue to feast me with them, I know not whether I shall not envy you the benefit you do me, and I be your friend enough, not to become jealous.

Non tamen invideo, miror magis, & tibi pulchram,
Haud alienus mihi est cum sis tuus, gratulor autem,
Qua Scimus Sequanque & me tuearis, Amice,
Si quis adhuc surgat Philarki ex ossibus hostis.

The Post of Friday brought me newes of our Monsieur *de Peiresede*, whose name is become so great that it has fill'd all *Paris*, and the *Celtes* begin to admire the Aquitanes. Or if you please to have it in another fashion, and in the phrase of a Poet, the God of the *Seine* is astonish'd to heare the singing of the Muses of Dordonne. For my part, I am wholly ravish'd with their last composition; and if blessed souls could be retall'd with the charmes of excellent verse, I do not question but that of the Duke of *Brezé* would descend from Heaven at the hearing of these,

To

Tu Duke serene
Stellans fulgens opica, & radiante corona,
Ad tua Sacra veni, quæ nuper Regia tulit
Concelebrat, sacrique Chori, sanctissque Senatus, &c.
Aspice ut ista gemens, ingenti affixa feretro,
Horridaque & laceris luget victoria pennis,
Quæ quondam tua castra, tuas comitata triremes,
Hesperio toties mutas dum sanguine Pontum,
Deseruit tua signa fremel: Nunc cædis acerbæ
Invidiam lenire velit, fatisque malignis
Imputat, infandaque excusat crimina cladis, &c.

Have you ever seen any thing more noble and more pathetick then this poore victory afflicted with the death of that brave Duke? What a sight it is to behold her with her robes torne, and her wings broken, doing pennance for the fault whereof she conceives her selfe guilty; to see her hanging and as it were nailed to that great Herse, which she bathes with her teares! she cannot be comforted for the misfortune arriv'd at *Orbitello*, and would readily lay the blame upon bad destiny, she, &c. But I containe my self, and you shall not know the rest unlesse you come to learne it here. I expect you some day of the following week, and am passionately,

SIR,

Dec. 4. 1646. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXII.

To Monsieur Girard *Secretary to the late Duke of* Espernon.

SIR,

I Send you the Stanza which sham'd my memory in our last conversation, and whereof I could repeat no more then the four first verses.

Che giova posseder citta li & regni,
Es palagi habitar d' alto lavoro,
Et servi intorno haver d' imperio degni,
Et l' archi gravi di molto ristoro;
Esser cantate da sublimi ingegni,
Di porpora vestir, mangiar in oro,
Et di bellezza pareggiar il sole,
Giacendo poi nel letto tutta fredde & sole?

Monsieur *de Frangipane* recited this handsome stanza admirably,

nably, and was wont to call it Divine: but as there is no Divinity, which does not meet with impious and sacrilegious persons; so I have seen a Grammarian, that would not approve that the Poet should give robes of Scarlet to Queens and Princesses, like Cardinals and Counsellours of Parliament. He judg'd the verse of the *full Coffers* of lesse dignity then the rest, and that the two words *fredde* and *sole* which end the last are transpos'd, because it is being alone that causes cold, and therefore it ought to precede. My servant will deliver you the new book of Monsieur *de Prieyac*, and the judgment of Cardinal *Bentivoglio*. You see from hence, that the most sufficient are also the most just, and that *Italy* begins to esteem the Barbarians. Let us take part in the glory of our excellent friend, and ——. To perswade the Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, is to raise at once and in one person the Senat and order of Cavaliers, the Learned of the university and the honest people of the Court; *Rome*, *Florence*, *Paris*, and all the rest. So that he have a friend, that is universally approv'd, and *France* an Authour, that deserves the praises of him that receives those of all the world. I am passionately,

SIR,

Jan. 3. 1640. *Yours, &c.*

LETTER XXXIII.

To Monsieur Contart *Councellour and Secretary to the King.*

SIR,

I Have with delight survey'd the beauties of the printed pieces which you did me the favour to send me. But is there nothing else for me to read? and is it not possible for me with your assistance to obtaine the sight of some secret stanzaes whereof I have heard wonders? They are of Monsieur *de Serisay*'s making, and you know he once lov'd me a little, as I had always a perfect esteem for him. Yet I dare not addresse to him in this occasion; being I cannot think my self in a condition to receive of his favours, in that he ha's not accounted me deserving of the least token of his remembrance. You may please to know that he came lately into this province without making so much enquiry as whether I were in it or no. The neglect is great, and would be a very sensible injury to a person lesse accustom'd to suffer then I. But I have gain'd a habit of patience, so farre as sometimes to believe that my friends

have reason on their side, when they do me wrong. I had rather acknowledge my unworthiness, then complaine of their injustice, and suppresse my resentments then publish my disgraces. Nevertheless, be not you weary of doing good to the undeserving and obliging those that are out of favour ——. Since he is at present as devout as he ha's been alwaies vertuous, you may tell him (for the obtaining those desired stanzaes) that 'tis from *Paul* the Hermite or St. *Hilarion*, that they were requested of you. I conceive he ha's not an opinion good enough of the moderne Anchorites: and possibly his coldnesse for me proceedes from that of my zeal, and the little progresse he hath seen me make in piety ——. Yet I have had commerce with great Saints both on this and the other side the Mountaines and Monsieur *de Lorme* will test se to him, that Monsieur the *Abbot* of ——. I am with all my soul,

SIR,

Marcb. 12. 1645. Your, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Monsieur Girard *Secretary to the late Duke of* Espernon.

SIR,

YOu must not think the promotion of Monsieur the President *Seguier* causes only a particular festivall at *Cadillac*; but will be publick and universall within these four daies. The king ha's done a good deed to all his Realme, and the yeare must not be esteemed happy so much for the purity of the aire or the fruitfulnesse of the Earth as for the election of excellent Magistrates. I rejoyce at this newes as a subject of the Kings, which is the principall regard wherein I consider it; but I have besides a second right to be glad, and that is, out of the interest I have in the raising of a modesty, that is known to me, and the happinesse I apprehend to me in the prosperity of a person, of whose probity I am perfectly assured. I know he ha's preservatives against all the poisons of the Court, and a reason not to be corrupted by all the presents of fortune. There is nothing of so high a value for which he would forsake his vertue. He would have been as resolute a Martyr under *Nero* as he will be a profitable Minister under a just Prince. The preservation of a life of a few dayes is not sufficient to induce him to stain that which must remain in the memory of many ages; and the least blot upon his honour would be lesse supportable

portable to him then the effusion of all his blood. He understands that in the administration of justice, he is not to make lawes but only to pronounce them; that he is the dispenser not the Master of power; and that soveraingty is in the Law and not in him. And these are the reasons, that in every cause he takes cognisance of, he considers his own which must one day be heard before a greater Tribunal. He judges, as if Posterity were to review his decrees hereafter, and the time present were subordinate to that to come. Having seriously meditated on the condition of humane affaires, he esteemes them at their just value, and adds nothing to their worth by opinion. He hates neither riches nor authority (which was the sullen humour of the Cynicks to hate every thing that was lovely.) He but serves himself of them according the doctrine of the *Academy* and the *Liceum*, who did not account them impediments of the Soveraigne good, but helps and conveniences to virtue. I have heard him reason in this manner, and so drawn these conclusions from his principles. In a conference I had with him some yeares since, he seem'd to me yet better then I represent him. So that I could not suffer you to rejoyce alone, nor read his Elogy in your Letter without testifying to you that I was of that beliefe before I read it, and there was nothing new amongst the excellent things you told me. The Doctour that is a defyer of all Beauty, may, if you please, see the answer I send to the objections which he made against it, &c. I am,

SIR,

March. 1. 1633. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXIIII.

To Monsieur L' Huillier *Counsellour to the King.*

SIR,

I Burne with the fire, I have met with in your Letters, and I have got a Fever with reading them. But is it possible that change of aire ha's not been able to cure you, and that you continually beare that heat and amorous inquietude in your breast. Is it true, that having been your beloved in *France*, I am still one of your idolls in *Lorraine*? Must I believe, that you divide your self equally between L' *Calista* and *Amintor*, and that the Mistresse ha's no advantage over the Favorite? if I were happy enough for this, I would not change my fortune

for that of those whom the Court adores. But I cannot doubt of my felicity since I have your word for my assurance, so that the Court ha's nothing to raise envy in me; and in the possession of a thing so pure and firme as your friendship, I have nothing to do with their smoky and sophisticate incense, but scorne at their fraile and ruinous altars. Many times a whole people is not of so much value as one man, I meane a person so perfect as you, who might deserve to be a Magistrate (for it is too little to say, a Citizen) in the Common-wealth of Plato. He that chants me in the Closet, and preaches me up in assemblies, he that is the cause that the good and learned Monsieur *Rigault*, places me by the side of his Greeks and Romans; preferrs me sometimes above them, and revolts against holy and venerable Antiquity in favour of a modern Authour. Yet I beseech you, Sir, that the other Monsieur who is learned but not good, know nothing at all of this. He would not endure my good fortune, and your favours would draw his persecution upon me. It would be very difficult for you to protect him, whom you have lately crown'd from being beaten down; and it is better for me to retake my place amongst the people, and renounce a crown so full of envy. But if you will not permit me to do this act of humility, yet at the least, let me have your consent to an expedient which I have just now consider'd of. I will either keep the Crown in my Treasury, or only weare it in secret, to avoid offending the eyes of the Publick. I will be any thing you would have me in your Letters and your apprehension, but I will not pretend to any other glory before the world, but to be passionately affected by you, and as I am, with all my soul,

SIR,

June 14. 1645. *Tours, &c.*

LETTER XXXV.

To Monsieur de la Thibaudiere.

SIR,

IF I had had wherewithall to write to you, when your Lacquey arriv'd here, I had dispatch't him fifteen houres sooner then I have done. But ill fortune would have it so, that *Totila*, who keeps my hands, had carried them abroad to the Towne. So that I was constrain'd to expect their returne to give armes to my choler, and let you know my resentments. Do not con-

ceive

that I dissemble and play the part of a *Furioso*. I am offended, and more sensible of offences then you believe, since your References are not ended I disclaime to have any thing to do with your Elogies; and since the points of Law hinder us from injoying you, I do not only curse the fury of Barretry but even blaspheme the Goddesse *Themis*. I also fall foul on another Goddesse, which you would never suspect and call *Ceres the maker of noise* because *Virgil* called her *the maker of Lawes*. This Epithet ha's incens'd me against her for your sake, and the perplexed confusion of suits makes me hate the Legislators. Three weeks are past since, I began to break all rule and regiment of diet, that I dine alwayes in allarme, and imagine every moment when you should arrive. The Ladies are come hither on purpose to attend your coming, and to affist me to discharge the honour of the house. But in the meane time in great contempt of the Ladies and them, you render Oracles at home to *Sempronia* and *Mævia*, and give audience to *Titius* and *Sius*, &c. I am,

SIR,

May. 12. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXVI.

To the same.

SIR,

I Proclaime your probity every where, and alwayes alledge you, when the discourse is of a faithfull man. Yet the month of *July* is past, and I have your hand and seal here which accuses you of being not yet come. You promis'd me to bring plenty with you, and to surround me at the same time with temporall goods, and spirituall riches. I will believe, to speak your language, that the inward man is cleare of all this, but the exteriour is not at all acquitted. I have seen neither the Cheeses nor the Gennets; neither Verse nor Prose; neither the Chancellour *Bacon*, nor the President *d' Espagnet*. I know not what to conceive of it seeing the exact and punctuall regularity whereof you make profession, and I will dispatch a man on purpose to know the truth. I would cause him to go with this Ticket, being bound by Oath to write no more Letters: But he protested he would not present himself before you with empty hands. He told me moreover, out of his familiarity with me, that he would allow me to make a sermon or an Oration,

Oration, if I were so conscientious as not to dictate a Letter to him; and he ha's thought himselfe to draw two pieces out of his Register, presuming you will take delight to read them, because he does so to copy them. If Monsieur ——— I should be glad, he may be partaker with you: you know I have a most particular esteem of his judgment, and that a young Cato's worth a whole senate of Gray-beards. That which makes me not to hope ill of my French, is, that he did not judge my Latin barbarous, and that the inartificiall simplicity of my verse found favour in his eyes. Having fallen casually from the mouth of him that made them, they ought to have died in the secrecy of him that receiv'd them: But their good fortune ha's been greater than their merit; and since that time they have almost perswaded me to think my self a Poet. Being approv'd by a person, that is not lesse of the Court of *Augustus*, then of that of *Lewis* the thirteenth, his approbation ha's encouraged me to a new heat; and the honour which he ha's done to five or six straglers, is the cause that has induc'd me to form a Body of sixty and more: which I beseech you to present him, with the two pieces of the Register, &c. I am,

SIR,

Aug. 4. 1638. Your, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Monsieur de Bois-Robert Metel, *Abbot of* Chastillon.

SIR,

YOur Letter of the sixth of the past month, gives me no new knowledge; it confirms me onely in my old opinions. You are alwaies the father of courtesies, and the common good of the whole world. But you are principally necessary to the learned world, and the Common wealth of good Letters. Were it not for you, the Oratours would be perpetually exclaiming in their Orations, against the Times and Manners; and the Poets would do nothing in their Verses, but curle *Apollo* and the Muses. The good offices which you do them with his Eminence, temper their bad humour, and give them thoughts less violent. So that, to consider things from their Originall, there is no Ode nor Panegyrick at this day, whereof you are not the first Authour; and Posterity will be oblig'd to you for all the Latin and French of our Age. But beside the Panegyrick and Ode———; &c. I beseech you in the meane time

to secure the affaire; and since you know that times consumes things as it ripens them, continue me your care and diligence both for the one and for the other assignation. I am passionately,

SIR,

Your, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the same.

SIR,

I Am astonish'd at the designe of Madam de *Motteville* concerning me. I did not imagine my name was known to so excellent a Person, and there was so much goodness at Court as would oblige without importunity. As it is a favour above the common Standard; so my resentments must not be in an ordinary measure. But do not you counsell to depute that office to your most reverend Lordship? Since you know better how to set it off then I, and that she has been excited to a good action only by the inducement of her vertue, she will not refuse to continue that goodness at your intreaties, which are attended with the force of so much eloquence. Your last Verses seemed to me very excellent and naturall; but I have known long agoe, that you are none of those violents that take our Goddesses by force, *quique in Parnassum irrumpunt diis hominibusque invitis.* Were it not for you, the comparison of *Cleopatra* would be no longer in the world; which now cannot perish, being she finds her preservation in your memorie. The care you have taken of her is an evidence of her predestination, or if you would have me speak less Theologically, there is no appearance, that I should neglect that which is now more yours then mine, and which you judg'd worthy to be kept a long time in the Cabinet of excellent things, so I call your memory, Sir, &c. I am alwayes perfectly,

Decem. 26. 1644. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXIX.

To Monsieur Conrart, *Councellour and Secretary to the King.*

SIR,

MY melancholy corrupts the greatest pleasures of my life. I am unsatisfied with the sweetness of light, and nothing in

in the world would content me, if I had not two or three persons in it, that are to me instead of all. You are a part of this little world, which I esteem so dear; I have chosen you with the refusall of the Sun and the Court; and in the most gloomy and sad nights, only your Idea fram'd in my imagination gives me sensible comforts. Therefore what will not your Letters do, which are so sincere and amorous; and infinitely more your presence, which your Letters promise me? But there is no longer a Madam *Desloges* to invite you to the Village; and to hope such a visite but from the like attractive, is beyond the belief I have of my desert. Nevertheless, it is perhaps a designe of your goodness, and you have resolv'd to make me happy. If there needs no more but the good interval you speak of to bring me that felicity, I shall presently betake my self to my vows to the goddess of Health for it. I will compose her a Hymne, to obtain a months release from your Gout. And to speak my conscience, she will not more oblige me in restoring me the vigour of my first years, in giving me a second youth, yea in giving her self to me, then in granting me those thirty dayes of so dear a society. They would be dayes of which I should make benefit every moment, and would require me for all the time I have lost amongst pretenders and false friends. My spirit which is corrupted by the neighbourhood of bad examples would be restored to purity by your excellent communication. You would purge me from all the errors of the people, and the defects of the Country. You would make me live in earnest. The life of the fortunate Islands or that of the *Elysian* fields; those which the Poets spin of Gold and Silke would be but low resemblances of it——. But I must repress my course. Poor men are never more sensible of, and more afflicted with their poverty, then when they have dream't of riches. I am to the utmost of my power, and without reserve,

SIR,

Apr. 25. 1647. *Your, &c.*

FINIS.

FAMILIAR LETTERS, OF M. de BALZAC, To M. CHAPELAIN.

The First Book.

LETTER I.

SIR,

IT is out of doubt, nothing of Alarm hath yet been apprehended by us from *Paris*. Nevertheleſſe it is true, that a Gentleman of quality inform'd my father, of the Prince's indignation, and the complaints of the Queen his mother: But the Queen is of too great goodneſſe, to have given that rigorous command, which is reported to us; and there is not

much likelyhood, that the Prince should say at *Bruſſells*, he would ſet my houſe on fire, if he came with his Army into *Guienne*. This burning would indeed somewhat more diſpleaſe me, then that which my Book ſuffered, by the courageous Marqueſſe *d'Aytona*. Houſes, as you know, are not printed; nor can there be more copies of them made at the ſame time. But I am very averſe from believing, that thoſe words fell from the lips, of the ſon of *Henry* the Great; an action of that kind, would not be the faireſt part of his Hiſtory: It is not the manner of Eagles to ſtoop at Flies. We are too inconſiderable objects, for his high and redoubtable diſpleaſure. And what preſumption would it be in a man, that is not appointed with a hundred Armes, nor of ſtrength enough, to pile Mountains one upon another, to eſteem himſelf worthy of the vengeance of *Jupiter*, or at leaſt, of one of his ſons? I expect ſome of your news by the Poſt on Friday, and remain,

SIR,

Balzac. 1 June 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER II.

SIR,

IT muſt needs be, that either I did not deliver my ſelf well, in the Conference I had with your friend, or he ill underſtood my intention. For I deſire nothing from Doctor B. but the honour of his good opinion, which he hath ſolemnly promiſed me; nor from the *Sorbonne*, but the enjoyment of the peace they accorded me, in the moſt ample form that I could requeſt. It would be very ſtrange, if I ſhould be exforc'd to the further trouble of Negotiation and Ambaſſadours, to treat that old Peace anew. I believ'd that affair to be as well dead at *Paris*, as it was buried in oblivion at *Balzac*. The homage which the Faculty required of me, I have already rendred them; and was aſſured, that the Gentlemen were therewith ſatisfied. Hereafter let us viſit them as our Friends, and ceaſe to ſolicite them as Judges. I conceive Doctor B. repents himſelf, of having treated me too civilly; perhaps he expected I ſhould have taken an attire of mourning, and ſuffered my hair and beard to grow down to my girdle, to the end I might have preſented my ſelf before him, in the faſhion of an accuſed perſon, and an humble ſuppliant. His Doctorall Gravity muſt not proceed ſo far. And I intreat you, tell your friend

that it is not reasonable to oppresse people with formalities which are to no purpose, and never have an end. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 15 June 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER III.

SIR,

YOu are not ignorant, that in the affair of the *Sorbonne*, I comported my self with the docility and flexiblenesse of a Novice: And although I had as much reason to maintain my opinions, as they to oppose them, yet I forbore to make use of my right, or defend my self against my fathers. My submission will possibly one day be proposed for Imitation; and I would fain believe, that for the future I shall be left to my undisturbed quiet. In former years, I was of the number of those thirsters after honour, to whom, both daies and nights were rendred restlesse, by the desire of conquest. At present, I am altogether another person; I love rather to sleep in the silence and calm of peace, then to be wakened from my repose, by all the Trumpets of Victory. Let us keep close to the *Pater noster*, and determine our selves, with the other pieces of that nature: "There is none but God, that can speak fitly "of God, because there is none but God that knowes God; "All that men of themselves speak concerning him, is no "other but stammering, incongruity, and solœcisme, in the lan"guage and science of Heaven. And you are not to learn, that, *De divinis etiam vera dicere periculosum*. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 June 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IV.

SIR,

I Am not much troubled to be dead at *Paris*, provided that I live at *Balzac*; the Letter I writ you about eight daies since, hath given you assurance of this truth, whereof a flying report had caused you to do bt. Though I be not of much value, I perceive, you would have had a sensible regret of my losse; and I am greatly satisfied of your affection. The onely resentment I have, is, that your judgment doth not appear so favourable to me, as your inclination, and that you refuse me that agreable fruit, which I aime at in all my actions; I mean, the contentment of having pleased you. You make scruple to pronounce

nounce upon the Letter, which I write to an *Achilles* of the cause, because a *Thersites* of the same cause hath told you, that it displeased him to whom it was sent. I have learnt the contrary from himself. And besides the civilities of his Answer, he hath caused a thousand complements to be made me in person, by a famous Hugenot of this Province. The comparison between him and *Hannibal*, both of them sworn enemies of *Rome*, did him honour; and, I know, was not displeasing to him. The word *Finesse* could not any waies disgust him; in the place where it is, it signifies onely addresse, knowledge, and subtlety. The *finesse* of a language, and the *finesse* of an art, are termes of no bad sense. And if I had said, that such a Captain, by some certain means, had *finely* concealed the weaknesse of his Town, it must needs be, that this Captain were more rude then a Gascone, and that his bravery extended to a dislike of good reason and prudence, if he took it ill, that I spoke of his *finesse*. As for *Hannibal*, I am most confident, he was of no such humour, he did not account himself affronted, by the recitall sometimes of his stratagems and sleights; for it was no more, then to intimate to him, that he not onely knew how to overcome his enemies, but that he could also overcome them by mockery and sport. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 30 June 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER V.

SIR,

THe objections of *Paris* are insupportable, and the interpreters of the *Fauxbourgh* of St. *German*, take all my words to a contrary sense. I perceive, that to avoid being contradicted, it is necessary that I give over speaking. If I am so unhappy as to injure my friends, when I caresse them, reason requires, that for the good of civill society, I change my solitude into a prison, and chain up my self for the safety of my friends. Will the world be always thus unjust and impertinent? and will there never be any other, to judge of the productions of the soul, but lumps of flesh and matter? I think I cannot call them beasts by a more civill expression. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 8 July 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER

LETTER VI.

SIR,

I Received two of your Letters by the same Post, which gave me knowledge of some newes, whereof I was before ignorant, and confirmed the relations of others. I am alwayes of your opinion, and particularly, concerning the King of *Sweden* with eachy, that he had not so much of the German in his countenance, and that in this great country of theirs (as *Queen Margaret* sometimes called it) he had more brown, and little yellow, more of shadow, and fewer rayes. And this, to the end that he might nearer resemble in his out-side, *Cæsar* and *Alexander*. His pourtrait would please me much better; for as to his actions, they are all Greek, and all Romane: And I see nothing amongst them, that might not become the dayes of the *Iews*. The Panegyrick which was made him, seems to be obscure and intangled, *ay in eli deprehendes vitia degenerantis Latinitatis*. The style of this man was more commendable twenty yeares agoe, he hath learnt to write ill by writing continually, and is grown a Jade in his Carier. They that have a greater look of judgment then of imagination, are not subject to these inconveniences; Their eloquence becomes ripe without corruption of their speech; And I am well assur'd that the good wine you sell me of will never loose its strength by age. A thousand salutes to our dear friends. I am,

SIR,

Idem, 15 July 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VII.

SIR,

I Do not conceive that my exile must be eternall, but hope to see *Paris* once againe unlesse you forsake it, and *Rome* also if it be thither that your destiny calls you. But, I beseech you expound me the riddles of your last Letters, and do not constrain me any more to divine. I have no fancie to those reservations of prudence, which give me much trouble, and do you no service. Our commerce is most innocent; and being no dispersers of dangerous newes, let us defie all informers, and commissaries, if fortune be resolved to try you, I wish it may be by something that may deserve your yeeldance to the temptation. With all my soul, I pardon that cruel Goddesse, all the injuries she hath done me, on condition she will

treat you favourably, and have consideration of your merit, I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 July 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VIII.

SIR,

I Am not forward to dislike the freedome you are pleased to use with me. But I beseech you, to allow somewhat to my melancholly, and to bear with the irregularities of an indisposed spirit. I am proud of the esteem you make of my discourse, notwithstanding I am unsatisfied, whether that esteem be reall, or onely a means you take, to appease the humour you conceive you have provoked. Should you offer your wisdom to me crude and undrest; perhaps I might find some difficulty to relish it. But being, as it is, accompanied with so great goodnesse, there is no *Rhubarb* can have a bad taste, with such a mixture. I presage some newes, that troubles me already, but I believe it advantageous to your benefit. The Secretarisship of an Embassy to *Rome*, was the first step to the fortunes of Cardinall *d'Ossat*. Yet if Fate have so decreed it, you must bid adieu to the Maid of *Orleans*, and the Epick Poem. I dare not mention my own concernments. It is certain, this voyage will be destructive to many fair proposalls, that I have made you. I was in full expectation to have seen you here, where I should have constrained you, to have passed the remainder of the Summer with me. But I am too unfortunate, ever to enjoy you; and fortune will detain you at *Rome*, though but on purpose to despight me. Let me know, if you please, whether your departure from *Paris* will be suddenly; and, before you leave it, take speciall order for the security of our commerce. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 1 August 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IX.

SIR,

THe kinsman of *Vercingetorix* knowes not his own desires, nor discerns his advantages: He is very culpable to contest with you, concerning a charge, which he ought to re-establish, in favour of a person of your merit, although it had been, as he pretends, suppresst. I am very glad to hear the change of your remote employment, for one neerer us, which gives

gives me hope to find you at *Paris*, when I take a journey thither a purpose for a visite. Which when I have formed, I shall account you in my debt for another, and think it not impossible, to draw you hither to eate of our Muscates, and meditate upon the banks of our river. The excellent Provincial, of whom you send me newes, hath you continually both in his heart and mouth. The acquisition you have made of this man is most great, and you need not doubt it. It will not stand you in much cost, travell, or industry, to preserve him. The amity of those people whereof you tell me, is of another nature. It is of little value, and very much trouble. What great pity it is there should be Asses, which should require as much guard and observance, as Lyons. I esteeme my selfe happy to be fiscore leagues distant from that sort of men. And which is more, I account their absence into part of the revenue of my House. I am,

SIR,

Dolree, 8. August 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER X.

SIR,

IT is rare that I am mistaken above once, for I give but little credit to the esteeme of great Persons, nor to the Testimony of the People; so that I am not dazeled with the name and dignity of two men whose strength and weaknesse I have been acquainted with, these ten yeares. The first, is all memory and fancy; for judgment, that must be sought otherwhere: for in fifty Conferences that we have had together, I could never discover one small glimpse of it: A great personage in Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic! but no body in the vulgar tongue; the sport of Cavaliers and Ladyes, and a meere Doctor Gratian to you and me, as often as we desire the divertisement of a Comedy. The other is lesse tolerable, for he will not be flowted so familiarly, nor licence the company to leave him, when they desire; for other matters, you may take my word that he is but a prayfull Oratour, as I took that of *Monsieur Malherbe* for his Poetry. Heretofore he endanger'd my life with three great Manuscripts, or rather three great Engines in folio, whereof One was called *Overtures made at St. Martin's after Easter* &c. Another, *at the Entry of Princes Governours*, &c. And the third, *an Argument or Plea for the King*, &c. Monsieur can beare witnesse of my patience and the persecution of this man. He hath ma-

ny

ny times come into my Chamber at breake of day and never departed till he carried night with him. You may imagine, if during that time, I could be possibly at my ease, and if I had not had a better market with a fit of a seavour of foure and twenty houres then with so much Pedantry and Fustian Gallimatia, as I was enforc'd to heare, and must needs make semblance to approve. Nevertheless he continues in the repute of a man of sufficiency, acquits his charge well, and is imploy'd in Negotiations and Treaties which he brings to effect; he hath a happy memory, a lively imagination, and the gift of impudence, even in a degree more eminent then hath Monsieur *De.* ****. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 15. August 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XI.

SIR,

DO not cause me to languish in the expectation of a good, whereof your last Letter gave me a promise; and send me *that Ode which must accomplish the felicity of a happy man, and add a Crowne to his other Crownes*, to speake in the phrase of our Monsieur *De la Thibaudiere*. The stanza's of Monsieur **** are not in my opinion, of the excellentest sort of his productions. There are some verses which I cannot relish; but it may be the fault lyes in my palate. Is it not strange that this framer of stanza's should exhort me to adore that deity, who hath so long time derided both my vowes and my incense? I am not so pertinacious a Courtier, and I resigne all my hopes and my pretensions to him. If he receives good words at present, I have heretofore had solemne offers of love and friendship. And if he is told, you shall have this; oathes have been past to me that I should have that and more; yet nothing ever fell into my hands. He that promises these wonders, is very rich and very powerfull, I do not question it; but I also know, that he understands not either to judge of verse, or acquits himselfe of his promises; insomuch, that unlesse he cut his purse, he runnes the adventure of being but ill payd; and if he be not advertis'd of the good things that are in his verses, he will never take the paines to observe them. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 August 1636. *Your, &c.*

LET-

LETTER XII.

SIR,

THe discourse of this Country hath been no other for this month, but of the spirituall works of Monsieur *Godeau*. I can scarce believe that he has wholly forgotten me, and I think that faire present will at length be sent me. However it is, he hath too great an opinion of my patience, and will not taste me in manner of a person of a keene appetite. I am much more forward and diligent then he; for I send you this morning, that which I understood but last midnight you desir'd to see. You may know by *Monsieur de la Hogueite* that this *Madam d' Auguitar* is no ordinary person. She is extreamely admired by those that see her; and though she be but seldome visible, and allowes the greater part of her houres to none but her selfe; yet her rare merit justifies her from any ones exceptions at her solitary humour. She is a light that shunns the eyes of men and seekes obscurity. People speak not of her but by conjecture and divination. She meditates, she studyes, and injoyes her selfe in her Cabinet; yet she cannot alwayes so well shut her doore, but fame finds an entry, and reportes us the tidings. That rambling goddesse repeates to us continually some pleasant things which she hath gathered from the mouth of this Sedentary divinity. Whereupon we make our benefit; and Monsieur *De la Thibaudiere* keeps the register. In a short time you shall see the Collection with his Commentaries.

I am,

SIR,

Poitr. 30 August 1636. *Your &c.*

LETTER XIII.

SIR,

YOur Letters are my sweetest consolations, and I receive none, from which I do not find good, eight dayes after. In your paquet I met with one of our banish'd friends, it had been unript and seal'd again before it came to your hands. It seemes if it had carried any matter of danger, and which smelt of the bad aire of *Brussells* from whence it came, they would not have been contented, to have onely open'd and reclos'd it. These curiosities are not at all commendable. But I desire no further light in this businesse, and you would disoblige me if my complaint come to any other eares. My proceedings have been misreported to you, nor have I stript me to my shirt, according

cording to your information. Indeed I have changed the nature of that fortune that fell to me in partage, and received money in lieu of land; but my revenue is not at all ſtreightned thereby. The houſe which my father built, and would paſſe for magnificent at *Paris*, deſerves to be retain'd; my brother is more capable of the care that it requires, then I; ſo he ſhall have the propriety, and I will partake of the accommodation with him. I am raviſhed with the eſteem you make of the Letter, to Madam *d'Anguitar*, ſhe hath cauſed copies of it to flie throughout all *Guienne*, and I am not able to make it any longer a ſecret. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 8 Septemb. 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIV.

SIR,

WIll you never ceaſe to be thus credulous to my prejudice? this is the ſecond time that your eaſineſs has done me injury; I am wholly a ſtranger to that great and intimate friend you tell me of, and my memory does not afford me any repreſentation or ſhadow of him; if I have ever ſeen him, I took no regard of him, it was either in a dream, or in a croud; or perhaps it was one day, that my ſight was not well clear'd, and I brought no attention to the objects that paſſed before me. So it is, that whether I have forgotten this great and intimate friend, or never knew him, that his name never came into my memory, or immediately vaniſht thence, I utterly renounce his friendſhip. You may pleaſe to know once for all, that the paſſion I have for you, is in no common meaſure, nor ſuch as will permit me to be in neutrality. I am none of thoſe ſages, that love with ſo much reſervedneſſe and circumſpection. I approve ſometimes of breaches, open declarations, and Ligues offenſive and defenſive. And if this perſon were not an *incognito*, but my own brother, that had attempted your miſchief, I ſhould never be induc'd to pardon him, unleſſe it were onely at your intercеſſion. I am,

SIR

Balzac, 15 Septemb. 1636. *Your, &c.*

LET-

LETTER XV.

SIR,

YOu must indulge my humour, that I cannot at present be serious with you. The pleasant newes of your Letter hath transported me into such an excesse of jollity, that it is not in my power to refrain smiling. You tell me, you are received by favour, into the Academy of good wits, and I would fain understand, who received the good wits, that received you? upon what grnund is their authority establisht, and whence have they the approbation to be currant? What are those great personages, that have done this especiall grace to Monsieur *Chapelain*: from what new discovered Countries, are these extraordinary men arriv'd? who, that they may confer honour on Monsieur *Chapelain*, must needs be of somewhat more worth, then Monsieur the Cardinall of *Perron*, and than Monsieur the President *de Thou*? Tell me yet further, I beseech you, what is that you call, Director? and that which ******? What ever wonders you may relate me thereof, you will scarce perswade me, and *I* shall find a great deal of reluctancy, to adore the rising Sun you speak of. Some have given me intelligence of it, as of a fatall Comet, that threatens us, and a terrible thing, and of more dread, then the holy Inquisition. They write, that it is a tyranny, which must be establish't over all wits, and to which it is required, that all makers of Books should yield a blind obedience. If it be so, I am both a Rebell and a Heretick, and intend to list my self on the side of the Barbarians. This is a great word, but most true. You are the only person I can allow, to be soveraigne of my liberty. And if there be no means to live independent in the world, I entreat you, let me not be enforced to acknowledge, either in Verse or Prose, any other jurisdiction but yours. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 22 Septemb. 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVI.

SIR,

I Crave your pardon, for my over great credulity; forgive me, I beseech you, my fears and my alarms. I am in dread of all sort of yoaks, and Tyranny casts me into fear, even in the histories of *Athens* and *Syracuse*. I was ill informed of the nature of your Academy; without question, the picture that

was

was sent me of it, was not drawn after the life. You have done me the kindnesse to undeceive me; and I well see, this new Society will be none of the least glories of the Kingdom of *France*; it will raise jealousie, and perhaps envy, in *Italy*. And if I have any skill in drawing a Horoscope, it will in a short space become the Oracle, of all civiliz'd *Europe*. I am glad that Monsieur *the Keeper of the Seales*, and Monsieur *Servien*, are admitted of it. But I should be also contented, that some others, which have been named to me, were not; or, at least, that they had no deliberative voice. It would be well, if they satisfied themselves with placing the chaires, and to open and shut the door. They might be of the Academy, but in the quality of Beadles or lay-Fryers: It were necessary, that they made up a part of your body, as the Ushers are part of the Parliament. But it may be, I am mistaken in my latter news, and they which were mentioned to me, have not received the honour that is reported; it is probable, you know better how to chuose. By all means I desire, that there may be two Orders of Academicians, and that you remember at your first sitting, to separate the *Patricians* from the *People*. I am,

SIR,

Rotter, 30 Septemb. 1636. *Your*, &c.

LETTER XVII.

SIR,

I Have received your Letter of the twentieth of this Month, and bestowed the same caresses on it, that I us'd to the former; I kiss'd it, as I read it, which is not a ceremony without example; the *Cardinal Borromius* performed that reverence to all those he received from the *Cardinal of Perron*. Having perus'd it, and done my devotions to it, I treasur'd it up in my Cabinet. Concerning that other, which I write to that poor Gentleman that is slain, 'tis glory to me, that the Prince does not dislike it. But all the glory in the world has not charmes enough, to cause me to forget the losse I suffer of that person so dear unto me. When he forsook *Paris* to run upon Death, which awaited him before *Maestricht*; he came to take his horse at my lodging, where we parted with tears and sorrow: Between us there was a sworn friendship, of the heroicall ages; and we intended to come do *Orestes* and *Pylades*. This which I have written of him, and you so highly prize, must be no more, then the preface of our History. What would you

you then have said, of entire Volumes, and I know not how many Decades I had design'd him, if his courage, which was his ruine, had allowed me leasure to compose them? Thus we propose mighty enterprises upon Earth, and are great undertakers;

Mais dans le Ciel on se mocque de nous,
Preſchoit, un jour, reverend Pere Arnoux.

But, as of old the reverend *Arnould* taught,
Heaven ſcorns our plots, and brings our hopes to naught.

I am,
SIR,
Balzac, 6 Octob. 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVIII.

SIR,

I Am extreamly ſatisfied with your Letter, and as much aſtoniſhed at the requeſt which was made me, by our friend of *Languedoc*; not but that I do very readily accord it to him, but for that I am of the opinion of that honeſt man of old, who ſaid, He had rather have an outrage done him, then an injury offered to his reaſon. I never heard of ſo pleaſant a ſcruple, and if I did believe him the Author of it, I ſhould ſuffer my ſelf to abate ſomewhat, of the eſteem I have of him. But I underſtand, by what head theſe pretty difficulties are brought forth, and therefore ſhall diſcover no further to you. Though *the word of Illuſtrious Stripling*, or of *Illuſtrious young man*, or *Illuſtrious youth*, may afford matter of railery; you know, 'tis a condition of mirth, not to be apprehended as offenſive; as for inſtance: The appellation of *Salapuſium Diſertum*, did not put the Orator *Cotta* into choler; and *Iſpidiſſimus Iuuenis*, was not diſpleaſing to the Poet *Horace*: So that if our friend is jealous, leſt the name of *Illuſtrious Youth* ſhould ſtick upon him, he fears what he ſhould rather deſire, and which a Roman would have received as a great piece of honour. Perhaps he never heard of thoſe *grandes praenestari*, the Scholars of *Cicero*: They were of greater age then he, they commanded Armies, and were Conſuls at the ſame time; and after all this, did not account it an affront, to be treated as young men. But what will he ſay, when he ſhall ſee in the divine *Scripture*, that *Moſes* is in divers places called *Youth*, and

and even without the additions of brave, valiant, or illustrious. Such men as are illustrious, owe a great part of their glory to time; but illustrious youths are indebted, for meere all their's. By consequence, those two sorts of glories, are much different, and one is fairer then the other: The glory of youth is a light, as it were, proper and naturall to it, and which it seems rather to produce, then receive; the glory of riper age, is a light fetcht from abroad, either gotten or borrowed, which arises more out of exploits and actions, then from the person; and hath greater advantage by the length of life, then the nobleneſſe of the subject. But without further Philoſophizing glory, it is neceſſary to comply with the fancies of *Languedoc*, and to deal with the world according to its humour. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 14 Octob, 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIX.

SIR,

MY words are not ſo dear to me, but that I freely beſtow them on you, to deal with them as you pleaſe; and my Stationer is not ſo ignorant of my affection, but that he might have obeyed you, without expecting my anſwer; you have therefore us'd your power over me, with too much moderation. There was no neceſſity, to cauſe the diſpatch of an Order ſix ſcore leagues, for an affair, which you might have determined upon the place, and whereto I ſhould have readily yielded my allowance. Since you have not done it, but ſpared to exerciſe your right, I now ſend you my conſent, together with a declaration to you, that my will ſhall ever be conformable to yours, although it may happen, there may be ſome contrariety in our opinions. Nevertheleſſe, I cannot perſwade my ſelf, that the ſcruple you propound me, is your own, or Monſieur *Chapelain's*, ſince you are both wiſe with ſobriety, according to the precept of the Apoſtle. It muſt needs be iſſued from ſome head of thoſe Refiners, whoſe faculty lies in the deſtruction of things, already finiſh'd, and are good onely to raiſe difficulties, after reſolutions are concluded. If it were otherwiſe, and you the author of this ſubtlety, I believe, I ſhould have known your intention two months ſince, and you received ſatisfaction. But there is no ground of likelyhood for this, nor to accuſe you, as the enemy of your Spring, and its Roſes. I do not imagine, that you pretend to old age, and that

your

your actions being infinitely fair, you would defalk the moity of their beauty, and your glory, which has appeared to great advantage, for that you perform'd them in the earlineſſe of your youth. The number of illuſtrious men is far greater, then that of illuſtrious youths; and *Cæſar* wept, becauſe he was not illuſtrious till his manhood. *Valerius Corvinus* was called *Adoleſcens*, after he had been Conſul; and *Scipio* and *Pompey*, after they had triumph'd. Yet none of them miſlik'd the raillery of the people of *Rome*, or complained, of being treated as young men. *Virgil* did not think he ſhould offend the victorious *Auguſtus*, when he tearm'd him, as I you:

Hunc ſaltem everſo Juvenem ſuccurrere ſeclo,
Nè prohibete ———

Cicero ſpeaks often of *Brutus* in the ſame manner, and his *principes juventutis* ſignifies no more, then the illuſtrious youth of our diſcourſe. He calls *Hircius* and *Panſa*, who were created Conſuls the year that *Cæſar* was ſlain, *duos grandes prætextatos*, which is a title without compariſon, more liable to raillery then mine. Notwithſtanding we never heard, that they were ſcandaliz'd at it, or that any perſon demanded reparation on their part. On the contrary, *Seneca the father*, thought it ſo good, that he choſe rather to deſigne them by this word, then by their proper names. *In illo atriolo, in quo duos grandes prætextatos ait ſecum declamare ſolitos, potui illud ingenium cognoſcere, quod ſolum populus Romanus par imperio ſuo habuit.* You, that know all this, and much more, are not, without doubt, but the interpreter of ſome friend a little too nice, and you relate me his conceit, and not your own. One of theſe daies, perhaps, he will adviſe Don *Garſias*, and the Duke of *Infantada*, to change their names, becauſe they contain ſomething of *Garcon*, and *Infant*. Prudence hath both its bounds, and its exceſſes. This perpetuall circumſpection, is a troubleſome vertue; and it were better to be a little heavy and blockiſh, then to take ſo much pains to be wiſe. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 14 Octob. 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XX.

SIR,

THe Ode of the Poet of nineteen years old is no despicable beginning. But though you had not sent me the name of his Master, I should easily have conjectur'd him, by *the grene coate* which his Scholler bestowes on the goddesse Flora. Such are the erroneous raillaries of our dear friends the followers of *Caporalli*. Those people are neither acquainted with the nature of our Language, nor the genius of our Poetry. They accoumt it a fine fancy to *make the fatal fisters laugh, and to place the Pasts of Venus upon Minerva's face.* We dare not allow our selves that licence, and should look upon such extravagancies as unsufferable in a novice. It may be the Poet will reforme himselfe with the increase of years, and some charitable friend will direct him to the better way. If he be apprehensive, and propound *Monsieur Chapelain* for his example, whose style is so chaste and orderly, 'tis possible he may become a very gallant man. But if he adhere to the advices of his Master, he is lost beyond recovery. Let him therefore choose according to his capacity, the good or the evill that is set before him: for if he continue in that manner he has undertaken, I must give him this answer, that he is likely to become one of the most ridiculous Poets of our age. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Octob, 1636. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXI.

SIR,

THe Letter which I lately received from Monsieur *de Colomniers* hath comforted me in a great measure; and the signification of the happy newes of your returne, hath given me assurance of a good, whereof I began to despaire. So that I promise my selfe the felicity of embracing you, before I leave *Paris* and the injoyment of that desireable afternoon, of which your ingagement hath raisd an ardent expectation. The benefit of it will be, that I shall returne into Barbarie with your benediction, which cannot but carry happinesse with it. But you will do yet somewhat more; you will enable me to resist the badnesse of the aire for a long time; you will fortifie me with preservatives and receipts against the Contagion of Gallimatias, Gibbrish, and Solecismes of *Gascony*, and other like popular

popular evills which ſeize upon our great Lords, after four months continuance in the Country; I humbly thank you before hand, for the good you will do me, and am,

SIR,

Paris, 15. May. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXII.

SIR,

TO ſatisfie your goodneſs, and give you the account of my adventures, I ſhall tell you, that I am happily arrived at my own houſe, and that I met with neither War nor Enemies betwixt *Paris* and *Angouleſme*; the news of the coming of Monſieur the Count *de Braſſac*, had before clear'd the waies of all bad company; he is, undeniably, that *Vir quis*, in the firſt of the Æneids, whoſe appearance is able to appeaſe a popular ſedition: And you muſt grant me, that in his countenance he carries ſome kind of reſemblance of Neptune, when he growes in choler againſt the winds. I beſeech Heaven, that the cure of our other diſtempers, be of no greater difficulty then this; and that the *Croates* put us to no more trouble then the *Croquants*. They have done too much for good ſubjects, and too little for Rebels. This is alſo an effect of the Kings fortune. Under his Raign, even wickedneſs it ſelfe is innocent, and fury is diſcreet and reſpectfull. We will treat of this another time more at large: I have need of reſt, and you are not concern'd with Politicks; I am,

SIR,

Balzac, *Your, &c.*

LET. XXIII.

SIR,

Hannibal is then at the Gates, ſince the Enemy hath gotten a paſſage over the River of *Soame*. Your Letter has made me partake of your inconveniences, and knowing you to be in trouble, I cannot reliſh my own repoſe. If the condition of affaires grow worſe, I do not queſtion but you have choiſe of ſanctuaries. The place that ſhall receive your flying Muſes, will be ever glorious by that honour, and ſhall in future ages be renowned for the retreat of thoſe illuſtrious Gueſts. But you muſt remember, that in that caſe, you cannot oblige any other then my ſelfe, without doing me injurie; and if there be one glance of Peace on this ſide the River *Loire*, you will find

it more ſerene in our Village, then amongſt our Neighbours. I conjure you therefore in all affection, to grant me this favour which I demand of you, and come take full poſſeſſion of a ſmall Seigneurie. The *Pucelle* ſhall enjoy her intire liberty, and be abſolute Miſtreſs of the Houſe. I am ready to meet you as farre as *Tours*, unleſs you had rather I ſhould ſend the Seigneur *Totila* with my Caroach, for the more convenience of your journey. I expect your anſwer, and remain,

SIR,

Balzac, July 1636. *Yours, &c.*

LET. XXIV.

SIR,

I muſt know my ſelfe better. I have not ſo well deſerv'd of fortune, as to hope the happineſſe of ſeeing you here; and I confeſs it no ſmall preſumption, to have flatter'd my ſelfe with ſuch a thought, but you know that great paſſions are ſometimes inconſiderate, and alwaies credulous. They that have forward deſires, fall into dreams, although they do not ſleep. Pardon me therefore what I have transgreſs'd, and live ſtill at *Paris* with more quiet and ſweetneſs, then the ſtate of the times, and the face of affairs ſeem to promiſe you a month longer. For the *Marotte* or triſle you ſpeak of (ſo you are pleas'd to term the deſign of your Poem) I have a greater eſteem of it, then of any Scepter whatſoever. I am farre from adviſing you to abandon that enterpriſe which you have attempted with the vowes and applauſe of all *France*. Nor will I be ſo cruell an enemy to Poſterity, as to ſtifle Heroes and Heroeſſes in their Cradle. Seek another Counſellour of your Parricides, and do not believe that I approve what hath been inſpir'd you by your evill Angell; I am.

SIR,

Balzac, 30. Aug. 1636. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXV.

SIR,

Two dayes ſince, I receiv'd the Book of Monſieur *Heinſius*, which was Printed by the Elzevirs. It is bigger by a third part then the Manuſcript that was ſhown you. Notwithſtanding, it contains nothing in all that bulk to our purpoſe, nothing which I could not defeat with advantage, if I were a perſon inclinable to quarrel, and did not preferre my repoſe

above

above my reputation. But I do not resent matters so deeply, and have less thirst after glory then some have imagined. It is not my design to assemble the people, and make pastime to the spectators. And though I may pass for a Craven in the Country of *Latin*, I shall not be accounted a less honest man at the House of *Rambouillet*. You have goodness enough to conserve that happiness you gain'd for me there, I mean the esteem of the two divine Persons. And remember them upon opportunity, that in the quality of one sick and afflicted, I do at least deserve so much friendship, as to be pitied. I am,

SIR,

Tour, &c.

Tolose, 4 Novemb. 1636.

LETTER XXVI.

SIR,

I Had not so great apprehensions of fear for my Paquet, as for you. It was a long time before I heard any tidings of it, and I began to be jealous of your welfare. We drink your health here solemnly with the Marquis of *Montausier*. And there wanted nothing either in our Cups, or our Wishes, that might make you as sound and flourishing, as *Marc Anthony*, and *Dolabella*. It must be acknowledg'd that this Marquis is a Cavalier of great worth, and very deserving of your affection and esteem. As for me, I expect extraordinary performances from him, and that which was told me a while since of the late Monsieur his Brother, seems of good conceit. *That Madam his Mother did not begin her teeming but with a Hero, that she might at length content her selfe with bringing forth a Man.* But I adjoyn thereto, *That she hath been very happy to succeed twice in so high and difficult an enterprise.* I have lost the Sonnet that consecrates the memory of the deceased, and which you bestowed on me at *Paris*. Be pleased to oblige me with a Copy, and make me partaker of some of your other rarities. I am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

Angoulesme, 18 Novemb. 1636.

LETTER XXVII.

SIR,

SInce you will have it so, that I must be indebted to the honest *Camusat*, for the Present you sent me, you must do me the favour to return him many thanks. It is fitting that good man be admitted of our Society, and become our

Plantin; for it would be somewhat too much, to term him *Antuchs*. That *Plantin* so famous for his understanding in his Profession, and the impression of the great Bible, was otherwise wholly ignorant of the Latine Tongue. He did, indeed, make semblance of skill in it, and his friend *Julius Lipsius*, conceal'd that secret very faithfully till his death. He writ him Letters in Latin, but in the same Paquet he sent him the interpretation in Dutch. *Martial* makes frequent mention of a Bookseller *Triphon*, and *Quintilian* intreates his care in the Edition of his Book, by an expresse for that purpose. Perhaps ours is not inferiour to theirs, and your testimony is sufficient to perswade me to all good opinions of him. Be pleas'd to send me the name, that Cavalier *Marin* bestowed on him; for I am so unhappy as to have forgot it, and, as I remember, it afforded no small pleasure to my fancy. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 29 Novemb. 1636. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXVIII.

SIR,

THe Princess *Julia* is doubly admirable, both in her person, and in your Verse. But I am much afraid she should induce you to prove inconstant to the *Virgin of Orleans*, and that the living will cause the dead to be forgotten. You must take heed of drawing the reproach of so great infidelity upon you, and remember that there lies a vow upon your design, and by consequence his Holiness himselfe, according to the opinion of most Divines, is not able to discharge you from it. As for my selfe, I spend my leasure after my ordinary custome, I meditate all day, and would believe not without success, because you are satisfied therewith. If Heaven would bless me with that great benefit of health, I should endeavour to content you after another manner, and my spirit being at liberty, its elevations would be farre more strong and vigorous, notwithstanding you bestow the term of *Sublimitie* upon the last composition of mine you receiv'd. But in conclusion, behold a passage not unpleasant. You request my permission to dispose of a sheet of Paper in your hands, and will not touch my Trifles without solemn licence, you, that have soveraign power to dispose of my life and fortunes. Either you are ignorant of that power, or dissemble it; in plain terms, you are too ceremonious, and too great a formalist, for a man on this side the Mountains.

a *Florentine* bred up in the Court of *Rome*, could have done more. Without question, saying to me, *con licenza*, you could have the echo answer, *con authorita*. To finish my Letter in the language of the Country of Complements, *Vi signoria è padrone*; although I am in all the rigour of truth,

SIR,

Tour, &c.

Bâle, 1 Decemb. 1636.

LETTER XXIX.

SIR,

The urgency of business has drawn me by force out of my repose. I have been in my travels almost these five weeks; at present I am in the Province of *Limosin*, where I receiv'd your Letter of the six and twentieth of the last moneth, and that excellent Poem you did me the favour to send in company with it. It was opened in the inchanted Closet, and by Madam *Desloges*. I was made choise of to read it, and I can allure you without flattery, there was no Stanza that wanted acclamation, and most of them had their applause redoubled. That which we read of Monsieur *de Grasse*, is also highly esteemed. Do me the favour as to assure him of the fidelity and constancy of my passion. I believe him of goodness enough to compassionate my afflictions, and not to require of one incumbred with the multitude of affairs, all the civilities that a man of leature can render him. Without answering to the Post-script of your Letter, I would have you understand, I have no more remembrance of my objections, and am well satisfied with your answers. It is time to go on seriously with the great Work; You must dispute the place with *Virgil*, unless it be that you honour Antiquity, and bear respect to your Predecessours; in which, though your worth may give you the priority, your modesty will induce you to follow. I am,

SIR,

Tour, &c.

Lambertie, 10. Decemb. 1636.

LET. XXX.

SIR,

I Infinitely value the the person of our friend, and I should desire his alliance with passion; but it will be difficult to accommode matters to effect it. The young Ladie's head

is full of her great lineage. She hath been shewn the name she wears amongst those Illustrious Names, in the History of the Cardinall *Bentivoglio*, and that of the President *de Thou*. And from hence arises that haughtinesse of speaking *Italian* in *French* Company, and contempt of all kinds of Burgess-ship and Professions, though cloath'd in Purple, and plac'd upon cloth of Flowers *de Lys*. Her Mother had thoughts less high, and more favourable to the long Robe. Nevertheless, I can tell you, she is sollicited every day by divers persons of quality, and in the humour I left her yesterday, a Counsellour of the Grand Councill would not serve for her Daughter, as twenty thousand Crowns would be too narrow a fortune for such a person. At *Paris*, men are poor with ten thousand *Livres* of Rent, but in *Poitou* and *Xaintonge*, a farre lesse estate is Riches. A moderate Revenue is plenty in this Country, and we commit excess upon that which would onely suffice to certain your sobrietie. You may read an Epigram of *Martial* to this purpose, in which, what ever he speaks of *Rome*, is clearly applicable to your City of *Paris*. I am,

SIR,

Angoulesme, 20 Decemb. 1636. Your, &c.

LET. XXXI.

SIR,

THe Letter I sent you in favour of *Roscius*, is not compos'd of a style sutable to the gust of our severe friend. But I considered in what manner *Cicero* us'd to deal with the *Roscius* of his time. I remember, I have seen this treated by Monsieur the Cardinall *de la Valette*, and other great Lords of the Court, as a person of honour. Can it be desired, that Philosophy should be more stately, and disdainfull then Greatness? One action of civilitie which draws not to a consequence, is different from a prostitution every day, to which I am not inclin'd to abandon my selfe. Onely for the future, it is requisite that my Complements be somewhat more rare. The greatest part of my correspondents write me Letters to no other purpose, but to shew the answers; and so I am made the Martyr of their vanitie, and that troublesome reputation which you and my other good friends have bestowed upon me. Let us seek out a remedy for this evill, and take leave of the World once for all. At least let us make a Truce with all the Wits for twenty years,

and repose our selves during that space. O happy rest! in what part of the world dwellest thou? and when shall I finde thee? I desire not but this onely thing, though I have need of very many other. I wish neither applause, nor praise, nor glory, nor fortunes, nor dignities. *Quid concupiscam quaris etiam? Dormire.* I am,

SIR,

Leyden, 29 Decemb. 1636. *Your, &c.*

The End of the First Book.

FAMI-

FAMILIAR LETTERS, OF M. de BALZAC, To M. CHAPELAIN.

The Second Book.

LETTER I.

SIR,

YOu are not weary of obliging me; all my Letters give you some trouble, and all yours afford me benefit. The last of the twelfth of this month, is a continuance of that commerce wherein I alwaies gain advantage, and you become the loser. For, upon the reckoning, your hours might be more profitably imploy'd, and on greater concernments. My small interests cannot deserve the care you take of them.

them. But what means is there to reſtrain the generoſitie of your mind? This active wiſdom that adjoyns good deeds to good Counſells, tranſcends all the diſcourſes of ſpeculative Philoſophers, who have treated of the duties of friendſhip. You practiſe much more then they ever knew in precept. They drew the Idea of perfect friends, and you accompliſh the deſign. I am happy to be the ſubject you were pleas'd to make choiſe of to that effect, and to gather the fruit of your glory: which I do with all acknowledgments of gratitude, and there ſhall never be any perſon more then my ſelfe,

SIR,

Balzac, 4 Januar. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER II.

SIR,

YOur ſcruple touching the affairs of *England*, is not without ſufficient grounds. As for the term of *Divine*, in the place where it is, it cannot give offence to any. 'Tis true, of later times it hath been ſo debaſed, that I made conſcience to beſtow it on *Artemie*, otherwiſe Madam the Marchioneſs *de Rambouillet*. Nevertheleſs ſhe may pleaſe to conſider, that as there are falſe Divinities, ſo there are alſo true, and ſhe is of this latter ſort. If they of the Court commit Idolatry, we are religious in the Village; and ſhe is one of the principal objects of the devotion of our Province. But, to clear this matter in another reſpect; Are there not ſome Heavens higher then others? Are there not different degrees of Glory, and Crowns of greater value? yet ſomewhat further of the juſtice and injuſtice of Epithetes. There is the *divine Aretine*, whoſe divinity is beyond my comprehenſion: But there is alſo the *divine Plato*, whoſe wit raviſhes the prudent *Guidricione* with admiration, and whom St. *Auguſtine*, preferr'd above all the gods Antiquity ador'd. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 15 Januar. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER III.

SIR,

YOur diſcretion makes you as happy, as the want of it renders me otherwiſe. The greateſt of my diſadvantages are hence occaſioned, and in earneſt I ſtand as much in need of your prudence to deport my ſelf handſomely, as I do of health.

Such

Such a depth of melancholly has poſſeſs'd me for this fortnight, that I am ſcarce ſenſible of breath and motion. There is nothing preſents it ſelfe to my view, but is extreamly offenſive. Pardon me, I ſhould have excepted your laſt Letters, which afforded me ſo much cheerfulneſſe, as ſerv'd in ſome meaſure to diſpell the clouds of my diſturb'd fancy. I received them together with thoſe Adviſo's with which you are pleaſed to favour me, with all the reverence due to every thing that comes from you to me. You will finde in a little Note by it ſelfe, what anſwer I return to ſome Objections which were ſent me from another hand. My judgment ſubmits it ſelfe to reaſon, but yet underſtands how to defend it ſelfe againſt ſophiſtry. I am.

SIR,

Balzac, 25 Janu. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IV.

SIR,

IN this miſerable world, I account petty Miſchiefs in the rank of Goods, and am therefore leſs ſollicitous to bemoan your Indiſpoſition. There wants but little to cauſe me rather to congratulate with you, ſince it allowes you ability enough to manage all your affairs both of great and leſs importance, and is no impediment to your compoſition of *Rondeaux*, in continuation of your Heroick Poem. This is an excellent languiſhment, and the beſt qualifi'd diſtemper I ever yet heard of; mine are of a farre different nature. The greateſt part of the time I am equally uncapable both of action and repoſe, either to pleaſure others, or ſatisfie my ſelfe. I have been harraſs'd with the cruelty of this malady above a moneth, without ſo much intermiſſion as to read the Treatiſe of Monſieur *de* ***. For the Philoſophicall diſcourſe, it was taken out of my hands the ſame day I receiv'd it; and Monſieur *de Braſſac*, who had poſſeſſion of it ſince, hath not yet ſuffered me to ſee any more then the Privilledge, and the prefatory Epiſtle. If he ſhould condemn me to ſtop there, it would be no great injury to my patience. For to tell you freely, I have more longing for the ſight of your Verſes, then for the Proſe of thoſe Gentlemen. But that is a happineſſe out of the way of my Fate, ſince you have not confidence enough in me, to ſend me one ſmall fragment of that admirable Maſter-piece. I beſeech you, let not the importunities of my intreaties give you cauſe of diſtaſte. My

love

love shall not cease to continue in the same fervour, although I have no hope of succeeding. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 6. Febru. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER V.

SIR,

HAving not yet received any Newes from you, I remaine unresolved whether the Latine work be Latine: Notwithstanding it be the production of an Author, that esteems not himselfe a stranger to the Country of *Cicero*, and makes choise of no bad examples for his imitation. It is therefore injurious to accuse the Counsellour you know of, for the father of it. For in my judgement, his writings are of another nature. His Verses have some sound, and the confidence of the age of *Statius* and *Juvenal*. But every part of this is empty, shallow, and tumid, stuck thick with high words of no significance; and this harmonious obscurity is oftentimes the cause, that the Readers suspect a Mysterie, where there is nothing but Bombast. The other piece is of more solidities, and better contexture. This, if you please, may serve for a universall Answer to all the perpetual impertinencies, which shall be spoken or written against me, to the end of the world. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 16 Feb. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LET. VI.

SIR,

IT is not possible, for the clouds of my melancholly to become so impenetrably thick and gloomy, but that your Letters clear a passage to let in some glimmerings of day, and brightnesse. They bring with them such small rayes of joy, as prisoners receive at the opening of their grates. The Epicure *Colothes*, with his great Mittain, wherewith he arm'd himselfe against Winter, enforced me to laughter in the bitternesse of my pains; and I think an intire discourse of that strain, would afford wonderfull cheerfulnesse to poor calamitous persons. I acquiesce in the greatest part of those advices wherewith you are pleas'd to favour me. But with your permission, I shall offer my most humble Remonstrances upon some of them, yet with no intention of being opinative against you. You know I do not believe my own opinions for good, but when I have per-

perſwaded you to allowance, nor have an aſſurance of any truth, till you confirm it to be ſuch. As to the reſt of the Copie, inſtead of ſending me the places to be review'd, it were better to ſprinkle them with a parcell of fair Aſteriſms, without other ceremonies. There will be great pleaſure to ſee the Grammarians exerciſe their wits upon thoſe vacuities, and take much pains to fill them. At the worſt, the Reader will be drawn to a belief, that they are paſſages the Corrector wanted skill to uncypher. 'Tis the eaſieſt of all remedies, and will ſpare no ſmall labour to your ſelfe and me. *I* believe the Councill of *Flanders* would have been half wild to have incountred the like difficulty, becauſe they ſhould be obliged to awake at *Bruſſells*, the reſolutions of *Madrid*. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 26 Feb. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VII.

SIR,

ALl the glory of this Province is departed with the Marquess of *Montauſier*. He had begun to civilize our Barbarie, and to bring *Angouleſme* into repute. But it is not for us to expect that happineſſe, which the Court cannot enjoy, but by the way, when his honour calls him otherwhere abroad. Being born, as he is, for military action, he has no inclination to be detain'd in Cloſets, when his ſervice is neceſſary in the *Campagne*. He is, in truth, a Cavelier whom I eſteem infinitly; yet if by miſhap, I have not ſufficiently perſwaded him of the height of that eſteem; I beſeech you to confirm the truth of it by the power of your eloquence, and give him better information then I could imagine. There came lately to my hand, a Letter from our friend, who was heretofore onely an Abbot by his name. He certifies me, that, at length, the event hath ſucceeded the Prognoſtick, and he is become as reall and eſſentiall an Abbot, as the Abbot of St. *Denys*, or as he of St. *Gall*, of whom the *Gazetts* make ſo frequent mention. It is fit we expreſs to him our joy of that news by the next convenience. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 7 March, 1637. *Your, &c.*

LET-

LET. VIII.

SIR,

If ſome affairs had not diverted me, you ſhould, eight dayes ago, have received, what this Courtier delivers you. There is about five and twenty Letters in all, whereof the ten laſt pleaſe me better, then the other; not, for that they have any eminence of goodneſſe, but becauſe the matter more neer touches my heart; and I have great impatiency, that the world ſhould know, in what degree I eſteem your friendſhip, and reverence your vertue. You have abſolute power over the whole collection, and may at your diſcretion, retrench entire Lines and Periods. But, I reſerve, with your favour, this ſmall priviledge to my ſelf, which if your modeſty ſhould induce you to diminiſh in the leaſt, I immediately forbid the impreſſion, and declare to honeſt *Camuſat*, that I have nothing to do with him. *Sans plus* is an Italian idiotiſm, without queſtion; but it is alſo French, and very frequently us'd by the Cardinall of *Perron*. Beſides, having no harſhneſſe to offend delicate ears, I may think I have name enough, to introduce the uſage of it my ſelf. *Trop plus*, and *Trop mieux*, which are often in the ſame Cardinall's writings, are tearms which I leave to himſelf, without ever being liquoriſh after them, they ſeem to be of ſo bad a reliſh. I am,

SIR,

Beſle, 17 March, 1637. Your, &c.

LET. IX.

SIR,

I Cannot but admire the induſtry, you are pleaſed to beſtow upon a work, that deſerves it ſo little. This piece is nothing, but the Van-currier, to the Groſſe of my other compoſitions. And I am in fear, this paper of Satin, and the Characters, dropt down from Heaven, will not be ſuitably employed to their worth. 'Tis yet to engage you to a further obligation. But howſoever, though I performed nothing more, then to give the world a promiſe, of your Maid of *Orleans*, and that my Book ſerv'd onely, to give the world notice of your Poem; I think, it would finde no bad entertainment; and the good tidings it brought, would render it agreeable to the curioſity of the ingenious. I am loth to tell you, what you muſt of neceſſity know, that having turn'd over a huge mountain of Papers, and

and made exact search in all my Magazines, it is impossible to find that Piece I promised you: Without dispute, it has either been pillaged from me, by some curious hand, or some despightfull devill conceales it. I cannot make you sensible how much I apprehend the losse of that thing I intended should be yours. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 25 May, 1637. *Your, &c.*

LET. X.

SIR,

I Perceive idlenesse is a better Catholick then diligence. I solemnise holy Festivalls with more devotion than you; and you are not likely to receive Letters from me, dated upon *Whitsunday*, as I have one of yours. I acknowledge, modesty is the most amiable thing in the world; and because it is peculiarly the vertue of Virgins, you will not suffer the defect of it in yours of *Orleans*. Yet there is a magnanimous pride, of which Philosophy does not disapprove, and *Aristotle* relates wonders in his *Ethicks*. If I have promised high matters of you, your performance will yet transcend my engagements. I do not fear being questioned by the Publick, and reproached for false information. To be surety for *Crœsus* is not lesse hazardous, then to be responsible for *Monsieur Chapelain*. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 6 April, 1637. *Your, &c.*

LET. XI.

SIR,

IT is true, that being at *Paris*, I sent a copy of my last Book to *Sedan*: And this, without other designe, then in pursuance of a customary civility, and to avoid the complaints of a person, that perhaps expected it. He returned me for it the complement, that I shewed you, whereunto I thought my self obliged to answer. But I fear, our friend has made him too particular a discovery, and contrary to my intention: For, though I had seen the last year, that passage of his Latin Libell, for which I am not extreamly beholding to him; yet I dissembled my knowledge, and forbore to vaunt of my disgrace; I would not let him understand my resentments of it, lest I should put him to the pains of giving me satisfaction. I am not ignorant, that satisfactions are oft-times the seeds of

second

second quarells; and that a vain man, yea one of much modesty, is not easily induced to unsay, what he hath spoken, but with reluctancy. But what would you say of Monsieur **** who hath written me a tedious long Letter, accompanyed with a Sermon, that would hold a whole Lent?

Hostibus eveniant talia dona meis.

I am,
SIR,
Balzac, 15 April 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XII.

SIR,

I Am glad you are well pleased with the Treatise of Monsieur *des Cartes*, and shall no longer question the solidity of his doctrine, since it has receiv'd your approbation. I send you with this, his judgment on my first Letters, *stylo, ut aiebat, Petroniano*. My Latin will suddenly follow, all glorious, with the Elogies bestowed on it at *Paris*; with which appointments, it will not fear to appear before the *Manutii*, having been so highly valued by the *Bourbons*. You are extolled there, according to your merit; and you may believe, that if I understood as many Languages, as one of our friends professes knowledge of, and they report *Scaliger* had skill in, I should not content my selfe so commend you in Latin and French. The accuser of *Cicero*, since you desire to know him, is the redoubtable *Schioppius*. He hath caused a Book to be printed at *Milan*, wherein he accuses *Cicero* of incongruity and barbarism. There is but one copy in all *France*, and the *Sieurs Dupens* did me the favour to lend it me, when I was at *Paris*. This injustice offered to *Cicero*, would be a comfort to *Scaliger*, if he should return into the world in these daies. But I expect the same *Schioppius* should shortly write another Volume, and therein undertake to prove, that *Cato* was a wicked man, and *Julius Cesar* a craven souldier. I am,

SIR,
Balzac, 22 April 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIII.

SIR,

I Did not understand the extraordinary merit of Monsieur the Counsellor *de* ——— and you are the first that rated him to me at so high a value. The late Monsieur *de Malherbe*, was one of his particular friends, and made sometimes

mention of him, but onely as a person extreamly curious, much affecting relations and stories, a great searcher of Medalls and Manuscripts, a great professor of knowledge in strange Countries, a great admirer of all the Doctors of the University of *Leyden*, &c. All this in my opinion is too little, to make up a grand personage. I do not question, but he was also respectfull and faithfull to his friend. But there is a difference between the heroicall vertues, and those of the meaner sort; betwixt glory, and a good repute; and by consequence, between Monsieur the President *de Thou*, and Monsieur the Counsellor *de* ——— Your Letter concludes in the style of an Oracle, and sets my wit upon the rack. These are your affronts of old, and you take pleasure in provoking the impatiency of them, that love you. And why, I beseech you, so many guises, so many veiles and folds, to hide a little secret from me? You might at first have discovered the truth in its native clearnesse. But you designe to make me languish, and had rather I should a long time attend the revelation of the mystery by the post, or seek it out at adventure, by suspicions and conjectures. I am, SIR,

Balzac, 1 May 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIV.

SIR,

YOu know well how to exercise mens patience, or, to speak more properly, to enrage it. I have had time and leisure sufficient, to study out your Riddle; five Posts are return'd, since the first proposall you made me of it, and none of them afforded me any light to it, not so much as one word of your newes, or concerning the honest *Camusat*. This begins to put me in disquiet, and to beget some of those vain fears in my mind, whereof true friendships are not unfertile. Your indisposition of Rheume, is it become of more forwardnesse and diligence, then ordinary, and has it mistaken *July* for *December*? Can there any other accident betide you? Has Monsieur the Duke of *Longueville* obliged you to follow him into *Germany*?

Dii meliora piis ———

I know Philosophy is valiant, and that your predecessor *Socrates*, was eminent in the atchievements of War. Yet I would not have your fancy encline you, to that way of getting honour, for I account all the Spaniards, both of this and the

New

New world, scarce worth the trouble, of putting you onely into a bad humour, I expect your resolutions of peace, and entreat you of all love, to avoid the garb of Buffe. I am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

Baker, 8 July 1635.

LETTER XV.

SIR,

YOur Letter of the twenty sixt of the last Month, has restored my spirit to its former repose, by the explication of your mystery; although I had divin'd it before, as Monsieur the Commissary can bear me witnesse. I would not be understood, as to usurp upon you, who are immediately inspired by the god *Apollo*; or to endeavour to gain the repute of a Prophet, for fear, lest that new quality should draw with it upon me, a new persecution. I cannot have admiration enough, at their depraved gust, that dislike my speaking of my self, in an affair that concern'd no body else, and where I could not mention any other, without digressing from my subject. Would they have me talk of the *grand Signior*, or the King of *Persia?* or dilate my self upon the pedigree of *Messieurs de* ——— ? I am not fit to commend these great Lords in so mean a manner, and Monsieur *de* ——— would discharge that office better. But I must acknowledge, that all the obloquies of the inconsiderable rout, do not so much move me, as that word which was whispered in your ear, by Monsieur the Keeper of the Library. From whence I gather, that to please, and displease, in this honest age, are the meer effects of fortune and hazard; wildome and sufficiency have no share therein. And according as the phylick of my Lord ——— hath had good or bad operation, and that he slept well, or otherwise, he passes a favourable or hard censure, upon whatever is presented him. This breeds in me sometimes a resolution, to hate all mankind. And if you were not the onely good and just person, amidst this universall degeneracie, I should make a second vow, yet more solemn and religious, than the first. In my own opinion, I never writ any thing more modest or commendable, than the Piece now in question; and yet because it is no declamation of the *Palace*, or preachment to the Vulgar, it is slightly esteemed: Those that afford it praise, do it with a great deal of indifferency and reserve, because they know not how to blame it, without rendring themselves ridiculous.

Yet I suspect some ill offices from the Anti-chamber, and forbear yet to condemn them of the Cabinet. Nevertheless He will believe, for the honour of the Master, that, that undeserved speech never fell from his mouth. For if it were so, after all the respect I have given him, I should have reason in the same place, where I speak excessively of my selfe, t'write him though never so great and powerful, *Barbaro, discortese, &c.* I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 16 July 1637. Your, &c.

LETTER XVI.

SIR,

THe friendship of the Court is never without an allay of envy; and if it be true as you tell me, that I have taught the greatest part of our acquaintance the faculty of writing, and the use of that knowledge; it is likewise a certainty, that, the Schollars have wanted gratitude to acknowledge their Master; and I have made as many unthankfull persons, as my instruction rendred composers of Books. These Gentlemen never return me any good office, wherin there is not a seasoning of concealed poison. I have no inclination to that manner of carriage, and my sincerity is farre different from such proceedings. I often commend them for those qualities to which they are strangers, and thank them for favours they never did me; And there comes not so mean Rimes, or dry Prose, out of their Paquet, but I assure them that the Verses are Oracles of Poetry, and the Prose a Masterpiece of Eloquence. The result is, my goodness finds too bad requitall, and knowing to love with so much integrity, I merited greater happiness in friendship. I have ever made it my endeavour to oblige and please, but yet fail'd to meet with suitable retaliation. And taking my History a little higher, during the violence of the most unjust persecution that ever malice rais'd against an Innocent, since the memory of man; my disgraces afforded pleasure to some, others made semblance of compassion, but none offer'd the least assistance or succour. I always except him from that number whom duty binds me, and my reproaches do not extend thither, where I shall never adress any thing, but returns of thanks and acknowledgment. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 21 July, 1637. Your, &c.

LET.

LETTER XVII.

SIR,

IF the Collection of *Comefat* had been publish'd, the declaration of my vow exhibited there in great Characters, had privileg'd me from the task of this day. But it is necessary that I suffer by the negligence of Printers, and be constrain'd to write to *Rome*, since it is not yet known in this Country, that I cannot write any longer with a safe conscience. I am fully determin'd to set my selfe at liberty, and not to answer our Holy Father the Pope, although I should receive a brief subscribed *Ciampoli*; you will therefore oblige me (if the publication of my vow be not sufficient) to assure some, that I am sick of the fiftieth disease that hath surpris'd me. Others, that I am at the baths of the *Pyrenean* Mountains; and the more intelligent, that the Importunate drive me out of the world, and compell me to discontinue the commerce I held with honest persons. I must likewise give you further advertisement, That the Seigneur *Totila* is near his Marriage, and this is another reason that ratifies the resolution I have taken: for, being destitute of hands, it ought not to appear strange that I gave over writing. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 30 July, 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVIII.

SIR,

I Crave your remembrance, that I am already departed for the Baths of the *Pyrenees*, where I shall continue the intire space of two years, although during that time, I will not cease to write to you after my custome, from *Balzac* But, under pardon, I cannot but esteem you rather severe, then equitable, to give the appellation of sloath to that necessary resolution, which I was enforc'd to take up, that I might at length begin to live, after forty yeares being in the world. Were it not a misery to be the perpetuall Butt of all the idle Complements of *France*, and to hold up against all the makers of flourishing Letters? A truce must of necessity be made with honest men, to avoid the complaints of them that are not such: And I am constrain'd to discontinue the commerce that was both pleasing and advantageous to me, since I cannot use it, without often falling into the hands of Pyrates, and incountring a

thousand mischiefs. You are the onely person with whom I shall admit correspondence, and because you desire it, I will communicate to you my remarks on *Seneca*. By your order, I have again run him over these last three weeks, and that both as a Grammarian, and a Philosopher. As he takes *Epicurus* for his Text, I shall take him for mine, and my Commentary shall be neither too naked, nor with overmuch ornament. Philosophy may be decently dresst without prejudice to her gravity. Liniments and fucus do not become her countenance; but yet there is a necessity of preserving her genuine colour and cleanliness. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 6 August 1637. Your, &c.

LETTER XIX.

SIR,

I Attend the beginning of my repose, from the finishing the impression of our Collection. When that is done, the Decree must be inviolably maintain'd, and that troublesome correspondence extinguish't, which deprives me of all my time and contentment. It is not onely *Paris* that persecutes me, *Bordeaux*, *Thoulouse*, *Aix*, &c. do it without mercy, without accounting the *virtuosi* abroad, which are also of the party. But when they perceive my resolutions in Print, they will either leave me in quiet, or at least I shall have good right to remain so. I am sensibly touch'd with the news of Madam *d'Aubilly's* death, and partake in all the good and bad success of a familie that ought to be so dear to *France*, and which was born for the glory of the French name. But I have an especiall pity for our friend, whose passion being unrechained, he accounts he hath lost in his wife, all his Mistresses, and all the contentments of this world. He is, notwithstanding, so knowing in the doctrine of Christianity, and hath so many holy persons of his blood about him, that he is in no great want of Philosophy of the Stoicks, or any other forraign succour to defend him against the assaults of fortune. Every one discourses, preaches, and perswades in that House, and one *Arnold* is of more value, then a dozen of *Epictetus*. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 14 August, 1637. Your, &c.

LET-

LET. XX.

SIR,

THe Animadversions I made upon the Tragedy of *Herodes infanticida*, cannot come under the appellation of a censure. And there is great difference betwixt proposing of doubts, and making positive resolutions. If the good man *Heinsius* has apprehended the matter to a contrary intention, I am not to blame, 'tis his own errot. And I am well assured, that *Justus Lipsius*, that read *Tacitus* heretofore out of the same Chaire, would have answer'd me as an honest man, and not like a *figur Doctor*. In some places he is pleas'd to term me *vir disertissimus & maximum ingenium*; but he has more unkind thoughts in his breast, and has made an ill construction of my good meaning. It was no design of mine to take advantage upon him, but rather to find him exercise, to stir up his acuteneſſe, & furnish him with the matter of an excellent discourse. For, to tell you a truth, though I have cause to complain of his roughneſſe and intractable humour, he is in my opinion, one of the great men of these latter ages. A Poet, Orator, Philosopher, Critick; in a word, the παντα of the Greeks. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 22 August, 1637. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXI.

SIR,

ALthough I am well acquainted with your dexterity, in ridding your selfe from the trouble of importunate requests. Yet I have great confidence you will not reject the suite I now make you. I desire twenty or thirty of the Verses that please you best in your Poem, to the end that I may learn them by heart, & rehearse them to the Ecchoes of *Balzac*, and the Nymphs of *Charante*. For I know you will not allow them to be carried to the Town, and sung in the ears of prophane Mortalls. The answer will be unsatisfactory, that they are all equally your issue, and that you have no particular affection to any. *Virgil* had his darlings, and so *Lucan* and *Torquato Tasso* theirs. They lov'd some place of their Works above the rest: They had their *Benjamins* and their favourites. I expect the grant of my intreaties, and cannot receive any excuse, although the *Pucelle* should come to make them in person.

You know I am both dumb and paralyticall, and dwell with the Antipodes, in respect to all writers of polite Letters. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 30 August 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXII.

SIR,

I Must not tell you, that I bear a part of your grief, I should speak improperly; I have such resentments of the whole weight of your sorrow, as can possibly be produced in a tender spirit, by the perfection of friendship. Your troubles do as deeply affect me, as my own; and I cannot be in capacity to afford you consolation, having selfe strength of reason, and as great a share in the affliction. Losses and disgraces, are part of the ingredients to every mans cup. Prosperities are not pure to the greatest favourites of fortune, and even mourning and tears are to be seen on the side of victory. Calamities must, if possible, be rendred insensible, and objects provided to divert them, in want of such as might give them cure. I wish it were in my power, to supply you with redresses of that nature. Were my Letters of sufficient vertue, I should be reconciled to that employment, on which I have bestowed so many maledictions; and should not say any more, what I have often wish'd, *Vtinam nescirem litteras.* My affection observes no intervall of Holy-daies, it is ever active in its duty; it makes its appearance on the daies of mourning, and consignes prosperity to the desires of other friends; it abounds in heat, though it be but of small light. You may perhaps be treated with more complements, but never lov'd with greater fidelity. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 6 Septemb. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXIII.

SIR,

HItherto your tears have been just and allowable; but if they continue any longer, they may so injure you, as to dis-serve those persons, which have a respect for you. I beseech you therefore, have a care, lest your melancholly become habituall; it is the heavieſt and most stupid, or to speak more favourably of it, the softest and most effeminate, of all the passions.

sons. And if ever any man had need of life and vigour, it is you, who have undertaken a designe, I believe, the greatest that has been this hundred years. But if you should chance to fail in your purpose, it will not be construed either inability or unfaithfulnesse, but want of convenience and leisure. I am affraid, that *Paris*, with its complements, will do the *Maid* more hurt, then ever *England* did, by all her force of Arms. I am told, that something has passed unhandsome, betwixt the Marshall *de* ——— and our friend, who has been menaced, although the sacrednesse of his person preserves him secure. We are here in a place, where we catch cold, whilst the Country you reside in burns with excessive heat. May you enjoy a felicity pure and unmixt, and passe such daies, as are woven with the finest gold and silk, that ever the three Sisters wrought, calm and undisturbed. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 30. Septemb. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXIV.

SIR,

I See now, you are a faithfull promiser, and that a man may safely rely upon your word. The fragments you are pleased to communicate to me, is come to my hands. But to tell you the truth, this drop does but increase my thirst: I burn with impatiency, to have the sight of that entire body, from which so rare a piece was taken: But while I am in preparation to come you to that suit, is it not true, that a hundred Verses had been of no greater charge to you, then thirty. If you would have obliged me nobley, I assure you, they should be kept here in great secrecy, neither will I communicate them to more then one person, who shall also oblige her self by Oath, never to remember any thing, of that I shall recite to her. Those dictates you mention, would something trouble me, but that you sufficiently understand the brutishnesse of this age, whose judgment concerning good things is yet worse, then that of the precedent. I just now came from reading in Monsieur *de Thou*, the complaints made to him, by the good man *Villorius*, when he went to visit him, being at *Florence*; *Querebatur is tum bonas litteras in Italiâ vilescere, habere se multa quæ publico libenter daret, sed ea plerisque non tanti æstimari, quanti conveniret, &c.* I am of his mind, that the pains we take are very ill bestowed,

and

and that we ought not to trouble our selves so much, in making passime, for impertinent and ingratefull persons. If some ignorant fellow take exception at the learned World, in the discourse, you may alledge those verses to him:

——— *Meritò cui dedit Orbis*
Submissis desert fastibus imperium. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20. Septemb. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXV.

SIR,

I Presume you understand the designe of our *Stmicaro*, to put me into the Prelacy, which he imagines to accomplish, by the credit and recommendation of certain people, whose names and existence I never yet heard of. I send you the two wonderfull Letters they writ me, to that effect, which I think you can scarce read with a sober countenance, you will there see the management of all bad policy, and the whole *Machivel* of the Village, to draw two Letters from me, in their own commendation. But I am desermin'd, and that I assure my self, with your allowance, to equall their artifice with cruelty, and to suffer their vanity to expire, for want of succour. If these Gentlemen were not comprised in my generall vow, I should make a particular one for their sakes. They have as little knowledge of me, as I have sufficient of them: And their attempt is contriv'd upon me by such means, as I am hardest to be taken. It is not in my skill, either to canvasse for voices, or beg any man's approbation. I have forsaken those that were able to give and enrich, and shall not now begin to court such, as can only promise and abuse. You know, Sir, I have no ambition to raise a fortune; if I had, I should endeavour it all other waies before. The kindnesse that our good *Stmicaro* has for me, and his readinesse to ingratiate me with my Lord ——— perhaps as sincerely as many others, have constrain'd him from discovering such a number of subtle devices, as you may observe in the Letters I speak of. For these friendly advices, and all the propositions of advancement, have in reality no other aime, but two answers. But I here solemnly protest, they shall never be Masters of their designe. And if it be requisite, I will add to my former Oath, all those Execrations of the Antients, which you have read in *Aulus Gellius*.

…ation. You see the bad construction I make of other mens good-will. But I have told you a thousand times, that I am infinitely apprehensive of all injuries, that abuse my reason. I most humbly kisse your hands, and remain.

SIR,

Balzac, 28 Septemb. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVI.

SIR,

YOur Letter represents the little *Father*, as so jolly a person, that my displeasure would be more vehement, if he had been an experter Mountebank, and endeavoured to beguile me with greater subtlety. 'Tis your happinesse, to apprehend things alwaies on the right side; and to proceed directly to truth. This is no groundlesse asseveration. We have friends of lesse exact judgment, and you know, the Writer of Politick Books, is liable to be over-matcht by the little *Father*, as well as he that prints them. I am redevable to this latter, for his good-will; yet I would wish him, to acquiesce absolutely in your advice. He must not permit the mediocrity of his reason, to strain forwards, having learn'd from you or me, the compasse it should move in. I do not doubt but you are surprised, even at the title of the litle *Father's* Letter, and that *Balzac* & *Costar* does not extreamly please you. Although he cannot confer that quality on me, without displacing Monsieur *de Colomby*, who is Orator to the King, and usurping upon the *Jacobins* and *Cordeliers*, who are your most humble Orators, I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 6 Octob. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVII.

SIR,

THough I have no very commendable eyes, yet I perceive, the workmanship of *Mellan* is far gallanter, and of better conceit, then that of the other engraver. The good *Camus* adds much honour to my writings, by the ornament of so fair and ingenuous figures. What do you conceive in particular, of that pensive and melancholly *Pallas*? May she not seem to be plac'd at the entry of the Book with her wand, onely on purpose

poſe to defend it from the fingers of the Sophiſter *Gorgias* and *Palemon* the Grammarian. That which I have ſent you, is of the ſtyle which the Romanes termed *Antique*, and has not yet fallen into the obſervation of our people. Nevertheleſs it was of great renown, during the times that Eloquence and Orators flouriſh'd in the world, and maintain'd its credit againſt *Cicero*, even in his own dayes. If I were minded, I could ſend you ſomewhat more conſiderable, for which I am confident of your thanks; But that muſt be intreated for. I do not intend to powre out all my favours at once, having, beſides, great reaſon to complain of your parſimonie. You have no commiſeration of the indigence of my ſolitude, or the barrenneſs of this Deſert. For how many ages are fled, ſince I receiv'd any thing immediately from you? I know no more of the affairs of your Muſes, then if I were the moſt prophane of all the Barbarians. Yet this great neglect cannot overcome my patience, or ſhake that unalterable reſolution I have to honour you with paſſion. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 15 Octob. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR,

I Am reſolved to free my ſelfe from the dominion of all troubleſome paſſions, as well for the ſafety of my ſoul, as for the quiet of my life, and intereſt of my health. I have been long ſince of opinion, that it is better to ſuffer injuſtice, then to commit it; and of late have made particular reflection upon that paſſage, *Qui dixerit patri ſuo, Raca*, &c. Upon which conſideration, I will for the future repay evill for good, and begin to practiſe with Monſieur *Bourbon*, to whom I make the firſt overture, without holding me to the point of honour, or remembring forepaſt actions. I had intreated a Lady of our friends, to relate him this meſſage, before I knew of the Academies interceding in the matter, or had learnt by your Letter what forward progreſſion he had made, both of his own inclination, and by order of the Company; As to my ſelfe, I yet once more aſſure you, That what *I* doe, is with no other aime then the ſatisfaction of my conſcience, and ſubmiſſion to the commands of God. I ſeek neither Orator nor Poet; 'Tis my Neighbour, with whom I would renew my charity, and *Petrus Valens* might have found the ſame readi-

neſs

with reconciliation, if there had been the like allowableness in the cause of our discord. I am.

SIR,

Balzac, 21 Octob. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIX.

SIR,

THe humility of your language, is not suitable to the most glorious *Heroes's* the world ever knew; your expressions are too excessively low for so high a merit. You seem to treat her in the manner of a young Girle, and will not permit her to discover so much as her face at the door or window. I cannot tell if such restraint will please her, or she will be contented with all you relate concerning her. Modesty is indeed the vertue of Virgins; but shamefac'tness does not agree with the carriage of Amazones, and you know that she that came to visit *Alexander*, spoke in no mean style of her self. The *Car* of our friend is a very pleasant piece, and it must be acknowledg'd, he has a genius of excellent and taking raillery. Onely, I could wish he would use some diligence to purifie his phrase. In his writings, the construction is many times intricate, and neither things nor words are put alwayes in their due place. For the Acrostick Sonnet, I am much deceiv'd, if it be not after the nature of those of a certain fool of the University, nam'd *** whom I have sometimes seen with the Author of *Car*, and who made that famous Epitaph, wherein this Verse is written in great Characters.

Aux manes bien-heureux de l'antique Voiture. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 28 Octob. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXX.

SIR,

WHat judgement, I beseech you, doe you make of the Election of our new Brother, with whom I am lately reconcil'd? Do you believe he will perform great services to the Academy, and that he is a proper instrument to be imploy'd with our other Gentlemen, in refining the *French* language? I have heretofore shew'd you of his French Letters which are written in the style of the Bards or Druids. And if you do not account that, *S'exprimer des apices de droit, l'officine d'un*

d'un artisan, & l'imperitie de son art, with other like sparks of the old Romans, are very precious in *France*; he has enough to fill the *Louvre*, the *Arsenal*, and the *Bastile*. After this choise, I am of opinion that our dear Monsieur *de Racan*, be design'd to correct the Dictionary of *Robert Stevens*. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 6 Novemb. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXXI.

SIR,

YOu are so exact, to acquaint me with the last circumstances of things, that I perceive well, you value my contentment, and would not have me a loser by my absence. My desires to requite you, are rendred ineffectuall through want of matter, and every thing is so dry and barren in this Desert, that I should become totally mute, unless you supply'd me wherewith to entertain the commerce. *Muscardins* is allow'd for current by custome, although *Muscadins* be more grateful to the ear. But Usuage must have the prerogative in this as in other things. The word is originally of *Italy*, and I know not what right we can pretend, to remove a letter from the middle of it, it being not of our jurisdiction. Although this Letter be somewhat harsh, is call'd the Dog-letter, and in *Muscardins*, does but ill become the little mouth of Monsieur *de*—— yet it still preserves its rank in the Alphabet. It has murmur'd, grumbl'd, and snarl'd, securely for so many ages, and is entred into divers words, wherein it is not lesse rough and unpleasant then in *Muscardins*, without any mans accusation or process. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 17 Novemb. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXXII.

SIR,

I Received much contentment from the esteem you make of *Monsignor della Casa*. He is one of my old intimates, and the late Monsieur *de Roccellai*, his great Nephew brought him first to my knowledge. I have lately read with diligence all his Writings in the vulgar tongue, and am proud that it was my chance to pass of him the same judgement, which you out of an assured knowledge allow him. I concur in your opinion of the Latine, of the same Author. The life of Cardinall *Bembo* is a very

very handsome piece, judicious, and Elegant. That of Cardinal *Contareni*, is longer, but not so compleat, and *Victorius* himself, confess'd it stood in need of being review'd to attain its ultimate perfection. The Italian Manuscript, which I intend to print, is nothing inferiour in its nature to the Oration made to the Emperour upon the restoring of *Placentia*: At least it is so conceived by many honest persons beyond the *Mountains*; and some think it was so offensive to the Spaniards, that they endeavour'd to be reveng'd on him by the poyson'd morsell that was given him. He that your Letter speaks of, is one of them, whose persons I esteem more then their Books; and when I would represent his worth and attractions to my self, I leave this quality out of his Picture. Is it possible that a man wholly unskilful in the Art of writing, and whom the King had not commanded to make Books upon pain of his life, should quit the rank of an honest man he held in the world, out of design to gain that of impertinent and ridiculous amongst the Doctors and Schollars. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 23 Novemb. 1637. *Yours, &c.*

LET. XXXIII.

SIR,

I Am afraid the dispatch of last moneth has mistaken its way and must be retriv'd in the Registers of *Totila*. Not that these sort of writings is worth the pains of being preserv'd, or that it is necessary my idleness should be as exact and punctual as an Embassy: But because there is no reason to refuse imployments to those that are importunate for them, or to spare such hands as are never weary. The *Seigneur Totila* is desirous of businesse, and cares not of what nature, so it be of my provision and service. It is great pitty he is not retain'd at a salary by the Academy, that he might stand behind the Gentlemen, *Cum stylo & pugillaribus*, by the side of our honest *Camusat*. If you would do him this honour, I dare engage not a syllable of your learned conferences should perish: And I can promise yet more, that he is able to gather such things, whereon there is no hold to be taken. As particularly he might give you relation of the Choler of Monsieur ———, the melancholly of Monsieur ———, the sowre aspect of Monsieur ——— the gravity of Monsieur ———, and the shakings of the head, and disdainfull smiles of Monsieur ———. A man of all this

this performance, is well able to recover a ſtray Letter, and if his Archives ſhould fail us, I expect a miracle from his memory. To be cleared of my errour, I ſtood in need of the laſt clauſe of your Letter. Your advices have perpetually this preeminence, either to confirm or redreſs mine. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 10 Decemb. 1637. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXXIV.

SIR,

YOu may happily as much wonder, as my ſelfe, at that Libel, which paſſes under my name in the Netherlands. It is well known, I am reconciled with the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and in peace with all the Soveraigns of the oppoſite party. I had ſo little thanks for my firſt Combats, that I am not forward to undertake new, and have long ſince renounc'd the *Philippicks*, and all matters of quarrell. You may therefore confidently refute the news of *Holland*, and averre that I am not the Father of that Brat that is laid to my charge in the Low-Countries. But without this expreſs Declaration that I make you, there can be no greater argument to aſſure you of my innocence, then that the purpoſe of it never arriv'd to your knowledge. This is not the firſt counterfeit that ever was in the world: And ſince there has been *Pſeudo-Philips*, falſe *Agrippa's*, and falſe *Baldwin's*, there may well be a falſe *Balzac*, probably ſome idle ſpeech-maker, that forges Libels in the Provinces of Low-Germany. The beſt is, there is a true *Balzac* upon his legs to ſcourge all his Apes, and chaſe away his Ghoſts. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 *Decemb.* 1637. *Your, &c.*

The End of the Second Book.

FAMI-

FAMILIAR LETTERS, OF M. de BALZAC, To *M. CHAPELAIN.*

The Third Book.

LETTER I.

SIR,

I Find no remedy so soveraign to my melancholly, as your Letters. That which I received of the fourth of this Moneth, hath performed the usual effect; and methinks even your heart speaks each of those lines to me, I read from your hands. A friend of your merit is a happinesse beyond value; and I cannot comprehend the riches of my possession. The onely defect is,

that I am alwaies remote from my treasure. I enjoy nothing of it but in conceit, and by the strength of imagination, which is indeed sustein'd and kept active from one Post to another, by your most prudent, pleasing, and most obliging Letters. The last is as absolute in these three qualities as the rest, and according to your custome, declares in behalf of the good Party. You have pleaded the cause of *Virgil* to admiration, and I believe, that, after this, no *Lucanist* will be confident enough to shew his head, but every one is ready to disown his Jargon, his Rodomontado's, and his mishapen pourtrait upon his paper. For, in earnest, it seems to me, that in their Verses, I behold the deform'd wreathings of their countenance they use in composing them, and the pains they put themselves to, to swerve from their own genius. The greatest part of the people of *Leyden*, are of the sect of *Lucanists*, or at least their Allies and Confederates. If they do not imitate all the bad, or perhaps dangerous examples; yet they ordinarily leave the Reader to divine what they would express; and notwithstanding all my industry and search, I could never yet attain to understand them perfectly. Possibly it may be my fault, but it may also be sometimes theirs; and since *Lucretius* and *Horace*, and other honest men of Antiquity, have not excluded me their confidence; certainly these might communicate to me their secret, without injury to themselves. They believe that clearness of expression, is the language of the multitude; and, that to separate themselves from the prophane vulgar, it is requisite to speak like Prophets, and not to be intelligible to poor Mortals, but by the mediation of Grammarians. I cannot induce my selfe to that belief, and I am sure father *Bourbon* is of my opinion; a though, to tell you freely, he more then once deviates into that bad tract, whereof he gave us caution, and has quitted his own *Virgil* for the *Lucan*, and *Claudian* of others. But this I would have taken under the Seal of civill confession. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 2 Janu. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER II.

SIR,

MY curiosity is satisfi'd, and you have done me a great civility, by giving me so exact information of the affair of the Prisoners. I think it was fear'd, the Abbot had intentions of rai-

raising a sect, and that he might be probably the leader of a Heresie. I do not mean carnall and dissolute Heresies, like those of *Luther* and *Calvin*; but spirituall and severe, as those *Origen* and *Apollinarius* were Authors of. I could dilate much of this subject, if our Letters could be turn'd into discourse, and you were either here, or my self at *Paris*; Yet I will offer something to this purpose. This Man is indeed an extraordinary person, a great Divine, a great Philosopher, and as full of high speculations as I ever knew any. He oftentimes speaks things that seem inspir'd to him, and to come immediately from heaven. Amongst others, he assur'd me one day, that he saw the mysteries of the other life more evidently, then I did the affairs of this. It is true, the demonstration he brought did not convince me, but I believe, rather through my incapacity then his fault. If this man be deceiv'd, I acknowledge the same errour, and it is great pitty for the rest of us poor mortals, who ought to humble our selves continually before the Throne of God. I can never be perswaded that he pretends to the quality of Head of the Party, or that it was any of his design to broach Opinions. For no person in the world could appear more respectfull to the Holy See, or better satisfi'd of the Omnipotence of *Rome*. He is otherwise a great admirer of the Writings of the late **Monsieur**, the Cardinall *de Berulle*, and I cannot imagine what induc'd him to esteem so meanly of those of Father *Seguenot*, the companion of his fortune. As to my selfe, I confesse his style ravishes me, and I leave his Doctrine to their censure, to whom the judgement of it belongs. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 22. Janu. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LET. III.

SIR,

Our new friend is of too nice a palate, and that which disgusts him, is neither harsh nor unsavory. I cannot conceive his reasons to think it strange, that I said, If I were born a *Swisse*, I should approve no other Government but that of my own Country; since the supposition I make, is to the advantage of the Government of that Country wherein I was born. Besides, *Liberty* and *Masser* are two words almost every where oppos'd, *Non facilè libertas & dominii miscentur*; and in another place, *Res olim dissociabiles miscuit, libertatem & principatum.*

Whereas I affirm, the change even of bad things, to be dangerous; if he conſider the preceding words, they cannot be underſtood of Religion. My intention is of things, purely civill and politick. And is it not true, that in States, there are ſome pieces ſo tickliſh and delicate, that they cannot be touch'd without overturning? Tender conſtitutions cannot bear medicines, and are incapable of curing; they muſt be left in the condition they are found, for fear of bruiſing when they are ſtirr'd. A ſleight touch and motion, even without violence, or the paſſage from one bed to another, is ſometimes mortall, to ſuch weak bodies; yet they are able to endure a long time, if they be not moleſted, but left to the care and conduct of Nature: Quiet preſerves them, though in a ſtate of decay, and amongſt their familiar and accuſtom'd maladies. Should they be wakened, or turned onely from one ſide to the other, their life being included in their inſenſible drowſineſſe, that wakening and change would prove fatall to them. Such are the dangerous conſequences of ſome alterations. When our young friend has ſeen as many Winters as we, he will have no better opinion then we, of thoſe that go about to reform the world. Let him ſurvey the Hiſtories of all Ages, and he will perceive, that this zeal of reformation, has given birth to new diſorders, inſtead of rooting out, and aboliſhing the old. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Jan. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IV.

SIR,

THe wit and judgment of Monſieur *de* ——— are without queſtion excellent, and his compoſitions have not that Pedantry, which is ſo rank in the greateſt part of our Writers. But it muſt alſo be confeſs'd, that in ſome places, his expreſſions want vigour; and what he oftentimes preſents in a plain dreſſe, might be rendred far more glorious, by a Pen that had skill in ornament. I rather pardon him this weakneſſe, then that which makes him diſtruſt fidelity it ſelf, and fills his head with ſuſpicions. Yet, I think, you ought not to ſuffer his diffidence and jealouſie, to out-live their infancy, and to gain ſtrength by time. As the more diſcreet, you are obliged to begin firſt, and open the paſſage to his illumination. Since he is ſick, it is moſt requiſite, you become his Phyſician, and perform

form a cure on such a person, as deserves to recover. I have here had, for three or four daies, the company of Doctor —— whom I invited, for the benefit of his assistance in my studies. In this manner I encrease my train, being a Philosopher of a quick appetite, that cannot be contented with three Dates and four Olives, for his Ordinary. I alwaies bear a spirit above my fortune, and sometimes act the Lord, although there are Lords, whose servants are beyond comparison, more wealthy then I; as for instance, the little Hog of —— who has a revenue of above ten thousand Crowns, to find him a years provision of Acorns and Husks. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 10. Feb. 1638. Your, &c.

LET. V.

SIR,

IN obedience to your order, I have writ a letter to Monsieur the Abbot of St. *Nicholas*; but I much fear, it will seem after the nature of the Orations of *Gascoigne*, short and bad. There is no question, the third Part of the History of *Flanders*, he did me the favour to send me, is of lesse excellence then the two first. But to discover my thoughts to you, I begin to have a greater aversion from war. A History, that relates onely of Sieges, Camps, and Battells, cannot alwaies please a man, that has but little fancy to the military vertues. 'Tis pitty, that rare Wit did not chuse *France* for his Theatre, rather then the Low-Countries, where the frequent alteration of the Scene, would have rendred his work more various and delightfull. He might sometimes have retired from the Field, to the Cabinet, and we should have seen the Foxes of the Court, amongst the Lions of Armies. This perpetuall roaring of Lions, is a Musick, with which, I confesse, I am not much ravish'd; Apes, Reynards, and other Animals, of more subtlety then fierceneſſe, would yield me better pastime, with their frisks and gambals. Puppets have their use in the Commonwealth, you know it well; but likewise you are not ignorant, that while the Ape dances on the Rope, that time is taken to cut the purses, of the more attentive spectators. Be pleased to sound out this Riddle, since you have employed me, in the explication of so many of yours. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Feb. 1638. Your, &c.

Whereas I affirm, the change even of bad things, to be dangerous; if he conſider the preceding words, they cannot be underſtood of Religion. My intention is of things, purely civill and politick. And is it not true, that in States, there are ſome pieces ſo tickliſh and delicate, that they cannot be touch'd without overturning? Tender conſtitutions cannot bear medicines, and are incapable of curing; they muſt be left in the condition they are found, for fear of bruiſing when they are ſtirr'd. A ſleight touch and motion, even without violence, or the paſſage from one bed to another, is ſometimes mortall, to ſuch weak bodies; yet they are able to endure a long time, if they be not moleſted, but left to the care and conduct of Nature: Quiet preſerves them, though in a ſtate of decay, and amongſt their familiar and accuſtom'd maladies. Should they be wakened, or turned onely from one ſide to the other, their life being included in their inſenſible drowſineſſe, that wakening and change would prove fatall to them. Such are the dangerous conſequences of ſome alterations. When our young friend has ſeen as many Winters as we, he will have no better opinion then we, of thoſe that go about to reform the world. Let him ſurvey the Hiſtories of all Ages, and he will perceive, that this zeal of reformation, has given birth to new diſorders, inſtead of rooting out, and abolithing the old. I am,

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SIR,

Balzac, 10. Feb. 1638. Your, &c.

LET. V.

SIR,

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SIR,

Balzac, 20 Feb. 1638. Your, &c.

LET. VI.

SIR,

I Desire you to understand, that such a Gentleman is dis-sted with me, or rather I with him. I invited him hither upon the word of my Stationer; but by ill fortune, he appear'd not so well purfi'd, as the Letter of recommendation endeavoured to perswade me. There are certain vapours, which proceed from the ruines of his nose, of that noysomnesse, that they are insupportable, to the most civill and yielding conversation. Besides, to tell you freely, he is the most savage of all Mortalls, and lesse capable of discipline, then Bats and Swallowes; which, if *Plini*'s History may be credited, can never be reclaim'd: Yet, I did not fail to treat him courteously at parting, and to retrench something from my poverty, to advantage his; but with a solemn promise to our Ladies, never to bring to their sight again, an Animal of so unpleasing an aspect, or a Pedant of that humour and smell. Such people, in proper speech, are the *plagues of* the Commonwealth. *Catalina*, *Cethegus*, and others, though tearmed so by *Cicero*, were not plagues, but in figure and metaphor. Miserable are they that come neer them, without being fortifi'd with antidotes and preservatives. Their infirmity is dreadfull, and they have this advantage from their defects, that though they be not guilty at all of valour, yet they cause all the world to fly from them. I am,

SIR,

Angoulesme, 16. March, 1638. *Your, &c.*

LET. VII.

SIR,

IF prudence her self should write Letters, they could not be more absolute and judicious then yours. The last I received, is to my infinite contentment, of this number; and I have read it above a dozen times without tediousnesse. You might have been an admirable author of politick discourses, and 'tis a great losse, that your subject has so much of fiction. Our entire History would not have cost you more pains, than this small parcell of it, which you endeavour to adorn with falsities. And you might have instructed posterity, instead of being uncertain, whether you shall happily have time to divert them. I will hope for satisfaction to my desires, both the one and the other,

other, from your Pen. And I require of you at leaſt, ſome conſpiracy of *Catiline*, ſome *Jugurthine* war, or any other conſiderable member, if it be impoſſible to obtain the whole body. The Pother for *Rome* is not yet diſpatcht. Perhaps a ſecond Abbot *de Rets*, will appear, to do us the like favour. I beſeech you to attend it with patience, and not to believe in the mean time, that my affection makes me ſick. You underſtand my intention in this. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 16 March, 1638. *Your, &c.*

LET. VIII.

SIR,

THE Doctor that acted *Hercules furens*, in your preſence, and the pipe you adviſ'd him to moderate his violence with, in the diſpute, are very fine devices, and which I have a deſire to rob you of, for one of the Chapters of my *Barbon*. But is it poſſible, that the dear **** ſhould become an impeacher of crimes, and a preyer upon confiſcations, and that he will live by the death of others. Certainly, after this, Honey muſt loſe its ſweetneſſe, for the taſte of Gall; Sheep muſt turn Woolves, and the whole frame of Nature be everted. His onely juſtification will be, to alledge that,

——— Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Dira fames, duriſque urgens in rebus egeſtas?

I cannot approve thoſe foul and unhandſom courſes, to ſuſtain life; this is not to want Philoſophy, as you ſay, 'tis to have no humanity. But there is no redreſſe for habituall and confirmed maladies. Such wretches have made a ſolemn vow to baſeneſſe, at the Court, and are not any longer capable of vertue, honour, or liberty. Therefore I entreat you, let the dear *** know, that I have no appetite to ſerve him in this affair, and that I receiv'd the propoſition with honour, which Monſieur the Commiſſary made me in his behalfe. It were better to betake himſelf to eat Cheeſe and Cheſnuts, in the Mountains of *Avergne*, then to enterpriſe ſuch practiſes, to ſubſiſt at Court. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 29 May, 1637. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IX.

SIR,

THe Letter of Seigneur *Jean Jacques*, has afforded me extraordinary pleasure, and I am oblig'd to your goodness for furnishing me with such agreeable divertissements. His manner of begging often brings to memory that of *Paulus Jovius*, who yet us'd to demand with more confidence and carelessness then he. I have read certain Letters of his, of that nature, indeed admirable in their kind. In some of them he protests, that, if the Cardinal of *Lorrain* do not cause his pension to be paid him, he will affirm, that he is not of the race of *Godfry*, who bestow'd the Arch bishop-wrick of *Tyre* upon a Schoolmaster. In others, he desires two Horses of the Marquis of *Pescara*, and for that effect, prayes him to strike the earth with a little more force then *Neptune* did. In another, to a Lady his friend, he beseeches her to send him some Preserves of Naples, for that he began to be cloy'd with his dayly food of new laid Egges, &c. Although our friend have not the gift of begging with so much variety, yet it must be granted, he will receive a sufficient Dole, if he to whom he writes procure him a Canonship of *Verdun*. But I beseech you, make me understand the reason of Most Illustrious, which he gives him. Is it because he has a suit to him; and the Italian Policy has taught him in such cases, *trattalo di meßer Domine Dio*, &c. The Poet Martial, who was at least as poor as the Orator *Jean-Jacques*, terms a Roman Lady *his Queen*, because she gave him good New-years gifts once a year, and almost every day a Dinner. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 10 April, 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER X.

SIR,

I was surpris'd at the discourse of the French Gentlemen, and I assure you, I could not own it, till I had with much study recall'd the memory of things long since past. If I had comitted sacriledge, or a greater crime, if such can be, I should not conceal it from you, and therefore am not at all scrupulous to confesse that, which is more pardonable, and of less consequence. It is true, I am the Author of that discourse, which does not enough fear the Thunders of *Rome*, and treats the ho-

holy Inquisition with too little respect. But it is likewise true, that I compos'd it in *Holland*, without design of coming to the eyes of the publique by printing, and in an age that might be excus'd for greater failings. Therefore having pass'd the space of five and twenty years, it may well claim prescription against all sorts of accusers. Since that time, the whole face of Christendom has been often changed, and all the Earth renew'd. The world then was not the world it is at this day: And in truth, the great *Heinsius* cannot hope for much glory in flesching himselfe so unmercifully upon *Balzac* in his infancy, and triumphing with his gray hairs over a youth of seventeen years old; and who, as then, had no beard. His cruelty has beene decry'd by both parties; and though that continuation of *Antitheses*, I lately observ'd in the discourse of the French Gentlemen, may be tolerable in the composition of such a schollar as I was at that time, and the babies I then play'd withall, ought not to disparage the Arms I have since manag'd; yet I will not put my selfe to that trouble, as to defend the cause of my Child-hood. I committed a folly when I was young, and the good man *Heinsius* has told the world five and twenty years after that I did it. Let that judge which of us two is more culpable. I endeavour'd to extinguish and suppress the fault, and he would renew it, and make it perpetuall if possible. O violator of the sepulchre of an Infant half born, or at least imperfect for the birth! O unworthy, that disinters the dead! I am

SIR,

Your, &c.

Balzac, 15. Octob. 1638.

LETTER XI.

SIR,

LEt us never mention the ——— 'tis the shame and ignominy of the French name. 'Tis a day the Romans would have termed *Scelerata*, & we must call it curs'd. It is fit Posterity detest it, or rather never hear of it, and that we raze it, if it be possible from amongst the rest, of the year one thousand ———

By Jove's command, out of old Time's Record,
Let the three Sisters raze it, nor afford
Its name a place amongst things past and done.

There

There are some people, onely instruments of ill luck, in whose hands the most advantageous opportunities are spoil'd and perish. When the design is to raise Sieges, or lose Armies, there needs no more then to imploy them. At the same moment, all Fortresses become Acro Corinthes; and all the enemies, *Alexanders*. We may conclude, that in every Country, and upon all occasions, 'tis more profitable to be happy then wise, and better to win, though ignorant of the game, then to have the commendation of playing well, and lose. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 8 May, 1638. *Your, &c.*

LET. XII.

SIR,

FAther *Petavius* hath sent me his Genethliacall Oration, and I have likewise receiv'd another gratulatory upon the same subject, which was pronounced at *Charenton*. It resembles neither the style of Monsieur *le Faucheur*, nor that of Monsieur *Daille*; and hath nothing good besides the terms of Scripture, which are woven into it from the beginning to the end. I do not question, but Monsieur *de Grosse* is framing some admirable Sonnet under the shadow of his Orange-trees, and if there remain one drop of good blood in the veins of the *Poulet Bourbon*, he will imploy it to the honour of my Lord the *Dolphin*. It is not fit he should suffer the Jesuits to have advantage in this, before the Fathers of the *Oratory*; or that the *Society* be esteemed more really French, then the *Congregation* its Rivall. I have been long since acquainted with the dowtiness of the Abbot you tell me of. I know how violently he is transported in heat of dispute, and since he threatned the Bastinado to a President of the Grand Chamber, that came in company with him to visit me, I have alwayes extreamly dreaded him. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 19 Octob. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIII.

SIR,

SInce the King does not approve, that men should say, Monsieur the *Dolphin* is a Child of Wonder; can he, in your judgement allow, that our friend, speaking to the Queen, should term her, *his Queen*? And is not this familiari-

ty

ufficient to give him apprehensions of jealousie? It is veri- admirable, what he sayes of *Tagus* and *Rhine*, that their annels would have been dry'd up, unlesse they had receiv'd upplies from our tears; as likewise where he beseeches Mon- the Dolphin, to come and visit Monsieur the Chancel- r. I do not question, that if Monsieur the *Surintendant*, or Monsieur *Cornuel*, had given him the summe of two ndred Crowns but he also had been one, whom Monsieur *Dolphin* should have been desired to visit. This is you see, man very acknowledging of favours which he receives, and ures not the visits of new born Princes, where there is op- tunity to thank his benefactors. But when the *Spaniards* de- oured *France* in their imagination, what induces him to name ancy amongst the principal objects of their appetite, which s no more then a member of the Government of *Guyenne*? Certainly it was to fit a Rime to *Nancy*; and this last Syl- ble was the cause that the *Spaniards* slighted *Burgundy* and *Pi- ardy*, &c. to gain a little corner of *Gascony*. In another place, it seems he had forgot that there were Rivers of Wine in the olden Age, as well as Rivers of milk; and that *Jupiter* who ucceeded *Saturn*, *passim rivis currentia vina repressit*. But, per- haps, he presum'd to alter the Fable, for the better conclusi- on of his Period, which you know is no more sufferable in Po- ms, then the falsification of holy Scripture in Divines. He s otherwise a very gallant man, and makes excellent Verses here and there. To tell you freely, nothing I have yet seen upon this great subject, transcends mediocrity. And though at the first view, I took the Poem of Monsieur *de* ——— for the Tables of the Law, and thought the finger of Heaven had been written in greater Characters, yet I must confess to you, it did not possess me with devotion, and after I had read it, I found my selfe the same man I was before. I am,

SIR,

Talcac, 1 Novemb. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LET. XIV.

SIR,

I Delivered my opinion upon some Verses, but you have past'd your sentence upon the Poet together. Your judg- ments are alwaies the effects of supream understanding, and you know men as throughly, as if you had made them. If

Mon-

Monſieur *de Saint Blancat* write our Hiſtory, I could wiſh you would lend him your skill, ſo exact, ſubtle, and piercing, for the making ſuch Elogies with truth, as are uſually placed in the concluſion of every Book. This Hiſtorian-Poet is not unknown to me, I have ſeen long ago, both of his Proſe and Verſe, wherein he imitates two examples, extreamly dangerous; I mean, *Tacitus* and *Statius*. I believe your teſtimony concerning his *Leucate*. But if I will believe my ſelf, for the beginning of a Hiſtory of our times, I conceive it neceſſary, that he change and reform his ſtyle, before he can reſemble *Titus Livius*. I have the ſame eſteem of his Poem with you, 'tis written in a high ſtrain, ſaving that it is ſometimes overſhort, and falls into the vitious extream. As for inſtance, in theſe two Verſes, which ſtruck me with amazement at the firſt reading, and made me ſmile the ſecond:

Ille ore horrendum lituis reſpondet aperto,
Obſcuratq; tubas vagitu, & tympana terret.

Good God! what a repreſentation is this, of Monſieur the *Dolphin*, in his cradle! Me-thinks I rather ſee *Pantagruel* there, or *Garagantua*, frighting his poor Nurſe. Heavens! what a voice, that drowns the noiſe of Drums, and renders the ſound of Trumpets imperceptible! This is indeed a fair beginning, to ſpeak, one day, with the mouth of Canons, *Quod ſolum nathnis genus Principi concedit beatiſſima memoria Theophilus.* I remember I have read ſomething of neer likeneſſe to this, in *Silius Italicus*, where he ſpeaks of *Hannibal*, then an Infant, and puts theſe words into his fathers mouth; *He cries with ſome ſort of gravity, & I ſee in his countenance the portraict of my hatred and choler, which are reproduc'd in him, and ſhall encreaſe with his years.*

Vagitumq; gravem, atq; iramm elementa mearum.

Silius Italicus is very high in his expreſſions, but Monſieur *de Saint Blancat* is many degrees above him. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Decemb. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LETTER XV.

SIR,

I much approve the Idea you have drawn, of your auſtere and rigid Hiſtory, being not ſo great a lover of ornaments and dreſſing, as that I would have them enervate virility. But in you muſt confeſſe, that it is an Idea purely ſpirituall, which appear'd onely to you in your Cloſet, and is not to be found in the nature of things. Your accompliſh'd reading cannot produce me one example of it, in all Roman Antiquity. For I do not conſider, *Quicquid Gracia mendax Audet in Hiſtoriâ*. I have a moſt confident aſſurance, you cannot do it. Juſt now, I ended the entire Hiſtory of *Titus Livius*, who ſeems to me more eloquent, if it be poſſible, then *Cicero*. As for *Saluſt*, he manifeſtly tranſgreſſes your maxims, and is not contented to uſe good language, but he lends it out to *Marius*, that is, to a *Jean de Wert*, and imployes all his Rhetorick in the Oration of an ignorant. The Commentaries of *Cæſar*, and the lives of *Suetonius*, might be brought in your juſtification; but they have not the name of Hiſtories, nor, with your favour, muſt, what I ſay, be tearmed Controverſie. For I am in effect of your opinion, and would write an Hiſtory in the manner you deſigne it, though I have great contentment, in reading that of the draught of *Livy*. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 4 July, 1638. *Yours, &c.*

LETTER XVI.

SIR,

MY intention was certainly miſ conſtru'd, concerning the Gaſconian Poem; I never had any deſigne of aſperſing it, much leſs *Statius* and *Tacitus*; for although I am of the contrary party to them, yet I eſteem them brave & generous enemies; I know thoſe noble perſonages have conceits high and magnanimous, that above half the world is for them, and that being onely culpable of the vice of their age, they are culpable of a vice, that has a neer reſemblance to vertue. It is true, *Naugerius* made a ſacrifice to the god *Vulcan*, of the *Words* he had planted, in imitation of *Statius*. But I cannot approve of his cruelty, nor will I counſell Monſieur *de Saint Blancat* to diſpoſe ſo of his, which I have ſeen of the Impreſſion of *Tholouſe*. Beſides their worth, which is not ordinary, I have a kind of intereſt

tereſt in them, ſince I am ſtyl'd there *magni Balzacius oris*, if, at leaſt, his meaning is, that I have the eloquence of *Cicero*, and not the throat of *Garagantua*. I am for *the child of a thouſand vowes*. All *France* has apprehended the matter ſo; 'Tis a word fram'd by the univerſall voice; and without an expreſſe Edict to that purpoſe, it will be no ſmall difficulty to make us change our language. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 6 Janu. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVII.

SIR,

I Return you the Comedy of *Annibal Caro*, which I have juſt now read over; it ſeems to me judicious and plauſible, yet, I conceive, I have ſeen better: The morall part has more of my approbation, then the pleaſant; and his Fool has not given me ſo agreeable divertiſment, as I could have wiſhed. Touching the Comedies of *Ariosto*, you tell me of, I read them in my voyage to *Rome*, and do readily ſubſcribe to the favourable judgment you make of them. The perſon that lent them me, did not value them at ſo high a rate, as your friend of *Paris*. Certainly, if that friend be marri'd, he will not ſuffer his wife out of his ſight, but accompany her himſelf to ſuper viſits. A man of that unmeaſurable jealouſie, deſerves a ſtrumpet for his conſort, and that his ſervant ſhould ſet his Library on fire, to teach him a more moderate eſteem, of what he calls himſelf Maſter. I cannot believe, I have any friends of this humour; if they were, I ſhould ſoon repent me of their knowledge, and ſo have given them ſuch teſtimonies, as I prize above all their Books. I ſpeak onely of Inke, Paper, and Covers, without reference to the merit of the Authors, who are not concern'd in this ſort of commerce. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 19 May, 1638. *Your, &c.*

LET. XVIII.

SIR,

I Am not ſo well skill'd in the Greek of *Florence*, as to underſtand diſtinctly the Atticiſm of *Annibal Caro*; yet I have ſome doubt of it, and my confus'd ſuſpicions, are at no great diſtance from your perfect knowledge. There is ſomething of me-

rality in the Comedy, that gave me much contentment, though I have at preſent loſt the remembrance of it. For the reſt, I refer my ſelf to you; onely I conceive, the Cavalier *Marini* muſt be allowed the preeminence of fancy, and I never ſaw ſo great a difference between two Wits, as his and this: one of them is all imagination, and the other all judgment. In the Verſes of *Annibal Caro*, me-thinks I behold the modeſt grandeur, and decent management of a Common-wealth; and thoſe of Cavalier *Marini* repreſent me, the luxury and profuſion of *Nero*. As to *Victorius*, he is a perſon I extreamly value, although he be no great friend to *Ovid*, and ſeems not wholly ſatisfied with the Latine of *Virgil*. We will examine this matter at better leiſure, and conſider the weight of thoſe reaſons, that have induc'd him to ſuch opinions. In the mean time, you may pleaſe to underſtand, that I expect the volume *in Folio*, and have nothing but thoughts of acknowledgment, for the civilities of *Meſſieurs du Puy*. Your jealous friend might do well, to conſult ſome Soothſayer, concerning the voyage of his Book: I think he would be in as forlorn a condition, as the deſolate *Alcyone*, if he ſhould dream of ſome unhappy adventure, that had befallen it. I beſeech you pardon my freedom, in treating ſuch people; the greateſt honour I can afford them, is, to reckon them in the number of thoſe, that are ſick of the diſeaſe of Tulips, or of that of Hens and Pigeons. Although theſe laſt are ſometimes more profitable, and I have had the lovers of the one in my hand, and the young of the other in my diſh. For my own part, I ſhould take great contentment, in loſing my Books in that manner; and I can ſay without vanity, that thoſe wherewith I have pleaſur'd my friends, ſince I came into the world, would be ſufficient to make no ſmall Library. I am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

Paris, 29 May, 1638.

LETTER XX.

SIR,

MY indiſpoſition renders all my nights reſtleſſe, and yours permits you but ſmall repoſe. I cannot draw comfort from the reſemblance of your ſufferings. But I muſt further advertiſe you, that my daies are alſo painfull and irkſom, and I onely enjoy a few paſſable moments. A life of this kind, is a great miſery, and I know nothing in it, can countervail the trou-

trouble, of ſuſtaining a body ſo ruinous as mine. Long waking is ſometimes without anguiſh, but when a man's pains never *ſleep*, this is indeed the ſtate of *Regulus*, in the hands of the Carthagenians. 'Tis to endure all the racks and tortures of the Tyrants, your Letter mentions; 'tis to live as I do. I am ſorry, that in all this relation, there is not ſo much as one word of Rhetorick, and could wiſh, my complaints were leſſe Hiſtoricall; they proceed from a cauſe ſo ſenſible and importunate, that I am not able to continue them, but muſt of neceſſity, for this time, reduce all my matter to theſe few lines, which will aſſure you, that I am eternally with all my ſoul,

SIR,

Balzac, 12 June 1638. Your, *&c.*

LETTER XX.

SIR,

HAving depriv'd the imaginative Poet of judgment, I have left him nothing now, but an inſtrument to commit faults with. You know, when the *Cyclops* was blind, his great ſtrength incumbered him, and ſerv'd onely, to advance the danger of his fall. Our opinions therefore appear to be the ſame, though they differ'd in the expreſſion; and I conceive, that the fancy alone, in what degree of perfection it can poſſibly be, is uneapable of being a Parent of any thing, but Monſters, or of treading in the right way, but by accident and fortune. *Victorius* is not ſo debonnair and agreeable, as ſome perſons I could name; but he has a certain Roman ſimplicity in his carriage, that pleaſes me infinitely; and even his negligence has ſomething in it, of grace and comelineſſe: He is otherwiſe a man of good blood, and has ennobled Pedantry. He has employ'd his whole life, in the inſtruction of youth, and read publickly every day in the Schools of *Florence*; ſome volumes of his obſervations upon *Ariſtotle*, *Cicero*, *Demetrius*, *Phalerius*, &c. are come forth into the world, with commendation of his judgment. Monſieur *della Caſa*, acknowledged him for his Maſter; *Annibal Caro* conſulted him, as the Oracle of his Country; and on this ſide the *Mountains*, the proud *Scaliger* ſtyles him frequently, *Clariſſimus Senex*, and, *Doctiſſimus Victorius*. To conclude, he received viſits from the Princes *de Medices*, and *Henry* the third writ him a Letter, to deſire his friendſhip. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 29 June 1638. Your, *&c.*

LET.

LETTER XXI.

SIR,

WHatsoever information the enemy of *Car* may have given you, I intreat you to believe my affections are most constant and immutable. I have alwaies had a particular esteem for *Villorius*, although I am constrain'd to confesse to you, I do not greatly admire the Letters and Orations lately read. They resemble those Wines which are not indeed corrupted, yet their worth exceeds not the rate of eight pence a Gallon, to use the comparison of the late Monsieur *Malherbe*. He commits no solecismes, he is no Barbarian, but a native Citizen of *Rome*, though a very mean Plebeian, and has nothing to render him considerable, but the place of his birth. You cannot imagine what resolution is necessary, to proceed sometimes from one page to another. To read the whole Book is no less toyl, then to travail over all the plains of *Burdeaux* afoot, and without company. *I* do not wonder therefore, that it is so scarce, but rather should have counted it prodigious, if there had been two Editions. Some of his prefaces created in me a desire to read his Letters, which nauseated me so much, that I should fear being sick, unlesse yours do restore my appetite. As I do not approve of Salt and Pepper by handfulls, so notwithstanding my infirmity and squeamishness, I am not so superstitious as to dislike all manner of sauces, and alwayes to observe the rules of a sick mans dyet. 'Tis a health more grievous then diseases, which obliges us to abstain from those things which we most affect. *Cicero* in divers places of his Works, derides the softlinesse of such Orators, as have neither strength nor vigour, and are equally undeserving both of punishment and reward: We may rank this person in that number; you would think he expir'd at the close of every period, and had no more life then one just a dying. In a word, he no wayes playes the Oratour in his Orations. But from hence it must not be concluded, but he may be otherwise learned and judicious. And even in this, although I am weary and harrass'd with so tedious a Lecture, yet I preferre his meanness and slow pace, beyond the softinesse and impetuosity of *Ciampoli*, *Malvezzi*, and many other high-flown wits on the other side the Mountains. I am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

Balzac, 6 July, 1638.

LETTER XXII.

SIR,

IT was your pleaſure, that the ſacrednesſe of Hoſpitality ſhould prevail above all other conſiderations, and I eſteem'd obedience my duty. No civility was wanting on my part in Monſieur *Collier's* entertainment. I had his company here a fortnight, and during that time, you were both the moſt frequent and agreeable ſubject of our diſcourſes. Truth obliges me to this teſtimony, that, I never knew any man have a more reſolute perſwaſion of your worth then he. Your friendſhip is the higheſt aime of his ambition, and unleſs you reject him, I dare offer my ſelfe his ſurety, and to be reſponſible for the contract. Upon diligent ſcrutiny, and ſounding all the receſſes of his heart, I find that in former paſſages, there was not ſo much malice as bravery, and more of accident then deſign. But I can aſſure you, he hath an extream regret for what is paſt, and acknowledges that even Innocence it ſelfe muſt be eſteemed culpable, if it ſhould offend a vertue like yours. He hath given me ſo full ſatisfaction therein, that I have made him a promiſe of your love, and judged it of no neceſſity to require of him ſuch Remonſtrances, as himſelfe, by a Letter to you intended. Your goodneſs makes me confident it will not be unpleaſing to you, to have gain'd a friend, and loſt an enemy. He is, in reality, a perſon of great merit, and has eminent accompliſhments both of Nature and Education. But I muſt not paſs ſo ſoon from an Apology to a Panegyrick, ſince I cannot heartily commend him, till he be in good opinion with you. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 12 Auguſt, 1638. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXIII.

SIR,

THough nothing is able to aſtoniſh me, yet the ſudden retirement of Monſieur the Preſident is a very ſtrange and ſurpriſing adventure. I make you no queſtions thereupon, nor will I examine whether he were immediately inſpir'd by the Holy Ghoſt. Second cauſes have no influence in this alteration, as unhappy ſucceſs in love, diſcountenance of Superiours, or ſome defeature of that kind, which you may perhaps conjecture. His piety is not occaſion'd by diſcontent, or laſſitude

of ſpirit: Neither is it the iſſue of a faint courage and deſpondency. Nauſcouneſſe is uſually of thoſe things that have glutted and overthrown the appetite, and we become weary of ſuch profeſſion, which our affections at firſt carried us with moſt violence to embrace. Our ſtrength, if unthriftily husbanded, grows enervate and languid, and with that, our ſpirit. But this caſe affords no ground for ſuch conceits. The continuance of ſo troubleſome an employment, might perhaps ſeem inſupportably burdenſome to ſome other mans ſhoulders, though ſtrong and laborious. But this perſon, had a clear and unqueſtionable reputation, beyond that which his eloquence and admirable pleadings had gain'd him at the Barre. His reſolution will poſſibly be variouſly interpreted, though to my ſelfe, I ſhall make no other judgement of it, but civill and favourable. I would believe that he was not able to withſtand the power of Grace that drew him from the world, and that God was vanquiſher in the combate betwixt him and man. But what moves him to ſpeak ſo much of his faults and infidelities, in the Letter which he writ to Monſieur the Chancellor? I know that was the ſtyle of St. *Francis*; but yet it ought not therefore to be drawn into example, both you and my ſelf, can ſufficiently teſtifie, that, he never committed any exceſs except that of ſtudying, and has no debaucheries, but ſuch as are honeſt and vertuous. I am,

SIR,

Bayes, 1 Septemb. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXIV.

SIR,

The dayes whereon I receive your Letters, are remarkable to my ſmall family, by the ſerenity of my countenance. I am not cheerfull but when it pleaſes you, nor have I any contentment but that which the Currier brings me with your Packet. You evidence an exceſſive goodneſſe and charity, in ſatisfying my importunate curioſities ſo punctually, and taking ſuch particular care, of a perſon altogether unprofitable unto you. Yet you conceive what you doe, ſhort and deficient, and complain of the tenderneſſe of my conſcience, that I forbear to diſpatch you, after your overthrow; for to require of you the news of *Rambouillet Hoſtell*, as you apprehend I did, were it not to oblige you to be the greateſt Hiſtorian of this Age, and to ſend me the relations of an infinite number of excellent

things that are discours'd every day in that faire part of the World. You know, that *Dies unus ex præceptis sapientiæ tradendus, peccanti immortalitati anteponendus est.* That is, in the vulgar Tongue, that one day in the Hostell of *Rambouillet*, is more valuable then many Ages otherwhere; and by consequence, the Acts of one week in that Country, considering the importance and worth of things would comprehend more matter, than there is in severall decads of other Histories. I understand such matter as deserves to be known, and affords both instruction and divertisement. In which respect, I am not minded to charge you with the most precious, but yet the most weighty burthen that I know in the world. I desire but one sentence, one half of a period, or one small word, of Madam the Marchioness *de Rambouillet*, in repeating of which, it would be very difficult to determine, whether the Mother of the *Gracchi*, were more absolutely *Romane* then she, in regard of spirit and vertue. The Eloquence of that ancient *Cornelia*, was notably extoll'd by them of her times. And we must also confesse, to the glory of ours, that her words are fram'd with no greater proportion of solid reason and judgement, than they are of modesty and honour. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 18 Feb. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXV.

SIR,

THe feminine Senate, that assembles every Wednesday at the house of Madam ——— is, in my opinion, an odde conceit. But *Cato* would have termed it a disease of the Commonwealth, which ought necessarily to be redress'd; and on such an occasion the old Romanes would have sent to consult the Oracle of *Delphos*, what so great a Prodigie might portend. If the Lady that is President of the Assembly, has, as I am told, made a certain person, called ——— a Denizen of *Rome*; there remains nothing for her to do, in my opinion, then to espouse the Emperour of the little Houses. I have long since declar'd my selfe against the Pedantry of the other Sex, and profess'd that I could more willingly tolerate a woman with a beard, then one that pretends to learning. It is for the eloquent Lady *de* ——— be at least Atturney-Generall of this Soveraign Court; and next her, Madam ———. In earnest, had I authority in the Civill Government, I would con-

demn

damn all those women perpetually to the distaffe, that undertake to write books, that transform their souls by a masculine disguise, and break the rank they hold in the world. There are some that passe their censure as confidently on our Verse and Prose, as on their Italian Dresses and Needle-works. They scruple to say, an Heroick Poem, but always call it Epick; and there is never any mention of the *Kid*, but they presently fall to discourse of the singlenesse of the subject, and the rule of twenty four hours. No more at present, but that I am,

SIR',

Idem, 21 Sep. 1638. *Tours, &c.*

LETTER XXVI.

SIR,

IN requitall of the newes, of the great World you sent me, I impart to you those of our Village. Never did Nature cloath our fields with more beauty, and delightfull verdure; nor were the trees and corn more florid and promising. The Sun does not employ all those beams, he did in *April* the year past, when he burnt up the herbs in the tendernesse of their birth; his heat is mild, innocent, and supportable to the weakest heads. The coolnesse and dewes of the nights succeed in their course, and yield refreshment, to what would languish upon the earth, without their succour. But having rather laid the dust, then made it dirty, it must be granted, they contribute no small share, to the pleasure of those rare mornings we enjoy. I am very solicitous of losing the least moment of them, and precisely begin them, at half an houre after four, and so continue them without intermission till noon, during that space, I walk abroad without wearinesse, and in such places, where I may conveniently sit at my pleasure. I read Books, that do not oblige me to meditate, and my study is with indifferent attention; for at the same time, I do not cease to listen to an infinite number of Nightingales, wherewith our thickets are inspired. I passe my judgment of their merit, as you do of that of Poets, in the place where you are; and indeed, if you are ignorant of it, I assure you, there is as much difference between Nightingale and Nightingale, as between Poet and Poet. There are some of the first, and some of the inferiour Classis. We have enough of *Maillets*, and ——— and also

some *Chaplains* and *Malherbes*. The rest another time. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 12 May, 1638. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVII.

SIR,

The father *Nani* is an Orator, whom I admired in the Chair, but do not so upon the Paper; in the little that I have read of his book, I have observed very many poeticall expressions, and cold allusions, together with certain fables intermixed; which, as they do not please me in any place, so I absolutely condemn them in Christian eloquence. Besides all which, I know not who can allow him, to alledge before the Pope, and the sacred Colledge of Cardinalls, *Alexander ab Alexandro*, *Celius Rhodiginus*, *Pierius Valerianus*, and other like Authors, so little deserving of the honour he doth them, and so remote from his argument; in a word, who have nothing to do with the grandeur of *Jesus Christ*, and the Majesty of the holy Gospel. I perceive hence, that the father *Nani* was well born, but badly enough instructed; and that his defects proceeded from his Masters and his Books, but that he owes his eloquence almost wholly to himself; he speaks sometimes in a high and noble strain, and even in the Book, in which there are so many cold allusions, and poeticall expressions, and where *Pierius Valerianus* is quoted, there are some incomparable passages. I must have a copy of it, at what rate soever; and I will not want one, tho' I be enforced to request it of Pope *Urban*, who heretofore did me the honour to caresse me. It ought not to seem strange, that I have such inclination, for an Orator of my acquaintance. But there is yet something more particular, that justifies my passions: and who would now conclude, but there were some domestic all interests between us? Nevertheless, it is a reall truth, that I am going to tell you; this good man does so nearly resemble my father, that the first time I saw him, I believ'd my father had disguis'd himself, in the habite of a Capuchine. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Octob. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LET. XXVIII.

SIR,

I Earneſtly beſeech you, to have ſo much pity of me, as to deliver me from the torment of this importunate perſon; be aſſured me with Paraphraſes and Sermons, and will not ſuffer me to enjoy the benefit, of being a hundred leagues diſtant from him. If you have no skill in Exorciſm, to chaſe him from haunting me, I will turn ſhameleſſe, and give him ſome remarkable diſguſt. At leaſt, his qualities of Preacher and Paraphraſt, or even thoſe of Pſalmiſt and Prophet, ſhall not hinder me, from ſignifying to him in plain termes, that I much value his friendſhip, but yet have greater love to my own repoſe. As for Monſieur the *Count*, I am not ſo unjuſt, as to hold him in a leſſe degree then I did, becauſe I have no reaſon to commend Monſieur his brother: They are two perſons, not only diſtinct and ſeparate, but even oppoſite and contrary in all things: One of them is the moſt courteous and civill, of all men living; and the other has not his equall, in croſſneſſe and moroſity; ſo that if the vertue of their mother were not indubitable, no man would ever believe them brothers. I am,

SIR,

Roüen, 30. Octob. 1638. *Your &c.*

LET. XXIX.

SIR,

I Am redevable unto you, for the exact juſtice you have rendred, in your laſt Letters, to our friends of antiquity; I have drawn particular inſtruction from it, as from all the preceding; and my expectation was not greater then my ſatisfaction. But, I cannot deny, The demand you make me, concerning Monſieur *de* ——— has ſomething ſurpriſed me; he underſtands more of my affairs, then my ſelf; and it is fit he be both moſt-great, and moſt-good, ſince he beatifies me in my life-time, and by his own private authority. I am all matter, earth, and body, and yet they tell me about at *Paris*, for a man made up of quinteſſence. 'Tis a favour done me by my News-Merchant, and a vertue he is pleaſed to endue me with: Nevertheleſſe I believe, he does not report, that I let my beard grow at length, or curtail the collar of my jerkin. I have ever ſo much diſapproved ſingularity of this nature, that although I reverence the younger *Cato*, yet the uncleanlineſſe of his hands,

with his torn and dirty Gown, and his locks horrid and incompt, are very far from commending him to my esteem. The action of Monsieur the President, is an heroicall exploit, which must not be drawn into example, and infinitely transcends my capacity and endeavours. I have not wing enough for so high a flight, nor know I how to take ayme at things beyond my view and comprehension. But as I am short of those perfect ones, who have no other object of their thoughts, but the felicities of Heaven, so I beseech you to believe, that I am more remote from the number of those hypocrites, who drive a trade upon earth with dejectednesse and soure faces; I have not falshood enough for such carriage. I never affected to appear better then I am, because I alwaies lov'd my reputation lesse then truth. Had I been capable of the cheat of devotion, I had certainly found fortune more favourable, then she has been, and the Seigneur *Jean Jacques* should have treated me at this day, with the title of *my Lord*. But in reality, I prefer liberty before command, and prise my quiet, more then the dignities of others. You should see a clear proofe of what I say, if they at Court would take me into consideration, and confer on my silence, what the Doctors canvasse for every day, by their Sermons; the world should then know, that I am no vaunter of Philosophy, & you receive the pleasure of having a friend, that did in earnest refuse Bishopricks. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 10 Novemb. 1638. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXX.

SIR,

I Will not undertake to cure you, it is enough that I assure you, I suffer with you, and have as quick a sense of your sorrowes, as of my owne. The person for whom you lament, dyed like a Hero, and with the glorious consolation of that antient Verse;

He conquering fell, and ere of life bereav'd,
Paid back his foe the death himself receiv'd.

But this is that, which, in my opinion, obliges you to a double grief; that which augments the glory he obtain'd, renders more deplorable the losse which you undergo; and a meaner valour had given you a lesse measure of affliction. Yet in this case,

case, as in others, attention must be given to the counsels of reason; and it ought to be remembered, that in the ruine of the world, which is dissolved piece by piece, it is not requisite to bewail a small portion, that has happened to perish a little sooner then the rest. *Colaredo* was ever speeding on to the end of his daies, without the furtherance of Monsieur *de la Trousse*, and also Monsieur *de la Trousse*, although he had never met *Colaredo*. Death is a necessary consequence of birth, and 'tis our beginning should be lamented, as being the first step to our end and dissolution. But what presumption is this, to preach before the father *Nerni*? Nevertheless, the father *Nerni* preach'd before the Pope; that is, before him that has all the Canon Law and Divinity in his breast. I could curse those Poltrons, that forsook their Principall at his fall, and me-thinks there ought to have been four French Cavaliers to have covered him, with the bodies of four Cavaliers of *Germany*. The brown Nymph, in my opinion, does not render him good justice, nor sing his high valour in a suitable strain. I am troubled for our Monsieur *de Chaudebonne*, whom you call the sick-Sage. But wisdom is no more priviledged then valour; it is necessary that even the Saints die, before they be Canoniz'd. I am,

SIR,

Bdzæ, 1 Decemb. 1638. *Your, &c.*

The End of the Third Book.

FAMI-

FAMILIAR LETTERS, OF M. de BALZAC, To M. CHAPELAIN.

The Fourth Book.

LETTER I.

SIR,

I Do not begin to count my obligations to you from this day. All that I poſſeſs of *Hannibal Caro*, I hold of your bounty, and the ſame hand has made me a New-years preſent of his Tranſlation of *Ariſtotle*, that formerly beſtow'd on me the Volum of his Letters. So that we onely continue our cuſtome, you give, and I receive, May proſperity attend my benefactor, or my

my here-tractor, since Monsieur *Vangelas* will have it so; and that it is not meet to interrupt an old friendship for so inconsiderable a difference. The Italian *Æneide* shall return to you as compleat and sound, as it left your Closet. Such guests, when they sojourn under my roof, never suffer any bad treatment. Of the two Epitaphs you were pleas'd to send me, I conceive one is lesse blameable then the other; but there is neither of them good, and this is not called writing in Latine. You understood this truth before me, but would not declare it so freely. 'Tis no new observation to you, that as there are confident and furious fools in the garbe of wisemen, so there are also sententious obsurdities, that carry the appearance of Aphorisms. The World is most frequently impos'd upon by such false lightning; and I cannot affirm, if to avoid being of the deceived World, it suffices to be one of the Academie, I am infinitely pleas'd with the new acquisition it has made of the Philosopher ———; He is, in truth, a gallant person, and is not deficient of conceit and invention, though he serves himselfe most commonly of that of others. I say nothing of the other reception, which was made on the same day, least I should seem to disparage the judgement of my Superiours, and to give too much liberty to my own. There are some Books, and some wits, which he cannot endure. He would suppresse two thirds of all Libraries, and the moiety of Universities. A person of such savage melancholly, should never dream of coming abroad out of his retirement, and the pleasure which he takes in despising all things, ought to restrain his desires of being any thing in the world. I am,

SIR,

Bakar, 4 Janu. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER II.

SIR,

THe ambitious thoughts of Monsieur ——— in my behalf, and the glorious offers he many times proposes to you, cannot but give you strange apprehensions of him. You must excuse the heat of his zeal, and make your selfe pleasant with all his splendid promises. Without question, it is onely an old Parchment, which they call a Breviate, that was tendred me some ten years since; and the subscription of severall Letters, some whereof are from very ordinary hands, that have carried him to these extravagant motions. He imagin'd, I might

might with justice expect the like favour that was granted to an Advocate of *Picardy*, who is not capable of returning any considerable services. But herein I dissent from my friend; having learnt a long time since, that there is no Robe so becomming a Philosopher as his virtue. Wherefore, Sir, after acknowledgements to you for the good will you have testified towards me in this occurrence, and the sollicitation you have already begun; my request to you is, that you would surcease the continuance of it, and inform Monsieur the Abbot —— that my appetite is not sutable to the desires of my friends. I find my selfe so feeble, and overburden'd with divers evills, that even an other name annexed to mine, would weigh me down, and a naked title, though without charge or employment, can afford me onely trouble and inconvenience. I would willingly have written to Monsieur ——, but I am wholly unprovided of matter to do it, Neither my Rhetorick, nor my Muses, yield me any thing upon those sorts of argument, If I knew a maker of Complements, and Marriage-Sonnets, I would purchase some of his Merchandize at a Pistol a line, though Pistols also are not made in my Village. This is to tell you, Sir, I am no longer able to do it; and you may moreover excuse me, that there was no great appearance, I should perform civilities upon a subject of marriage, since I fail'd in the duties of humanity, and afforded nothing to my ancient affections, upon occasion of the death of Monsieur *de*——— It is necessary therefore, for my honour, that my Letters be kept secret, to avoid offending such persons as I respect; and it is of much importance, that every one be assured of my indisposition, to the end, no body may complain of my silence. To morrow, I will send Monsieur the Commissary, the Letter which you writ to him; I have opened it, and find it very judicious and discreet. But discretion is the universall character of all your writings, and you are very circumspect in the least actions of your life. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 27 Jan. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET-

LET. III.

SIR,

I Perceive, Monſieur *de la Broſſe* had not intentions, onely to oblige me, but to do it gracefully, and after a noble faſhion; this is to make two favours of one, and to underſtand the Art that *Seneca* teaches. But he is better skil'd in other matters, and I know not, if I told you when I was at *Paris*, that as often as I had the honour to entertain him, I was dazled with the raies and luſtre, that proceeded from his wit. At that time, I ſpoke without intereſt. It is requiſite now, that I adjoyn my acknowledgments to my eſteem, and beſeech you, to give him aſſurance of both. I am now falling to work in good earneſt, for our incomparable Marchioneſſe; and you may tell him before hand, that I hope to relate ſome wonders, of his Rome, and his Romanes. There ſhall be perhaps a little Book, divided into ſeverall Chapters, for the better conſideration of the parts; and when that is finiſhed, I muſt bethink my ſelf of another deſigne; for I have a work in my head, which I intend to intitle Entertainments, and ſhall be of a more conciſe, and leſſe oratoriall ſtyle; but yet ſuch, as ſhall not be leſſe graceſull and pleaſing. To authoriſe the title, I have the example of two Authors, that have paſs'd before me, namely, Monſieur the Biſhop of *Geneva*, and our dear Monſieur *Bardin*, who impos'd this name upon ſome of their works. It will ſuit exactly with my book, it being in effect, the abridgment and extract of all the converſations, I have had with your ſelf, and other choice perſons. I ſhall therein diſcourſe, either with my friends, or concerning them, and I think, that diſintereſſed commerce ought to be more approved by them, then Letters of complement, which almoſt ever ſignifie the ſame thing. I renew my former reſolution, and renounce them this laſt time more ſolemnly then ever. Therefore, dear Sir, oblige me, by forbearing to preſſe me further thereunto; and remember, that for all others, except you, I am at *Jeruſalem*, but paſſionately at *Balzac*.

SIR,

Balzac, 8 Feb.. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LETTER IV.

SIR,

I Am not at all dismaid at the digression, which you are pleased to call terrible. The Tickets of other men seem tedious unto me, but should you write me whole Volumes, I should account them short. And I have no reason to complain, that you dispense your favours so liberally, and by handfulls. All that you write is considerable, and over-payes the Reader's patience. The greatest part of posthumous pieces, are either spurious, or very unworthy of the name of their fathers, to whom those injurious offices are ordinarily performed, if not against their order, at least, besides their intention. Yet this does not excuse the feeblenesse and flagging style of *Vittorius*; for his Orations, which were not written without meditation, are more weak and dead, if possible, then his Letters, on which it is evident, he employed no study or diligence at all. The funerall Oration of *Cosmo*, deserv'd the height and excellence of Oratory. But I cannot judge it tolerable, and without doubt, he has done injury to the reputation of that great Prince, not to say, that he has scandaliz'd his memory. In truth, he did deserve to have been told, at his descending from the Chair, *O indignum fatum principis tui, bis mortuus es, semel per morbum, iterum per te.* I am,

SIR,

Volterr. 15 Feb. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET. V.

SIR,

YOu write me the most pleasant things in the world, concerning the greater and lesser deities; and the array *Stivam* places them in St. *Augustine*, is nothing comparable to yours; I esteem it, but without any benefit or advantage. And since all the calamities those little gods can send us, are onely metaphoricall, I continue in the termes of my last Letter, and am resolved to be irreligious, rather then adore all sorts of Divinities. There is, Sir, in my opinion, a mean between impiety and devotion; and a man may abstain from blasphemies, though he do not undertake to compose hymns. Besides, silence is sometimes interpreted, an owning of Religion; and they us'd to cry of old, *Favete linguis*, in the middle of their sacrifices. I have chosen this piece of false religion, and desire to hold my

self

ſtill to it; moſt of all, for the commerce with the Academy, and that I have with you, which I ſhould have kept ſecret, leſt the ——— ſhould think to meaſure themſelves, by the value I make of Monſieur *Chapelain*. I am,

SIR,

Bdeux, 20 Feb. 1639. Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

SIR,

TO judge exactly, and like a Maſter, of the Comedy which you have done me the favour to ſend me, it is not neceſſary to be deeply learn'd, or to have more knowledge, then I have of *Ariſtotle*'s ſecrets and yours. I call that new doctrine ſo, which you diſcloſe to your favourits, and whereof our Poets underſtand no more, then it pleaſes you to teach them. Nevertheleſſe I ſhall not forbear to declare my opinion, in expectance of your determination, and to tell you, that the *Suppoſez*, as I conceive, are far from doing prejudice to the reputation of *Orlando*, their elder brother. If I can judge any thing, there cannot be a more ingenuous, handſome, or better contriv'd ſtory, then this; and *France* never yet ſaw any piece of this nature, that deſerv'd to be compar'd with it. It is almoſt impoſſible, to bend the gravity of our Verſe, and ſuit it to the familiarneſſe of ordinary converſation. Neither do I much approve of Proſe upon the Theatre; and Verſe without rhyme, in the opinion of our friend *de la Tournelle*, have little of life or pleaſure. Unleſſe you oblige the Stage with a Comedy, We are like to have no *Ariſto* amongſt us. But I confeſſe, I never peruſed this, but in the bulk, and without deſigne of ſtrict examination. You may pleaſe to reſolve me, if my firſt view has deceived me, and whether my judgment be not erroneous. However it be, the concernment is not ſo great to me, as to require my care: Good or bad, true or falſe, 'tis almoſt the ſame thing now adaies, and all the world undertakes to judge, though in truth, there is nothing ſo rare and hard to be found, as ſolid and unbiaſs'd judgment. Perhaps we ſpend a whole day, in the elaborating of one Period, and when we have diſtill'd our brains, in the framing of a diſcourſe, which may poſſible be a Maſter-piece of Art, they will believe they highly favour us, in ſaying, there are truly ſome prettythings in it, & the language is not bad. A man had better devote

devote himself to sleep, than to tire himself in such unprofitable elucubrations. And I freely pardon that brave person, the resentment which he testified against the Muses, upon the like occasion:

Ite leves nugæ sterilesq; valete Camenæ,
Ite, satis est, primos vobiscum assumpsimus annos.

I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 15 March, 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET. VII.

SIR,

THis paper serves onely, to accuse the slow pace of your Letter, of the eighth of this month, and to assure you, that I subscribe universally to all that you write. I look upon my self as much honoured, by the late conference which you had with the Marquesse *de Montausier*; he casts too many obligations upon me, and the fresh proofs of his goodnesse, seem too disproportionate to my merit. One day, perhaps, I may have opportunity to signifie unto him, how gratefully I resent his civilities, and I hope he will have no cause to repent, of having honoured a person with his friendship, who has so reverent esteem of his vertue. I must further add to this Ticke, the report which one lately acquainted me withall, that there passes a Libel at *Paris*, whereof some conjecture me the Author, if it arrive at your ears, you may confidently swear, without fear of perjury, that I intermeddle not with things of so foul a nature: You know how well I love my quiet, and how generally backward I am from all manner of writing; I am so far from supererogating, that I oftentimes fall short of my duty. I use not to lend my words, or my choler, in the behalf of any man. And he that passes over injuries done to himself, is not like to revenge those of another. The relation which I have made you of it, is, I think, to little purpose, but *ad majorem cautelam*, and I thought my self obliged to give it you. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 17 Novemb. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LETTER VIII.

SIR,

THe affair of *Arioſto* is, it ſeems, in the mouth of all people, and has occaſion'd factions and parties. For my particular, I have gone in that way my reaſon ſuggeſted for the beſt, without imagining that I concurr'd with you, and I merit not your thanks, for following my own opinion. I had no other object but truth, which, it was ſaid of old, ought to be choſen, with the deſertion of *Socrates* and *Plato*, and in whoſe cauſe we ſhould not ſcruple, to oppoſe, not onely the apprehenſions of our friends, but even our own inclinations. Upon this conſideration, I have ſome hopes of the converſion of our dear, Monſieur *de Voiture*, who knowes, that *Saint Auguſtine* hath written his retractations, and that there are ſome Lawes that are abrogated by others; as alſo that none hath the gift of infallibility, beſides our holy father the Pope, when he ſpeaks *ex cathedrâ*. It is fit to aſcribe glory to God, who alone has the poſſeſſion of truth, and is not capable either of errors or repentance. Since the Stars and Cedars fall, who is he that can aſſure himſelf of his ſtability? And is there any perſon ſo perfect, that he has not ſometimes a ſenſe of human weakneſſe? This ingenuous confeſſion is almoſt as honourable as the victory. In all regards, an accommodation is better then a duell; and I had rather be reconciled with *Arioſto*, then be engaged in a combat againſt his Knight. This *Aſtolpho* is a dangerous man, and wo be to them that incur his diſpleaſure. As to my ſelf, I account his friendſhip as a piece of good fortune, and am very proud of the new teſtimony he has rendred me of it. But that ſiſter of his, that writes ſo elegantly, and ſuch good ſenſe, is verily worthy of that relation, and, in my fancy, a moſt accompliſh'd and excellent perſon. Do me the favour, Sir, to lend me a dozen of your words, to make her the complement I am obliged to offer; and aſſure her further, if you pleaſe, that if I were the lawfull diſpoſer of that immortality, whereof you ſpeak, ſhe ſhould not fail to have a portion. At preſent, my deſire is, that ſhe, and Monſieur her brother, may have the ſight of the firſt part of my diſcourſe, upon *Menander*. It will not likewiſe be unfitting, to communicate it to the learned, Monſieur *de la Motte*, to the intent I may know of him, whether all our French eloquence be

any thing more, then the disposition of words, and harmony of periods. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 15 April, 1639. Your, &c.

LETTER IX.

SIR,

YOur difference with Monsieur *de Voiture*, might be the argument of no unpleasant discourse; & we would entitle it, with your permission, The Tryall of *Ariosto*. Our friends Letter of defiance, would be inserted in it, which is a piece of no ordinary invention; but then, you must be entreated to do me the necessary favor, of keeping mine in your hands, & denying every body both the sight and copy of it. You are indeed unmeasurable in your diligence, and your goodnesse overpresses me with civilities and obligations. What prodigious inclination is this, to receive a Letter at nine a clock at night, and to answer it at the same time, with so much discretion and exactnesse! I confess you have all sorts of advantages over me, and I am not capable of so great performances. I will suddenly return you your admirable Italian, and onely in the mean time assure you, that I am ravish'd with his Translation of the *Æneids*. I conceive, we may judge principally from it, of the wit of *Hannibal Caro*, and of the excellence of his Tongue. When I consider it, in this Book, I cannot but pitty ours, and have very low esteem of it, *Nisi, quod ei deest de ingenio, ut ille ait, addederimus*. I have very many things to say upon this subject, but it will be better to reserve them for a Chapter of our *Entertainments*: And besides, I am not in a condition to be pleasant, being weary and shatter'd with one of the most cruell nights that I have pass'd a long time. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 29 April, 1639. Your, &c.

LETTER X.

SIR,

IF I happen to see that gallant person againe, of whom your Letter makes mention, and who is so dexterous in swallowing Benefices of five hundred Crowns revenue, I shall contain my selfe from esteeming him either *Phocion* or *Aristides*. The judgement of Monsieur *de——pace tanti viri dixerim*, is sometimes right, and not alwaies so. The understanding of Mon-

Monſieur *de* ——— has very narrow limits, and as the firſt does ordinarily attribute too much to himſelf, ſo does the ſecond ſet too high a value on the firſt; whether it be, that he owe him ſome ſmall ſumme, for which he payes him conſideration in this manner, or any other leſs materiall intereſt that induces him to ſuch conceits. They are both of them ſtrangers in that Country, whereof I eſteem my ſelf a Denizen, and the little acquaintance they have with the Ancients, is the cauſe that they deal with ſo much equivocation and ambiguity in matters which concern the Moderns. If they had onely taken the pains to read the Apology of *Apuleius*, or that of Saint *Jerome* againſt *Ruffinus*, they would have learnt, that all ſubjects are not capable of the ſame ſtrength or ornament; and have obſerv'd other manner of inequalities there, then in my Diſcourſe. I will ſpeak nothing of thoſe knowing Ladies, which they have drawn to their opinion, but onely this, that I conceive my ſelfe ſubtile enough, to be able to deceive them at the firſt reading at leaſt, as well as ſome bad Poets of the ſtage have done. I confeſs, it never entred into my thoughts to chooſe them for my Judges, and hence it is that they pronounced ſo ſpeedy a ſentence upon a man that did not yet begin to plead. 'Tis you, Sir, who are the rule of Truth, and it is not poſſible for me to doubt the certainty of your reſolutions, ſo long as I have your voyce in my favour; I ſhall not be ſollicitous, to repair a buſineſſe wherein the curious ignorance of ſome ——— does rather make them finde defects. This perſon does me a kindneſs beyond my deſires; and I could not believe, that there was ſo much freedom in the Country of diſſimulation. I alſo wonder how the moſt obſervant of all Mortalls, came to quit his obſequiouſneſſe for my concernment, and did not rather in compliance with his friend, pronounce the ſecond moiety of equall merit with the firſt. However it be, I ſhall not much lay this unhappineſſe to heart. The world is become ſo delicate, and I may ſay, faſtidious too, that it often diſreliſhes more commendable things then mine. I cannot dilate further upon this ſubject, by reaſon of *Tortila's* abſence, whom ſome affairs have taken from me. I am ſo infirm and helpleſſe, that wanting his hands, my own will onely ſerve me to aſſure you, that, I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 12 May, 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET. XI.

SIR,

YOu may moſt aſſuredly believe, that my minde is in equall ſufferance with yours; and that I ſwallow a part of that duſt whereof you ſpeak. But beſides this, I am not without my peculiar unhappineſſes, though I have likewiſe ſome good news to impart to you. In requitall of the ſtory of your breaking up houſe, you ſhall receive that of the death of three of my Horſes, and the ſickneſſe of the fourth. It muſt needs be, that either the Goddeſs *Hippona* is ſtrangely incens'd againſt me, or ſome other pernitious *Demon* is grown envious of my *Promenades*, and has deſign'd to force me to go a foot, and ſo deprive me of the onely remaining pleaſure of my life. This inconvenience is more grievous to me then my laſt, which though it would be perhaps not inconſiderable to a man that had both a grand and little Eſcuyrie; yet I reſent no more of it, then the preſent diſturbance, and the trouble I ſhall have to move, till my poor equipage be repair'd. The want of a Caroach is a miſery inſupportable, to the condition wherein I am; and though Philoſophy may place it in the number of things ſuperfluous, yet my infirmity makes me account it amongſt the neceſſary. Having affirm'd thus much, I will preſume to tell you further, that I apprehend more contentment, in being extoll'd in that manner, then by all the Elogies of the Academy. And of thoſe two deſires of *Virgil*,

——— *quâ me quoq; poſſim*
Tollere humo, victorq; virum volitare per ora.

I expound the firſt, concerning a Caroach, which you ſee he places before a great reputation. Nevertheleſſe, Sir, I would not be miſconceived, as offended thereat; and that my diſguſt of the laſt weeks actions, drawes theſe ſpeeches from me. Whatſoever I have written to you, I beſeech you to believe, that I know with what ſubmiſſion and docility, I ought to receive every thing, that is tender'd me by my friends. Onely I think, the freedome of friendſhip ſhould not exclude diſcretion; and that faithfull counſell is not us'd to be given in publick. Therefore Monſieur ——— might have forborn raiſing himſelf, to be Monſieur the Judge; and rather thought, he had been leſſe attentive in reading the ſecond

part,

part, then ſaid of it, that it was of leſſe ſtrength then the firſt, which is onely a civill accuſation of its weakneſs. He has receiv'd the diſpleaſure of being contradicted by you, and Monſeur *de Conrart*, who have obſerv'd no inequality in it; and therefore by neceſſary conſequence, it can have none. But although we ſhould agree in the acknowledgment of his objection, yet being, as I am, continually afflicted and in miſery, I deſire rather conſolation then counſell. Provided there be neither hereſie nor incongruity in my writings, I eſteem all the reſt, as undeſerving the trouble of reformation. I prefer indeed a buſineſſe accompliſh'd, before that which is to be done, and is yet onely in deſigne.

Prætulerimque parùm fortis doctuſque videri,
Dum mea deleſtant mala me, vel denique fallent,
Quàm ſapere & ringi ———

I have ſeen the daies, wherein I had different inclinations; but age and infirmities have wrought this, amongſt other alterations in me. I perceive my ſelfe become obſtinate and hardned, againſt the greateſt and moſt provoking injuries, which may poſſibly be rather an effect of them, than of Philoſophy. I am,

SIR,

Leyden, 24 May, 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET. XII.

SIR,

IT is not unqueſtionable, but *Scaliger* may have fail'd in the quadrature of the Circle. Yet *Caſaubon* has written excellent obſervations in his Exercitations, againſt the Cardinal *Baronius*. *Heinſius* alſo will perhaps afford us ſome remarkable diſcoveries, upon the New Teſtament, although he be no Doctor of the *Sorbonne*. Good judgment, with underſtanding of Languages, and skill in Antiquities, are the onely neceſſary proviſion for his enterpriſe; and if he employ them with integrity, and faithfully, our ſide will draw more advantage from them, then his own. The handling of the Mathematicall Sciences, is a far different buſineſſe, in my opinion, ſince they have no community with the precepts of Morality; and their myſtery depends not, either of the Greek or Hebrew: They require a very abſtracted ſpeculation, and muſt be attended with that

subtlety of apprehension, that I conceive it not difficult to mistake the way, in a path so obscure and narrow. Yet I think, a knowing and judicious person, that has read all the antient Fathers, and is skill'd in all the tongues of the East, may, with success, publish what he has gone so far to seek, and taken up at severall Ports and Countries. As to the ridiculous ——— he has something too much toleration; it is not fit he be suffer'd to rule so absolutely, but must be frequently put in mind of *la Borne*, and perhaps that may make him for the future more wise. Monsieur ——— would do well, to extend his charity so far, and try, if the fear of punishment may happily divert the effect. But what prodigy is that you tell me? Is it possible, that a person, that is indu'd with one grain of common sense, can prefer the Spanish Poets, above those of *Italy*, and conceive the visions of one *Lopez de Vega*, to be rationall compositions. This is it that perswades me, there are sometimes false judgments made, in the cabinets of the wisest, and that there is hazard in the issues of the brain, as well as in the affairs of the world. I appeal from this injustice to our excellent Marquis, who will never mistake apparences for truth. But can it be true, that this brave Marquis should not be treated answerably to his worth, and that he was design'd to encounter, with all the fury and hardships of the North, without allowance of necessary support. I am fearfull of the successe of this great courage, if he fail of the assistance of men and mony. He apprehends the enemy, to be the least considerable danger he can meet with. Famine, and wanted provisions, are far more dreadfull, and such as no valour is able to resist. I would to God, all the Spaniards were at the *Indies*, and all the Imperialists with the Antipodes: our friends indeed would hereby have little matter for triumph and glory; but we should be freed from those fears, we apprehend for their safety. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 8 June, 1639 *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIII.

SIR,

I Repent me, that I made you any discovery of my losses, since you resent them so deeply. But I receive great contentment, from those evident testimonies you give me of your affection; and that my interests could make any impression upon

upon your ſoul, which is all Adamant in your own. Such tenderneſs is not unbecomming the ſtrength of *Hero's*; and, if they have ſometimes lamented the loſſe of a Dog they lov'd, you may certainly be allowed to condole with a friend, for the death of four Horſes, that were of neceſſary uſe unto him. In thoſe daies, they would have deſerved four Epitaphs; but they are now too well treated, in that they are ſorrow'd for by you; and the unfained tears you ſpeak of, are more glorious to them, then a *Bucephalus*, and all the Grecian vanity could invent, to conſecrate dead things to perpetuall remembrance. I hope, in a ſhort time, to fill their places with others, becauſe I cannot live, and be without them; and that my weakneſſe is of more reality then your tears. When I relate you my afflictions, I borrow no Rhetorick, to repreſent them in a larger proportion; I am an Hiſtorian, and make you a faithfull narration. I cannot conſent to you, that the uſe of the Caroch is but a ſhadow of exerciſe; there is not indeed ſuch violent agitation, as in other ſorts, yet there is a continuall motion, that contributes enough to the advancement of digeſtion. Beſides, I receive the aire on all ſides, and my eyes are refreſhed with the beauties of the field, as often as I diſcharge them from the employment of reading. My infirmity makes me wiſh ſome other carriage, of more gentleneſſe and eaſe; and the *Geſtatio* of the old Romans, is exactly ſuch, as I ſtand in need of. Were it not to provoke the tongues of people, I would provide me a Sulpet, and cauſe my ſelf to be carried by men, inſtead of being drawn by horſes. The perſon of whom I told you, and whoſe character you have ſo ſutably delineated, is departed from this Province, with the curſes of the whole world. If the Tax be continued, all this Country will be turn'd into an Hoſpital. For my own concernment, I have great reaſon to commend his civility, for that he had a more mercifull regard, to all ſuch as I recommended to him. But I fear, in a little while, it will be neceſſary to recommend my ſelf, and that Orators and Poets will not be eſteem'd as privileedged perſons. You well remember the field that was taken away from poor *Virgil*, and the complaints that he makes thereupon in his Eclogues. If one that I know, had foreſeen this impoſition ſix years ago, his Letters ſhould have been dated from beyond ſea, and he would have provided for the ſecurity of his *Peculium*. However things go, I exhort all the world to patience; but I find every man in the depth of diſpair, and cannot imagine any remedy,

to our preſent ſufferings, unleſſe Heaven appear by miracles for our ſuccour, to accompliſh the good intentions of the King. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 10 June, 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET. XIV.

SIR,

I Am not minded to enter the Liſts, in the quarrell of the Rabbins, eſpecially when I muſt encounter with you for my adverſary. They are people, with whom I have no acquaintance, and ſuch as, if you pleaſe, I ſhall believe more fools, then your Letters repreſent them. But, Sir, if I remember, it was not upon this empty and trifling reading, that I chiefly grounded the learning of Monſieur *Heinſius*. Beſides the Orientall Languages, which they report him skill'd in, he is of great naturall endowments, and has exact knowledge in ſolid Antiquity, and the Philoſophics of old; and yet further, ſuch ſagacity in matters of Criticiſm, that his conjectures ſeem ſometimes to approach near divination: Notwithſtanding, it is poſſible he may decline in his old daies. And 'tis a common word amongſt his Orientalls, that *Vinegar is the ſon of Wine*, and that Time begins to prey upon things, as ſoon as it has brought them to their perfection. But let us relinquiſh thoſe Gentlemen, the Rabbins, and give me leave to deſire ſome knowledge, of the affairs of our friends. Be pleaſed to make me underſtand, how Monſieur *d'Ablancourt* is at this preſent employ'd, and if he intend not a Panegyrick, in honour of his eminency, having cauſed others to diſplay all their eloquence upon that ſubject. He is a perſon of ſufficiency, for whatever he will undertake, on whom I have beſtow'd my heart, and my eſteem, and who muſt not be forgotten in my *Entertainments*. Let me alſo know, if Monſieur—— has finiſhed his Treatiſe, of Counſells for War, whereof you gave me notice. There being at this day a Prince of *Orange*, and a Duke of *Weymar* in the world, does he not fear the miſadventure of that Doctor, that diſcours'd of the ſame matter in the preſence of *Hannibal*, and employ'd all his Rhetorick, to make himſelf ridiculous? Theſe Princes are indeed more polite, then that Barbarian was, and our friend more expert then the Sophiſter; and therefore I

conſent

conſent to the continuation of his work. I moſt humbly kiſſe your hands, and am,

SIR,

Balzac, 6 July, 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XV.

SIR,

IT is infinite pleaſure unto me, to ſee you Philoſophize upon the argument of friendſhip; all your ſubtleties are not leſs ſolid, then delicate and agreeable. You have diſcovered the moſt ſecret receſſes of your ſoul, and it muſt neceſſarily be, that you have throughly ſtudied your inclinations, ſince you are ſo perfect in the knowledge of your ſelfe. Certainly you know an excellent perſon. And what unhappineſſe have I, to be ſeparated from you by ſo many Towns and Champians: Is it the will of Deſtiny, to keep us alwaies apart?

Nec dubitur veras audire & reddere voces?

Theſe violent deſires do frequently tranſport me, and I ſhould undoubtedly content them, if it were poſſible to ſee *Paris* without approaching the Court. But I acknowledge my weakneſſe the obſtacle. The great light blinds me, and I loſe my breath in the croud of the World. I forbear to deſcribe you the deſolation of our Village, which has lately been almoſt devoured by the Regiment of the Lord ———. Monſieur the Abbot of *Bois-Robert*, will perhaps give you ſome relation of it. I ſhall onely tell you that this injury committed againſt the Muſes, might well deſerve an Eclogue in the ſtrain of our friend *Colletet*. If you pleaſe to offer him the ſubject, I do not queſtion but he will manage it anſwerably, and readily lend me his reſentments. He has oblig'd me in many other matters, and I conceive there is nothing which I may not expect from his friendſhip. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 4 Auguſt, 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET-

LETTER XVI.

SIR,

Since the return of the laſt Poſt, I have receiv'd that which you were pleas'd to deliver to the Meſſenger, and ſhall account it to the number of my former engagements. I cannot ſufficiently admire your Jeſuite, his daring wit, and the magnificence of his expreſſion; What Enthuſiaſm has poſſeſt him? Without diſpute, he is one of your great friends, or at leaſt one that has propounded you for his pattern; and I am confident, your Ode for Monſieur the Cardinall, was his firſt inſpiration. I ſhall ſay nothing where I have met with moſt ſtrength or weakneſs in his Poem, but forbear at this time to exerciſe my skill in Cenſure. Onely I aſſure you, I never yet ſaw a more happy imitation; and yet further (which I would have paſs for Oraculous) that if Monſieur *Chapelain* be the inſtructor of the Father *le Moine*, the Father *le Moine* will prove one of the great Perſonages of theſe later Ages. I mention'd to you, a few days ſince, the Letter which I writ to Monſieur the Abbot of *Bois Robert*, concerning Monſieur *de* ——— I ſend you a Copy of it incloſ'd, becauſe I deem it expedient, that you ſhould know the whole Hiſtory of *Balzac*, wherein I do not doubt, but your affection has made you ſomewhat concern'd. I am, likewiſe, more perfectly then any perſon in the world,

SIR,

Balzac, 18 Auguſt, 1639. Your, &c.

In cloſing of my Letter, I am told, that Monſieur —— did prohibit his Troops to quarter at *Balzac*. But either his commands had not Authority enough, or his Captains were unmindfull of his orders. For our Village was wholly ſack'd before ever the Party approach't it. But this injury muſt be forgotten as well as many more, and we muſt reſt ſatisfied with the little ſubſiſtence they have left us to be ſo.

LETTER XVII.

SIR,

I Have read with very great conſolation, the two Letters of our dear and incomparable friends. I ſhould have ſaid, with very great joy, if in the condition wherein I am, I could be ſenſible of that delightfull motion of the ſoul. But I find ſuch droo-

drooping and languour upon my ſpirit, and my body ſo infeebled with the reſtleſſe nights I have lately paſs'd, that there is no newes of goodneſſe enough to awaken and divert my melancholly. You may well perceive, that if this were not the obſtacle, I ſhould diſpenſe with my vow for this time, and not borrow your words, though more eloquent then mine, to teſtifie to thoſe worthy friends, that I eſteem their Amity amongſt the deareſt bleſſings of my life. The prudence and matter of that of Monſieur *Hobier*, is admirable, as well as his ſtyle pure and uniform. I think, Sir, the definition of *vir bonus, dicendi peritus*, was made expreſly for him, and that all his words are mark'd with the character of vertue. I have proceeded no farther yet, then his Preface, which deſerves at attentive peruſal; and, wherein I have ſtay'd with pleaſure. We will ſpeak therefore another time of the life of *Agricola*, and at preſent, to paſs from a part of *Tacitus*, to *Tacitus* entire; be pleas'd to let Monſieur *d'Ablancourt* know, that I have ſo high an opinion of his French Verſion, that I am ready to maintain againſt the Doctor *Heinſius*, and the Jeſuit *Strada*, that it farre excells the Latine, whereof they have ſo cloſely affected the imitation. Had I a Neighbour of his ſufficiency, we ſhould ſurely accompliſh conſiderable deſigns, and in our learned walks imploy our Criticiſm to great advantage. But it is not meet for a poor Anchoret to conceive ſuch high thoughts, and my maladies raiſe fear in all the world. They are indeed exceſſively violent, and I aſſure you, you are impos'd upon by all ſuch as give you any information of my health. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 30 Aug. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVIII.

SIR,

YOu reproach my puſillanimity with a very good grace, and your French ſeems to tell me thus in Latine.

Sydera quis mundumq; velit ſpectare cadentem,
Expers ipſe metûs? Quis cum ruat ardua æther,
Terra labet miſto cœuntis pondere cœli,
Complexas tenuiſſe manus? ſoluſne remotus,
Otia ſolus ages? ——

To

To which I anſwer, that knowing my ſelfe one of the moſt impotent and unprofitable members of the Common-wealth, I cannot yet diſcern wherein I may be ſerviceable to the preſent neceſſity. And nevertheleſſe, if I heard that you were in danger at the end of the world, I ſhould immediately fly thither, either to your aſſiſtance, or at leaſt to be your companion in the common ruine. Therefore, if my advice be of weight with you, you ſhall accept the command of a company of Cavalry, unleſſe you rather affect the charge of Lieutenant Colonell, in the Regiment of our excellent Marquiſs, I am ready to liſt under your Enſign; and if you forbid me, I will play the valiant in the ſame Tongue wherewith you upbraided my cowardiſe, and tell you,

Utrumne juſti perſequemur otium,
Non dulce, ni tecum ſimul?
An hunc laborem mente lœturi, decet,
Quæ ferre non molles vires.
Feremus? & te vel per Alpium juga,
Inhoſpitalem & Caucaſum,
Vel occidentis uſq; ad ultimum ſinum,
Forti ſequemur pectore?
Reges tuum labore quid juvem meo,
Imbellis ac firmus parum?
Comes minore ſum futurus in metu,
Qui major abſentes habet.

Horat. Epod. 1.

You obſerve, how I borrow the Enthuſiaſme of an other, and make my ſelfe a Poet with Verſes that belong not to me. The cauſe is, for that they better explain my intention, then I can do my ſelfe, and repreſent my thoughts to you in their nakedneſſe and ſincerity. I have nothing more to adjoyn to this, but onely that you are pleas'd to make your ſelfe merry with ſaying, that you have drawn much Conſtancy from my Writings; you that have more in your breaſt, then *Seneca*, *Boetius*, *Lipſius*, or the Keeper of the Seals, *du Vaire*, have publiſh'd in all their Volumes. A friend of ſuch worth, is able to uphold me with comfort againſt all the injuries of bad times. I have added this Epithete to time but of late, and if Monſieur —— had not taken aſſay of me, I might have ſtill been intire, and able to have told you,

D'-

D'ogni oltraggio e ſcorno,
La mia famiglia, e la mia greggia illeſe.
Semper qui fur, ne ſtrepito di marte
Ancor turbò queſta remota parte.

But I am now enforced to change my ditty; and were my reſentments as quick and delicate, as formerly, (though ſome, as I have told you, would perſwade me they are) I ſhould endeavour to repay the rudeneſſe with ſuch a revenge, as ſhould acquit my courage, and afford our Province ſome mirth, in the midſt of their diſtreſſes. But we muſt comfort our ſelfe with the multitude of ſufferers, in the ſame cauſe, and admire the *Heroes* of other Ages, who took care of men of learning, and protected them in the generall deſolation. Poſſibly another time, there will be found ſome, that will judge us worthy of this honour, and make us objects of their heroicall generoſity. You ſee what courſe I take to palliate our miſeries, and ſo,

Dum caveo veris, gaudia falſa juvant.

I am,

SIR,

Delta, 29 April, 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIX.

SIR,

I Have this day received a Letter of Monſieur *de* ——— whereof I ſend you a copy; I could have wiſh'd leſſe commendations from his Rhetorick, and more favour from his Captains: But ſince his commands were ineffectuall, and Monſieur the Duke *de la Rochefaucaut*, was partaker in the common ſaccage, it is meet our Province ſhould abate their vanity; and I forbear to trouble you any further, with the lamentable ſtory of our grievances. Having already given you ſo exact narration of my misfortunes, it is but equitable to inform you, of the good requitall I received by this laſt Poſt; 'tis a Letter from Monſieur *Conrart*, which makes me the proudeſt man upon earth; and if there be remaining any ſhadow of humility in me, yet I triumph at leaſt within doors, and keep holy-day in my Cloſet. To tell you the truth ſincerely, I never yet ſaw a Letter, more ingenuous, rich, and noble: and for that you ſpeak of it, as if it had never been in your hands, I thought

my

my ſelf obliged to ſend you a copy of it, to the end it may become the common ſubject of our admiration and applauſe. Does not this Gentleman make you recall to memory, the firſt Nephewes of *Remus*, who were wealthy, without having pillaged the Gold of *Aſia*, and learned, before they underſtood the Language of the *Greeks*: They were, I ſay, rich, with their own poſſeſſions, and learned with ſuch knowledge, as was peculiarly their own, and unborrowed. It muſt not be ſuffer'd, that poſterity be ignorant of this wonder of our age. And if my writings have that ſtrength of conſtitution, to ſurvive the aſhes of their parent, (as he is pleaſed to imagine in my favour) he may be aſſur'd, it ſhall never be, without making them bear ſome eminent teſtimonies, of the eſteem I have of his great worth, and the friendſhip wherewith he has done me honour. The father *Palavicino* gives me no ſatisfaction, concerning the Comedies of *Arioſto*; and the *grande Paſſivo*, whereunto he requires our belief, is more then one degree above my apprehenſion. I cannot diſcover more excellency in the great Poem, conſidered in its kind, then the Comedies have in theirs; and as to the point of regularity, you know there is no compariſon. It may be therefore, that *Palavicino* is a great Scholar, but this part of learning lies out of his road. To be a native of *Italy*, is not a ſufficient qualification, to create a man Dictator in the Commonwealth of Literature; witneſſe the Poet of *Lucca*, for whom *Camuſat* lately printed a volume of Verſes, which, in my opinion, are far ſhort in value, of the paper of the Impreſſion. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 24 Septemb. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET. XX.

From Monſieur Conrart, *to Monſieur* de Balzac.

SIR,

I Advertiſe you before hand, that I intend no excuſes in this, for my not writing to you; it is rather a proteſtation to aſſure you, that I ſhall give you no further trouble in that kind, but leave you in repoſe, to employ your onely care, in advancing the immortality of your own glory, and that of your friends. Nevertheleſſe I have imagined, that after a ſilence of above a years durance, I might happily oblige you to the rea-

reading of a few lines, provided I did at the ſame time oblige you, to return me no anſwer. This is now a favour which I requeſt of you, with as much paſſion, as I us'd heretofore to obtain your Letters; the eſteem I bear them, is in as high a degree as ever; but I contemn my deſires with thoſe, which you write to Monſieur *Chapelain*, as well as if they were addreſſed to my ſelfe, and I have found the device to imagine them ſuch, and that I make you all the anſwers, which you receive from him. So that, without loſſe of time to you, in regard of me, or of my prayers and importunities, we enjoy a mutuall commerce, which puts you to no trouble, and affords me a great meaſure of delight and contentment. I have had a ſight of the remarkable judgment you paſs'd, upon the *Suppoſez* of *Arioſto*, wherein I am much taken, both with your equity, and your addreſſe, and have equall admiration of the profoundneſſe of your capacity, and the politeneſſe of your wit. Never was ſeen a Judge ſo well accompliſh'd, and ſo little prepoſſeſt; nor a ſentence more juſt and better grounded. There needs no rigid and ſevere decrees, to conſtrain it to execution, every one acquieſces in it without reſiſtance; and even thoſe that accounted it their glory, to have never yielded, have thought themſelves obliged to a ready approbation, of what you ordain. I have read, with no leſſe contentment, that handſome Apology, which is in the keeping of Monſieur *Chapelain*; it has been the ſubject of divers Academicall conferences; and all that ſaw it, after they had ſurvey'd all the perfections of it with wonder, could find no other fault in it, but its brevity. I aſſure you, there was ſcarce one lecture of it, but drew theſe expreſſions from the Auditory. When will it be our happineſſe, to ſee compleat Volumes of ſuch excellency, as this Diſcourſe? And why cannot we prolong the life of this incomparable perſon, the Author of it, with the like facility, as he renders all thoſe immortall, whoſe names deſerve a place in his Writings? I had intended to finiſh my Letter here, but this laſt word induces me, to make a requeſt to you, for a ſpeedy ſight of your rich Miſcellanies, wherein we ſhall unqueſtionably behold, all the beauties of Art and Nature, in the height of their glory and luſtre, and the pomp of ornament, ſo delightfully accommodated, with the genuine and ſimple comlineſſe, that the contexture, though of nothing but naturall and ſupernaturall, will appear moſt gracefull, without either diſorder or contradiction. Eloquence will have there, ſo dexterouſly contriv'd all

its force and artifice, yet without making shew of any, it will notwithstanding animate the whole body, with such motion and action, as will ravish all the world. Suffer us not to languish any longer, in expectation of our happinesse; and be pleased to believe, that amongst all those that desire the accomplishment of it, there is not any more perfectly then my self.

SIR,

Balzac, 10 Sep. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXI.

SIR,

YOu shall be no better obey'd, then *Virgil* was of old, when he sentenc'd his *Æneids* to the fire. I cannot be won to burn your Letter, although you should ordain me to do it, by an especiall clause of your Testament. Notwithstanding, your desire may prevail with me, for secrecy, and the wise person be suffer'd in the guilt of his folly, without knowing our opinions of the action. Your perspicatious reason, has discovered the true cause of his prodigious inequality, and the article which you write me concerning it, deserves to be inserted in a convenient place. This may be effected without difficulty, *Suppresso authorum & paraphrastarum nomine*; and you may intrust Monsieur——— upon my interest. I will not descend from a Thesis to an Hypothesis. I knew, long since, that man is an Animal, compos'd of contrarieties, and that such a person is reasonable to day, who has no assurance of being so to morrow. Some man may have great dexterity and conduct, in his affairs, as for instance, the Marshal——— and yet be void of all sense in his writings; and another, as the Lord *Madelenet*, may compose Odes in Latin, in competition with those of *Horace*, and French Verse, after the rate of *Du Monin*. Your——— affords an authentick demonstration of this truth, and as far as I can judge, there is a greater difference between him and himself, then there is between him and another person; I speak onely of his Poetry, having yet seen but one sort of his Prose, concerning which, I must tell you, that if he choose me for his example, I am as unhappy as he, of whom it was said, *Multas fecerat simias, nullos filios.* I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 4 Octob. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LET. XXII.

SIR,

I Have very tender reſentments of your loſſe, although your gain could not have promoted the concluſion of the War. Since *Briſac* has wrought no advantage to it, I am no longer of belief, that peace is in the power of men; Heaven muſt of neceſſity become engaged in the affair, and it muſt be the work of God, and not ours. Yet let us not, in the mean time, abandon our ſelves to grief, nor diſpair of the Common wealth, although after a Battle of *Canna*. At the worſt, we may ſave our ſelves in the Sanctuary, that Philoſophy has built for us, againſt the misfortunes of the world; I mean the Philoſophy of *Plato*, for I know you affect not that of *Chryſippus*; and I accord with you, in diſlike of that ſtep-dame of the paſſions, (as one tearms it) which in order to the deſigne, of making a true wiſe man, that is, living and ſprightly, repreſents him no other, then a dead and inſenſible image. This kind of Statues are more ſutable, for the ornament of the *Porch*, then for the uſes of life; and, as I conceive, there is between hardneſſe and ſoftneſſe a middle temperament, which is called Firmneſſe. The Piece that this Poſt will deliver you, contains ſomething perhaps not impertinent to this argument. I have ſome weak apprehenſions of its beauty, by the perſuaſion of ſome here that think it fair; but Monſieur *Chapelain* having not yet pronounced upon it, I am wholly unreſolved in what quality to eſteem it. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Octob. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXIII.

SIR,

LEt us leave the dead, to the company of thoſe in the ſame condition, and ſuffer me to congratulate with you, for your new acquaintance. I never yet ſaw the face, of Monſieur the Embaſſadour of *Sueden*, though I have long ſince had a particular eſteem of his endowments; and had not he turn'd the *Inſtitutes* into Verſe, and publiſh'd ſome other pieces of the like nature, I ſhould have yet had a greater veneration of his worth. As for his humour, of affecting the behaviour of a ſtranger, I am not much diſpleas'd with it; we are all Barbarians to one another, and there is a ſort of civility at *Paris*,

which I more diſguſt then all the rudeneſſe of the North. The Poet of *Luca*, of whom you have no knowledge, is a——— that has made an infinite company of Verſes, at the rate of a hundred for a penny, as your *Marin* us'd to ſpeak, and all *de communi*, in the term of the Univerſity. I have not diſcover'd one grain of ſalt in two or three great Poems, which I had the patience to read. Whereupon I have bidden him Adieu for ever. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 4 Novemb. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXIV.

SIR,

SHould I credit your Relation, I muſt uſe much vertue to reſtrain me from vain-glory. My Writings deſerve not the commendations, they have receiv'd at *Ramboüillet Hoſtel*, and the honour beſtow'd on me, ſeems more properly the due of my Lord the Cardinal *de la Valette*. But, in the mean time, where was the dear Monſieur—— that conſtant and perpetuall admirer of *F. N. C.* whoſe diſpoſition is ſo ſweet, that hony and ſugar are bitter in'comparison? * * * * *

* * * * * * *

The gravity of our other friend, is alſo rare and admirable; and I believe, the *Areopagus* never ſaw any thing more ſober and compos'd. Be pleas'd, Sir, for my ſake, to call my Conſolation a Diſcourſe; for, beſides the properneſſe of the Title, and that it is *Oratio ad Cardinalem*, (there being ſome much ſhorter in the Books of the Ancients, eſpecially in thoſe of the old Grecks) you know, I deteſt the name of Letter, *cane peius & angue*. Yet it is neceſſary the Muſe of the Fennes have a Copy, ſince you ordain it ſo, and I have no power to diſobey you. But this muſt not be drawn to an example, and you muſt bear with me another time, if *la ſignora Principina*, *ò la ſignora* ——— write to me, and I return them no anſwer. What miſery is this to be oblig'd, to make Elogiums upon all Books that are publiſh'd? 'Tis certainly to be in a worſe condition in Proſe, then the *Auratus poeta regius* was, who did with a good will, what I do by force, and as condemn'd to. I have with ſorrow underſtood the death of poor Monſieur *Arnaud*: He was indeed a perſon of great worth, and I lament the caſe of the Gentlemen his Brothers, who are very deſerving, and for whom I have ever had a moſt ſincere affection, but full of reſpect

ſpect and reverence. Shall we never ſee a happier time then this? nor furious *Mars* once ſecur'd in chains? *Quem das finem, Rex magne, laborum?* I ſpeak of the Catholique King, for as for the moſt-Chriſtian, we know he deſires peace even in the midſt of Victory. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 8 Novemb. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXV.

SIR,

I Never paſs judgement on any thing, but I ſometimes declare my opinion. Your Sonnet ſeems to me of perfect excellence, and the Edict of fame, which is executed by a hundred people at the ſame hour, is proclaim'd, is without queſtion an Inſpiration, for which you are beholding to your Muſes. I would have this underſtood, without prejudice to what we ſhall ſay of it at another time. But what means Seigneur *Jean-Jacques*, with his dreadfull Title of *Pangloſſe*. If he account himſelf Maſter of forty Languages, he exceeds *Scaliger* by three and twenty; and the ſoul of *Parnaſſus* muſt be commended in the Tongue of *Biſcay*, and baſe *Bretagnie*. This is to make wild Muſick in *Apollo*'s Hall, and to bring Barbarians into the Holy place, with no leſſe crime, then theirs that opened the paſſages of Italy, to the Predeceſſors of the King of *Swedea*. Do me the favour to know of Monſieur *Conrart*, if Monſieur *du Moulin* has lately printed any of his Sermons, for I ſhould be glad to ſee his manner of writing upon all occaſions. I ever had a great paſſion for the merit of the excellent Monſieur *Conrart*, and deſire the continuance of his favour, as abſolutely neceſſary and eſſentiall to the conſervation of my life. Give me leave, Sir, at leaſt once a year, to requeſt of you ſome news concerning Monſieur, *de St. Cyran*, Monſieur *le Maiſtre*, and the unfortunate———. I extreamly reſent the loſſe of our poor *Camuſat*; and 'tis an Article that I had forgotten in my former. He had a great portion both of honour and vertue, and had he grown old in his Profeſſion, he would have reſtored it to its primitive glory. But Books muſt alſo one day periſh, as well as thoſe that print them: *Debemus morti nos noſtraq.* I moſt humbly kiſs your hands, and am,

SIR,

Balzac, 22 Novemb. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVI.

SIR,

ALthough at preſent, I want the aſſiſtance of *Torila*, I ſhall not forbear to write to you in as good a faſhion as a weak hand and a bad pen will ſuffer me; and to let you ſee my intentions in the leaſt diſorder I am able to repreſent them. Be pleas'd then, Sir, That I thank you with my uncomely writing, for the fair preſent you have conferr'd upon me. I mean the Robe of aConſolatour, wherewith your favour has inveſted me, and rais'd me as it were a ſtatue between thoſe of *Seneca* and *Plutarch*. Theſe dignities are indeed very dear unto me, becauſe they aſſure me the eſteem of ſuch a perſon, who poſſeſſes reaſon in a ſoveraign degree, and ſo is conſequently free from errour in his judgements. But is it poſſible, that you have diſcover'd a *Vittoria Colonna* at *Paris*, and that that Marchioneſſe of whom we never heard before, is equall in merit to her of *Rome*? It is no longer queſtionable, after you have affirmed it, and we muſt reverence her excellent qualities for the future, and acknowledge the juſtice and favour ſhe has done us in the affair of *Phylarque*. To confirm her in her opinion, I deſire ſhe may have my Apology, in the form as I lately revis'd it. But, Sir, my principall ambition is to ſatisfie you alone, whoſe leaſt ſcruples give me more trouble, then all the declared hoſtilities of all the Doctors and Academies of the world can do. You may judge from hence, if I eſteem and allow the curioſity of Monſieur *de Scudery*, who intends to rank you amongſt his Illuſtrious perſons. I onely deſire that he would be careful of placing you with ſuitable companions. For beſides the great Poet, which I acknowledge you to be, I account you alſo an eminent Counſellor of State, Secretary, and Ambaſſadour; in a word, a perſon moſt accompliſhed in all things: And I never give any other Character of you, to thoſe that demand of me, who that perfect friend is I have at Court, and of whom I make all my glory. *Et hæc non animo adulatorio & ad aulicas artes compoſito dicta ſint. Jure tuo Babes teſtem, qui ſi ſciens fallar,* &c. The reſt another time, for at preſent I am able to proceed no further, but remain,

SIR,

Paris, 1 Decemb. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LETTER XXVII.

SIR,

I Am but ill affected with the deportment of the Italian P
ricade; and the Muses *Balzacides* doe no lesse distaste
then the *Parean's*. The pious offices which he renders to th
memory of his friend, gave me infinite contentment, and
have testified as much. But I cannot endure that he shoul
drive a Trade with them. It must needs be, that he has litel
knowledge of our Court, since he addresses himselfe to Scho
lars to be his Solicitors, and to gaine him kindnesse from
man they never see. He is yet more strangely mistaken in th
choise of his subject. For you may believe, that if he escap
being derided for his *Panglossie*, he will at least receive but lit
tle thanks for this. Monsieur the Cardinall may willingl
bear with his Panegyricks, and pay him for some of them; bu
he is not concerned in a Funerall Oration, for people that h
never heard of. It seems, the famous Tapler is come back t
drink at *Paris*, and that he could not be long absent from th
center of his Luxury. I beseech you, Sir, let me know fron
him, where Monsieur *Maynard* is, for whom my curiosity is un
cessant. If you also happen into the company of Monsieu
de la Pigeonnier, you will infinitely oblige me by desiring o
him, the Manuscript Works of the late *du Vivier*, which are i
his hands. I think he will not refuse you; and if you will do me
the pleasure to send them hither, I shall return them with
speed, and before he can imagine they are gone so long a
journey. This *du Vivier* had a pretty way of raillerie, and
because it may be thought I had some share in his death, I be-
lieve my selfe obliged to perform some duty to his memory.
He writ me word by the Messenger from *Blois* to *Paris*, that
he had lost his Father, and that himselfe should infallibly fol-
low, unlesse I comforted him for that affliction. I was negli-
gent, after my custome, and rendred him not the office he re-
quired at the time appointed. As for him, he made good his
word, and the following Messenger, by whom I intended my
answer, told me the person to whom I addressed it, was no
longer of this World. Behold a fatall sloathfulnesse, and which
may give warning to all people that write to me in that

manner, for I know at length I shall become incorrigible. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 15. Decemb. 1639. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIX.

SIR,

YOu may be assur'd by my former Letters, that I have received yours, and that the Elogium of your Marchioness is not lost; if it were she, that sent you so many Notes, they might be tolerated with patience. But the persecution of the other is insupportable, and I swear unto you, I would never have said a good word of her, if I had known she did so perpetually assassinate you with her Writings. I should have begun long since to deplore your fortune. The ——— would needs heretofore play with me at that sport, but I was more valiant then you, and acquitted my selfe of her courageously. She made a thousand false thrusts, and I received a whole Bushell of Tickets, but without losing one jot of my dumbe gravity. This is the way to treat Ladies of that kind, whether they be Muses or Fairies; or, which you love better, Sybils. You see my old practice, I am ready to do worse in case of necessity: 'Tis not because I am full of imployment, but for that I am so discontented, and weary with the continued torture of my maladies, that I know not on which side to turn my self. I am in great fear for *Piedmont*, that is, for you, and a little Nephew I have there, who may possibly be troden down in the croud. Our friends are of great worth, but the Princes of *Savoy* must not be neglected; and there being brave spirits on both sides, I apprehend a terrible slaughter, unlesse Heaven avert it. I am proud of the good opinion that Monsieur *Spanheim* has of me; for he is a person whom I infinitely esteem. If there be any thing of his abroad, besides the two Books which I have already seen, I beseech you inform my Stationer of it, and let him send them. Otherwise, I never make any uncivill request, nor desire to see that which is kept secret. Hence it is, that I mortifie my curiosity with my discretion, and am contented to know, that Monsieur *le Maistre* can make no thing but what is rare and excellent. You are wholly silent concerning my affections, I meane, Monsieur

Con-

Conrart, and Monſieur *Menage*. Be pleas'd to let them know, I have ſtill the ſame paſſion for them, and be confidently aſſur'd, that I am more perfectly then any other in the world,

I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Decemb. 1639. *Your, &c.*

The End of the Fourth Book.

FAMILIAR LETTERS, OF M. de BALZAC, To *M. CHAPELAIN.*

The Fifth Book.

LETTER I.

SIR,

I Saw yesterday the Duke of *Rochefoucaut*, who told me many things, and amongst the rest, that your *Signora Vittoria* takes the little man we know, for a little fool: It is the more likely to be true, because the number of that Order is very great; and yet it may not be so, because the Court oftentimes condemns a man, for a wry mouth, or one simple look. I understand

ſtand from the ſame Author, that *Moſes ſaved*, was the delight and paſſion of Monſieur and Madam of *Liancourt*. Beſides, I have received the book of *Holſtenius*, and the *Tyrannique Loi* of Monſieur *de Scudery*; by the reading of which, I muſt confeſs to you, I am ſtill warm'd and agitated. 'Tis true, there are ſome few things in that piece, which I could wiſh he would alter, and himſelf may take notice of them; but the reſt are in my opinion incomparable, which move the paſſions after a ſtrange manner, which make me ſhed tears in deſpight of me, and are the cauſe, that the *Cid* and *Scipio* are no longer my favourites; perhaps it is, becauſe we ordinarily judge, in favour of things and perſons that are preſent, and forget what is paſt. However it be, I ſhall not be diſpleaſed, that Monſieur *de Scudery* underſtand, he hath done what he would with me, and hath taken me down from my altitude of Philoſophy, to range me amongſt the common croud. But I beſeech you, Who is that gallant perſon, whom you call Monſieur *Sarraſin*, and who calls himſelf, Monſieur *d'Arbois*? The name pleaſes me, as well as the remembrances, and I yet honour the memory of that precious liquor, which I ſometimes prefer'd before that of *Spain* or the *Canaries*. Setting aſide raillery, Monſieur *Sarraſin* is an excellent Doctor, and diſtributes many things after a moſt agreeable ſort. I will be beholding to you for the reſt, if you pleaſe, and underſtand from you, *Qui genus, unde domo, quibus aut mihi venit ab oris.* I could hartily wiſh he had the ſame ſentiments for me, I have for him; there wants but little, that I do not this very hour demand his friendſhip; I, who otherwiſe am far enough from ſearching out acquaintance. But this will one day happen, my minde ſo gives me, and I ſhall willingly lay hold of an occaſion, to let him know, what eſteem I have of his deſerts. But would you think it poſſible, that Monſieur the Duke *de Rochefoucaut* had never heard ſpeak of our Monſieur *de Peireſk*, and that many other, not ignorant or barbarous people, know him no more then he? You ſee by this, his reputation was good, but that it was the Italian Signeur, who enterpriſed to make it great; and that his *Panglooſie* was rather an effect of his own ſolicitations, then a voluntary devoyre, made known to the people. I would the Duke of *Weymar* could find as good a friend, and who would take as great a care of his memory. It was he who ought to have been celebrated, in thoſe forty tongues, and who merits the name of *Hero*, which we have given ſo good cheap, and which title

many

many people unworthily hold of our grace. I speak not here of his first marvails, nor intend to compile his History. But I demand of you, if the History of *Alexander* himselfe, is imbellished with a fairer year then that, in the circle of which he gained three Battles, took three Towns, and made prisoners three Generalls? Yet my muse hath revealed to me, he wronged himselfe, by performing so much in so short a time; for he put a fallacy upon death, who believed him older then he was, taking the last fifteen months of his life for an entire age, because in stead of counting the Time, death reckoned the Victories. You see, I have a little elevated my style, in the end of this Letter, and have somewhat forgotten that plain familiar way, we have obliged each other to keep in our privacies; but you are much more faulty in that then I, and inform me by all the *Courriers*, of things which seem extreamly studied; if they have fallen negligently from your quill, at least they have been collected with much care, and the art of your expressing them, is nothing inferiour to the sense. Suffer this protestation which I make betwixt us, and know, there is not any person in the world I esteem so much as you, or any who is so perfectly as my selfe,

SIR,

Balzac, 8 Jan. 1640. Your, &c.

LETTER II.

SIR,

DO not give your selfe the trouble hereafter, of answering my questions, and resolving my doubts; I should be very sorry, the profit and honour I receive, should incommode you. Write me, if you please, but a single monosyllable, and treat me as briefly, as the Lacedemonians did *Philip*, I shall be satisfied; provided you signe that syllable, and it contain newes from you. Your last, of the 21 of the past month, brought me abundance, for which I return you my acknowledgments, and desire you to believe, that if a little favour is capable of obligeing me, I must needs have a perfect recognisance, of that fair profusion you are pleased to enrich me with. The Tomb of the Duke *de Weymar*, is worthy of himselfe and you; and of the three verbs you have noted, I am of your opinion for the last, against the two competitors. *Je tracay* seems to me more warlick, then *j'ebauchersay*, and is lesse historicall then *je fondray*; that holds forth enough, and the

other

other, it may be, would too much. The invention, as to the reſt, is incomparable, to ſay, that the laſt victory of the great *Guſtus*, was carried by the Duke of *Weymar*, and that he died in purſuit of an Empire, is in four words to conſecrate his memory, and to endowe him with the moſt compendious and higheſt praiſe, he could receive. Since you are of opinion, that the reading of the Apology, would not be altogether diſagreeable to your excellent Marchioneſſe, I ſhall cauſe a new copy of it to be written out, and will ſend it you ſo ſoon as it is perfected. Make me underſtand, I beſeech you, what that ridiculous mode means, of certain people, that at mid day, and when no cloud obſcures the Sun, cauſe themſelves to be ſerv'd with Torches. And tell me, if you pleaſe, which pleaſes you beſt of *de la point du jour*, or *du point du jour*; and whether you approve the pronounciation of *Paris*, which cuts in two the Monoſyllable, *eu j'ay eu i la eu*, and which renders *Rome* and *Linne* as they are writ, when all *France* beſides pronounce them *Roume* and *Lioune*. As for the other affairs, do not at all marvell, at the judgment I made of the piece, which made ſo much noiſe in the world; I onely read it once over, and in haſte; but I muſt confeſſe to you, it touch'd me ſenſibly. Therefore I yet perſiſt in my opinion, that Monſieur ——— is a great Poet, and ——— a moſt important Grammarian. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Jan. 1640. Your, &c.

LETTER III.

SIR,

HOw great are your goodneſſe, and your juſtice! and how ſignall a pleaſure have you done me, in not ſigning the condemnation of the man of *Champagne*? What you have writ me upon that ſubject, is drawn out of the moſt ſubtile reaſon, *et ex ipſius viſceribus veritatis*, as the Gentlemen our Maſters ſay. It is moſt certain, our Courtiers take too much licence; and ſtretch their juriſdiction a little farther then they ought; If they cannot bear with our young Doctor, who hath ſacrificed to the Graces, in what faſhion would they treat the rude *Heinſius*, if it ſhould pleaſe him to enter into the Cabinets? with what hiſſes would they perſecute the baſe *Craſſot*, and the unpurified *Demſterus*? Who would be able to ſave from the laſh, poor *Frederic Morel*, and *Theodore Mareile*, thoſe two famous

famous Anti-Courtiers, who at every turn, fall from the clouds into the mire, and speak a language so far from being common and intelligible, that it is scarcely human or articulate: Those two were unpolished and rude, and yet had the value set upon them, of an unfashion'd Diamond; the rough hardnesse of their shell, concealed many good things, whilst the fair outside of our refined Writers, covers nothing but froth and wind. Speak your conscience to me, have you a greater esteem for the remaining ruines of Queen *Margaret's* Court, and the Principe of *Conty's*, or that which is issued out from the School of *Scaliger* or *Lipsius*? For my own part, I love the Pedants in Greek, better then the Pedants in French; and the knowing youth of this Gentleman ought to be preferr'd, before the aged sufficiency of ———. I am,

SIR,

Tour, &c.

LETTER IV.

SIR,

YOu have made a happy alteration, in the Tomb of the Duke *de Wemar*, 'tis worth an Ægyptian Pyramid, and the Eagle ready to fall under his blowes, is not a change of small importance. I have sent me the Translation of the *Paradise*, which is barricado'd with such a company of bad Verses, that I was in a mind to have arrested my curiosity there, without passing farther. He is certainly a rare fellow, to elect and pick out himself, for the Guardian of the French Honour, and the abaser of the pride of *Italy*.

En Cor Zenodoti! en jecur Cratetis!

I am sufficiently perswaded of the merit of Monsieur *de Peiresc*, but I spoke to you of his reputation, and you know well, that there is a certain *donum famæ*, that all learned men do not possesse, and which renders those who enjoy it, not onely considerable to the Nobility and Gentry, but to the common People and Artizans. I have not reviewed the book you sent me, but neither do I think the first judgement I made of it, was precipitated; at the least, I have a kindnesse for the Author, and conceive he is not enough regarded; he hath, I know not what, of grave and noble in him, which extreamly pleases me; I speak of his person, and not of his first writings, in which

which, I acknowledge, he hath too much played the Captain: But who is he that hath not his failings, and his tricks of youth? There is not that thing in the world we can praiſe, without exception, and all men generally have need of grace. Shall I ſee nothing of our dear Monſieur *de Silhon's*, to quicken my appetite: and ſhall I never hear the good newes, that fortune at length hath ſome remorſe, for ill treating his vertue? I expect the relation of this with ſome impatience, as I ſhall the occaſions of letting you know, I am paſſionately,

SIR,

Balzac, 16 Feb. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LET. V.

SIR,

I intereſt my ſelf very much, in the praiſes *Germany* beſtowes upon you, and congratulate the good ſucceſſe of your Sonnet; I am reſolved to quote it every ſyllable, in a Chapter I am now ſtudying. And that you may know, your friend is a Weymarian, as well as you, I muſt let you underſtand, that that *Hero*, a little before his death, made an enquiry after me and my ſtudies, with ſuch care, as well teſtified, he attended ſomewhat from them. Monſieur *Peret* his Secretary, a perſon of much worth, writ this in a Letter to Monſieur *Boiſſel*, from whom I heard it. I never ſaw in Italian the conſpiracy of *Giſon in Ludovico Count of Trieſque*; but aſſure you, the French Tranſlation of it is a piece, I do not much admire, and the Epiſtle is but coorſe. I am now far entred into the quarrel of *Annibal Caro*, but have nothing changed my firſt ſentiment, and I ſtill eſteem him an honeſter man, then his Antagoniſt, though perhaps the other may be the greater Clerk. No Grammarian I ever yet ſaw, hath that addreſſe and force of this *Modenois*, either in this, or in the Commentaries he made, upon *Ariſtotle's* Poetiques; yet it muſt be acknowledged, he ſometimes ſins through his too much ſubtlety, and that he is an enemy of mankind, who cannot bear the merit or reputation of another. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 1 March, 1640. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LET. VI.

SIR,

WHatever inclination the party you know of, hath to ſlandering, I cannot chooſe but think him a brave boy, nay, a gallant man, ſince he is now enriched with a beard; if I love him not with that ſacred friendſhip I have for you, at the leaſt I can afford him ſuch a paſſion, as ſhall nothing incommode me, and yet extreamly ſatisfie him. I will put him in the number of Mountebanks, of Perfumers, Viollifts, makers of Ragouſts, and all thoſe Artificers of pleaſure, which are *virtuſi* in *Italy*, and who, as you know,

Delectant Cupersne, non amantur.

That generation of people were baniſhed from *Sparta*, but were eſteemed amongſt the *Sybarites*; and for my particular, I regard them, becauſe I have need of mirth, and am not diſpleaſed. I have no obligement to love them, becauſe I deſire to love few. They are the cure of my diſtempers, and the cauſe I ſuffer not out of my ſelf; at the leaſt, they ſpare me thoſe alarums, which ordinarily torture true friendſhip. For Monſieur *de Voiture*, he is alwaies himſelf, that is, alwaies a moſt excellent perſon; and if at any time it hath been ſaid, Nature was never greater then in little things, let us convert that to the advantage of his Tickets, and prefer them before Volumes of Aſiatique Authors. I deſire from you the continuation of his favours, and intreat you to aſſure him of my ſervice. There are few perſons in the world I eſteem ſo much as him; but amongſt thoſe few, you are alwaies to be excepted. The Metamorphoſis was lately ſent me, which I read without much attention; but in that tumultuary view I had of it, I remarked many gallant things, and perhaps the obſcurity of certain paſſages in it, proceeded onely from my careleſſneſſe in the peruſall. I ſay nothing to you of the invention of the fables, but for the manner of expreſſing them, it ſeems a little too far ſtrained, and puts me in mind of that antient Oratour, who could not give the *good-morrow* without a figure. But what will you ſay of the other party, who enjoynes me to read a much larger piece, but of a far leſſer merit; he may as ſoon perſwade me to

dig

dig in a Mine, as oblige me to it; you know the reſt, and I remain,

SIR,

Balzac. 15 March, 1640. Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

SIR,

IN earneſt, your Sonnet is one of thoſe noble pieces which command attention, and which are eſteemed more the tenth time, then the firſt. I was never acquainted with all its excellencies till this day. I am very farre from the compariſon of the coal, with which you are pleaſed to ſmut it, and much fear I ſhall want words rich enough to ennammel it; yet I ſhall not fail to enterpriſe that, though I have onely Lead to ſet it in. And be pleaſed to know, (without pretending to thanks for it) there is no work of mine in which you ſhall not be ſeene on the right hand, and on the left: The Copy you did me the favour to ſend me, is moſt exquiſite, and that way of writing pleaſes me much more then the way of ſome other Ladies, famous for their Letters: they preach and declaim a great part of the time, and their Letters *in folio* are no other then groſſe bodies ill animated; in lieu of which, all in this peice is full of ſpirit, and which ſmels not of the lamp. By what I underſtand, our Gentleman of *Rome* means to change his name into as many ſhapes as ever *Tabarin* changed his Hat; and by conſequence he will alwayes be *idem & alter*: he might with as much decency run naked through the City, as commit ſuch a piece of folly; and if he had any charitable friend by him, he would catch him by the throat, rather then let him go out into the ſtreets ſo bedawbed with Names and Lordſhips. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 25 March, 1640. Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

SIR,

I Agree with you, that *Caſtelvetro* is a Grammaticall Philoſopher, who ſeeks after truth with addreſſe, and imployes reaſon to the beſt advantage. Nevertheleſs, he ſometimes drives it on too farre, and I could reprehend him more juſtly in certain things, then he has done my friend. 'Tis the Seigneur *Annibal* whom I term ſo, and I conjure you to employ your

Agents

Agents of the ſtreet of St. *Jacques*, to procure for me his *Ænéids in quarto*, together with his Dialogues of *Speron Sperone*, becauſe I want them all. Monſieur the Duke *de la Rochefaucaut*, told me of ſome new Work of Monſieur *Des-Cartes*. I am much troubled concerning him, having heard nothing of him a long time, and the father *Merſennus*, is to blame for his ſilence. The late Monſieur the Marſhall *de Schomberg*, ſhew'd me ſometimes the Letters of Madam *de Liancourt*, which he bedew'd with his tears in the reading. I did not remember to requeſt a Copy of them. He would have been raviſh't in making me the preſent, and we ſhould now have been comparing them with thoſe of *Vittoria*. In the deſign I have to treat of our language, Proſe and Verſe, and our honeſt men, and witty women, I ſhould have been glad to alledge ſome word or line of hers; and this perhaps would be the onely fit manner of making her worth known unto the world hereafter. *Apage enim Authores Feminæ, ipſâ quamvis divûm Regina ita de ſe loquatur apud divinum Poetam, Author ego*, &c. I expect your reſolution, whether the Duke of *Weymar's* Verſes were Dutch, French, or Latine, and remain,

SIR,

Balzac, 10 April, 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER IX.

SIR,

THe incomparable Monſieur *de la Thibaudier*, has now left me to my former ſolitude, after the injoyment of a weeks happineſſe, during which time, I received your Letter of the twenty ſixt of the laſt moneth, for which I beſeech you to lay aſide all jealouſie; for he neither ſaw the ſuperſcription on the outſide, nor underſtood the leaſt ſyllable within it. I am not one of thoſe that make a ſecret of every thing, and much leſſe of thoſe that divulge Myſteries. Though my freedom be directly oppoſite to the ſervitude of Courtiers, yet I deſire it ſhould be diſcreet, and not injurious to my friend or my ſelfe. This advertiſement, may, if you pleaſe, ſerve for all, and you may ſleep in aſſurance as to this particular. If for the future you do not look upon me as a Confeſſour of the ſhort Robe, your diffidence of my taciturnity, will accuſe you of doubting the power of Philoſophy over the minds of men. But, Sir, you have ſent me ſo lively a Portraiture, that I could eaſily beare the want of the Original, if he ſhould ſave himſelfe the trou-

ble

ble of coming hither. He is at preſent a quarter of a league from *Niort*, with Monſieur the Abbot of *Lavardin*. Monſieur *de la Thibaudier* tells me, he has mountains of Collections, and that he reads no Author, either ancient or modern, without making Obſervations upon him. Being judicious and polite, I doubt not but he will one day impart you ſome of the areſt things in the world. The Metamorphoſes of the Crown Imperial, and the Celeſtial Lionneſs, have ſufficient grounds and reſemblance, and the firſt cannot be made for any other then the King of *Sweden*; nor the ſecond, but for *Madamoiſelle Paulet*. But the invention which is in hand, is not ſo exact as might be imagined. The Sun may be Rivall to all Shepheards, as well as to *Daphnis*; and a Lover of all Shepheardeſſes, the ſame manner he is of *Philliis*. I do but half explain my ſelfe, becauſe I want leiſure to ſay more. Yet I believe you underſtand me well enough, and our opinions will be nothing different. I am without reſerve,

SIR,

Balzac, 25 April, 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER X.

SIR,

THe favours of Monſieur the Count *de Fieſque*, are no new things to me. It is long ago that he took pleaſure to oblige me; and he was one of the firſt Protectors of my writings. Even at *Rome* it ſelf, where the Monkiſh faction exerciſes its Tyranny, and threatens the Inquiſition to thoſe that are not of their judgement, he declar'd himſelf openly for oppreſſed truth againſt triumphant calumnie. He is therefore intereſſed in my Cauſe; and as one of our friends of times paſt, ſaid,

Me pariter ſervat, judiciumq; ſuum.

I am extreamly oblig'd to him for this noble conſtancy, and beſeech you, Sir, to teſtifie my acknowledgements unto him; to which you may add, if you pleaſe, that I have a perfect eſteem of his valour. I take valour here, in the moſt large and comprehenſive ſignification, and include in this one word, an infinity of excellent qualities, naturall and acquir'd, civill and military. But this is not a place to make his Elogie in; we ſhall one day find one more publique and eminent to declare our gratitude. I am alſo much obliged to Monſieur *L'Hu-*

Klier, in cujus ſanctiſſimâ memoriâ exul aut etiam damnatus ad beſtias, libenter acquieſcerem. I doe in a manner comfort my ſelfe of all my misfortunes, when I conſider the goodneſſe which this dear friend has for me. He affords me the honour of his love, and he may be aſſured, he has not a more faithfull and paſſionate ſervant in the world, then my ſelfe. Monſieur the Abbot *de la Rochefoucaut*, has one of the *Meſſieurs d'Eſprit* with him, who does me the favour to give me a viſit ſometimes of three or four dayes. I have found report miſtaken in the worth of this perſon, and he is ſo knowing and judicious, that his abilities have but few equalls. He is otherwiſe a great admirer of vertue, and ſpeaks of you as is fitting to be heard favourably of me, although he ſhould not otherwiſe tell me the fineſt things in the World. I know no perſon more worthy to be the elder Brother of him that is with Monſieur the Chancellour, whoſe merit is likewiſe generally approv'd of all the Court. Madam, the Marchioneſs *de Rambouillet*, is more liberal of her favours to me then I deſerve. I remember well my engagements to her, but I deſire a little reſpite, being otherwiſe incumbred and overcharged. I ſhall ever bewail the death of Monſieur *de la Valette*, and Philoſophy wants remedies to comfort me. Time it ſelfe is not able to do it, becauſe he goes about the work too ſlowly; and ſo I ſhall paſs the remainder of my life in ſorrow and regret. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 1 May, 1640. *Your, &c.*

LET. XI.

SIR,

I Think the modeſty of Madam *de Liancourt*, which you praiſe ſo much, was not greater then your humility. You ſpeak almoſt in the ſtrain of young novices. This would be good in a general Confeſſion, at the feet of a Father of the Oratory; but to write to me, that you have no merit, and that 'tis I that ſet a value upon you, cannot be receiv'd without an incivility to the publique, in flattering a particular perſon. I pray God pardon you, my dear Sir; yet a ſuperfluity in your Complement may be ſuffer'd for this time, although in the judgement of Monſieur *de*———, it be not any where allowable but at Table, where I agree with him, that *Entertainments* are of the eſſence of good cheere. I confeſſe the converſation of this Gentleman

tleman pleases me wondrously, being mixed of the world and books. He brings in such a proportion of serious and jest, as serves exactly to keep the mind, betwixt loosnesse and study, in the agreeable mean that partakes of both. If I had known, his Letter would have been troublesome to you, I should have hindred him from writing; but I conceiv'd, that twelve lines of your style every day, would not put you to much pains. Besides, to tell you true, the sending of Spanish gloves to Monsieur *de Voiture*, pleas'd me so well, that I was desirous to see a Ticket more of the same aire. Monsieur *de Thou* has sent Monsieur *Girard* the relation, of the death of Monsieur the Cardinall *de la Valette*; he desir'd to be interred at *Tholouse*, in a Church, where the bodies of three Apostles, and many Saints, are repos'd. I observe in it also divers other evidences, of a true piety; and this I confesse it is, wherein I find some consolation. At least it is the onely comfort I will admit of, in so great a losse. I am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

LET. XII.

SIR,

THe last Post made me rich, and you have been liberall, as well of your own presents, as of those of another. The Letter of Monsieur *Silhon*, to Monsieur the Card nall *Bentivoglio*, is very full of admirable conceits; it afforded me not onely divertisement, but instruction, and his judicious reflections, upon the most eminent places of the Italian Book, are Master pieces of an absolute workman. You would proceed from liberality to magnificence, if you could often make me the like presents; and they should be better received here, then the platform of the building of Monsieur *de* ———. What a strange sight is this and what is the meaning of this republican, to raise his vanity from the structure of his house, knowing it was a crime in one of old, to have built his a story higher, then that of his neighbours? Madam *Desloges* had informed me before, of this important newes, and told me more, that this Builder was of great note in his Country, and very powerfull with his Master. We shall see what he desires of me, for there must needs be a Letter with the Pacquet; and he protests to Madam *Desloges*, that he has writ me divers others, which notwithstanding never came to my hands. You surprise me

me ſtrangely, in telling me, that the old Doctor, whom we have alwaies ſo much lov'd, is but a refined cheat; he preaches nothing elſe, but fidelity, freedom, and ſincerity, I know, that oftentimes deceits are practis'd that way, and ſome people commend truth, to the end they may lie with leſſe ſuſpicion. I know there will be alwaies Phariſees in the world, alwaies *Salluſts* and *Seneca's*, who will hide corrupt manners under fair ſpeeches.

O vita fallax, abditos ſenſus geris!

Or if you will, with *Cicero*, *Frons, & oculi ſæpe mentiuntur, oratio vero ſæpiſſimè.* We muſt obſerve the carriage of this gallant man for the future; and beware, that his fineſſes take not advantage of our ſimplicity. Be pleaſed to ſend me your opinion of an Italian Author, called *Davila*, who has writ the Hiſtory of the Civill Wars of *France*: Is he comparable to the Antients, as I have been told? is his language pure, and his mind diſintereſted? are his Politicks ſolid and judicious, &c? All this, Sir, in the familiarity of your ordinary ſtyle, and without any meditation. I have received newes of our good Monſieur *Maynard*, who will be here in few daies, if he be a man of his word. In the mean time, oblige me with the delivery of a Letter to him, from Monſieur the Commiſſary. Of many Verſes wherewith he has feaſted us, I ſend you ten, which are not indeed of the lofty ſtrain, but ſuch, whoſe ſtyle ſeems to me very ſweet and naturall.

To Phillis *afflicted.*

THink not (fair mourner) I can e're be tir'd,
To ſee that ſorrow which ſo ſweet appears.
What Artemiſia *could be more admir'd,*
Or waſh a Tomb with ſuch becomming tears?
May curſes that Philoſophy purſue,
Which with tame precepts ſhall your grief ſubdue.
All your regrets and ſighs ſo gracefull are,
And force my heart by their victorious charms.
Thoſe clouds of ſorrow are both bright and fair,
And love from them takes more triumphant arms.

I moſt humbly kiſſe your hands, and am with all my ſoul,

SIR,

Balzac, 15 May, 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XIII.

SIR,

THe Poſt has faithfully acquit himſelf, of all that you entruſted him with in my favour, for which I conteſſe a new engagement to you; but more eminently, for the two moſt prudent, moſt exact, and, according to your cuſtome, moſt obliging Letters The gift of Urbanity, which you congratulate to Monſieur *de la Thebautier*, will be undoubtedly pleaſing to him. I have ſent him your Letter, but I had neer forgotten to thank you for it on my own part: And ſurely, Sir, it is fit I do, ſince I am as much intereſſed in it, as he; and you therein amplifie my ſmall merit, with your accuſtomed exaggerations. I am very ſenſible of theſe teſtimonies of eſteem, becauſe they are alſo evidences of love, and the heat wherewith your words are animated, is too naturall to come other-whence, then from your heart But, Sir, what are the intentions of our dear Monſieur *Eſprit*? his civilities fill me with confuſion; he either mocks me, or is good and generous even to exceſſe, as well as Monſieur his elder brother, who is not contented to excuſe the poverty of the Village, but alſo miſ-imployes his good language, in commendations of the bad cheer, wherewith he was received. I treated him onely in the faſhion, of the good man in the Georgicks:

Qui dapibus menſas onerabat inemptis.

and made him no other complement, then that in the ſame Author;

Aude hoſpes contemnere opes & te quoq; dignum, &c.

Notwithſtanding, he would have the whole family charg'd with all theſe favours, which are ſo empty and light, and whereunto onely his acknowledgment gives a a body. How eaſie is it to oblige perſons, that act by nobl. principles! 'Tis I, Sir, that am infinitely accountable to them, for their generous affection; and ſince I am deſtitute of all means to de-

clare my gratitude, by my actions. I conjure you to assure the two brothers, which are at *Paris*, that I love, esteem, and honour them all three perfectly. I return you the catalogue of Italian books, wherein I see not any thing of value. Is this the rich Library of the curious book-merchant? I much pity the hard hap of his widow, if she be such as she is represented to me; and if I were one of those Grandees, that lov'd the husband so well, I would not suffer her to perish for want of relief. But they are of that sort of people, who think, they give all, when they give shadows and appearances; and had rather go to the obsequies of the dead, then assist, to the upholding of his ruinous family. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 22 May, 1640. *Your, &c.*

LET. XIV.

SIR,

I Have a perfect esteem of the merit of Monsieur——— but I confesse, his book lesse pleased me at the second, then it did at the first reading. You shall know the reasons of my sentence, if we happen to meet once more in our lives; and it shall be on the side of that fair bed, wrought with Tulips, where we will treat of this matter, and severall others, if Heaven hear my prayers.

Et me fata unum patiantur degere mensem,
Auspiciis, Capelane, tuis.

I am confident, the Bulls you speak of, will not be the cause of this voyage, although he that makes the Briefs at this day, has said these twenty years, that I was not unworthy of the favours of the King, *sed hæc fuere*; and he obliges me too much, to leave me to my repose and liberty, which I prefer above all, that greatnesse is able to give me. I find that true every day, which you write me of *Davila*, and the frequent concurrence of my judgment with yours, gives me great cause of glory. I onely adjoyne to it, that it is a great shame to our Nation, to be instructed of their own affairs from a stranger, and that *France* has not yet been the mother of a French *Historian*. I have seen a second Lapidary on the Duke of *Weymar*, which I cannot commend, though it be ascribed to a person whom we love. That which you tell me of the other is most true, his eloquence

quence is wholly founded upon common places, and has nothing at all of *Cicero*. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 1 June, 1640. *Yours, &c.*

LET. XV.

SIR,

I Should not think my ſelfe in my wits, if I did not extraordinarily eſteem thoſe *Meſſieurs* that bear that name by way of excellency. But further alſo, conſidering my obligations to them, if I lov'd them not, (permit me to tell you in Latine) *Mihi rebur & æs triplex, circa pectus eſſet.* The ſtrength that Philoſophy conters on us, being not contrary to the tenderneſſe into which humanity ſoftens us, I make it my glory to be one of thoſe tender and ſenſible ones, that have alwaies their hearts wounded, and their ſouls captiv'd to incomparable vertue. When I have diſcover'd it in any place, no ceremony or comp'lement is able to reſtrain me. The poſſeſſors of it cannot quit themſelves of me at their pleaſure, and there is a neceſſity of loving, that joyns me inſeparably to the thing, that I account amiable. Our Monſieur *Eſprit de Verſeüil*, and yours of *Paris*, ſhall not doubt of this truth, and they ſhall one day ſee, that I do not content my ſelfe with a ſecret reſentment, but make profeſſion of my gratitude. It ſeems you have ſhown all our friends the Letter of Monſieur *de*———— He would be very much miſtaken, if he thought, I would raiſe me a Trophie of the praiſes that he gives me, and be ſtill greedy of thoſe Viands, whereof I ſurfeited long ago. You need not fear leſt his profuſion make me ſlight my vow, and bring me new deſires to write Letters. It was with much Religion, that I ſaid *va literis*, and pronounced a curſe upon my ancient Trade. And in caſe you doubt of it, I confirm all the maledictions in this place, that I have ſo often and ſolemnly bequeath'd unto it. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 10 June, 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVI

SIR,

ALl that I receiv'd of yours, and the Roman Frenchman's, has ſatisfi'd me above meaſure. Although his mind be famiſhed with Benefices, and ſick of Ambition; yet he has other-

wise amiable and deserving qualities. Let us not exact more of poor mortalls, then the proportion of their fortunes will allow. It is not a crime to be no Philosopher: All of that profession have not equally abandon'd matters of interest. There have been some that have made as importunate supplications as this, that have receiv'd denials and affronts, and insinuated into the favour of the Pages of the Syracusan Tyrants. I took delight in all the Papers which he sent me, and should have taken much more, if they had not oblig'd me to the return of answers. We have to do with an urgent man, and who understands not what it is to give. He lends onely upon usury, and trafficks in Prose and Verse, in the one and the other Tongue. He is so rigorous in the observation of punctualities, that he will never be woo'd to pardon my omissions. Yet I must beseech a little expectation from him, and some of his mercy in consideration of my infirmities. He that told you the other day, that he had not *as triplex circa pectus*, may notwithstanding have it *circa frontem*. For, indeed I see no other remedy to defend my selfe from these favours that are done me, which I esteem cruell, and should be happier in the neglect and oblivion of all the world. I am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

LETTER XVII.

SIR,

YOur last Letter has taught me nothing new, it onely confirm'd me in the high opinion I had of the strong constitution of your soul. Nevertheless I discover through it a very excellent and commendable infirmity; I mean that tenderness whereof you tell me, which renders you sensible onely of the losses which you suffer of your friends. These are such, Sir, as in these dayes are accounted none; and how many people are there on every side of you, that had rather have lost eight hundred friends, then eight hundred crowns; they value them no more, then they do men in *Turky*, that are to be sold; and I know some, that would easily forego their most dear and faithfull intimates, at fifty crownes a-piece.

O curvæ in terris animæ & cœlestium inanes!

In

In ſtead of requiring conſolation, you ought rather to rejoyce in the poſſeſſion of the vertue, which is contrary to that ignoble vice, and congratulate your health in the time of a Peſtilence. I am fully ſatisfied, that the ruines, upon which the antient Sages held themſelves immovable, would not be more dreadfull to you, then them, and that you could behold with a countenance, no leſſe ſerene and unfrighted, all the Shipwracks and burnings, and other hoſtilities, wherewith fortune enterpriſes upon Philoſophy. I would gladly continue this Diſcourſe, and acquit my ſelf of what I promi'd you by the laſt Poſt; but my attendance on a great company with me, will not afford me leaſure. I am confident, you will allow the excellent wit and language of Monſieur the Duke *de la Rochefoucaut*, as alſo that of Monſieur the Prince of *Marſillac* his ſon, to be ſufficient and lawfull cauſes, of referring you to another time. Yet I muſt not end here, without telling you, that I received about three hours ſince, a rich preſent from Monſieur *de la Menardiere*. All that I could do ſince that time, was, to read the diſcourſe at the entry of the book, wherein I confeſſe, betwixt the ſtrength of his reaſoning, and the ſolidity of his doctrine, I perceiv'd ſo quick and glorious appearances, and in ſo great number, that I yet remain dazled with them. Did I yet practiſe the writing of Letters, I would not fail to teſtifie to him, the reſentments I have of ſo dear a favour. But it is poſſible, I ſhall one day tender him ſome more conſiderable act of my gratitude; and I hope, that after I have ſtudied his book, it will furniſh me wherewith to alledge it. *Par verò mumus ne à nobis unquam expectes, præſtantiſſime Capellane, ſed ſi per ægeſtatem noſtram referre gratiam non licet, ingenui ſaltem animi erit profiteri per quem profecerimus.* I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 22 June, 1640. Your, &c.

LET. XVIII.

SIR,

I Have ſolemnly renounc'd Hyperbole; 'tis a rock, which I look not upon without trembling, and fear more then *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. Yet you think, I take pleaſure to ſail upon it, and that I am more then ever the hyperbolicall Doctor. I perceive well, Sir, where the occaſion lies. I ſhall be in combat all my life, with your perpetuall humility, and there is need of a proceſſe to make you receive your due; I will not ceaſe

ceaſe to render it to you, in the beſt coine I am able, and ſhall not ſcruple to perform that juſtice, to the moſt faithfull of my friends, which I rendred to my moſt enraged adverſaries. Monſieur *Coſtard* will without doubt be tranſported with joy, for the receit of the excellent preſent you ſent him, and you ſhall not fail of his thanks; which notwithſtanding I ſhall know ſooner from you, then from him, becauſe there is no commerce from hence to *Niort*, and the fifteen leagues that ſeparate us, are leſſe favourable to our entertainments, then the diſtance of a hundred 'twixt *Angouleſme* and *Paris*. All your fears give me not leſſe diſquiet, then they do you. But I hope, the God of Hoſts will be on our ſide, to the end of this Campagne. It may be, the excellent Hymns will prevail with him, and then I doubt not, but the Prince of Monſieur *Chapelain* will obtain greater favours from him, then he of Monſieur *Favet*. Battels are not alwaies fought at the times of appointment, and I have obſerv'd in the Hiſtories of all ages, that the great events which determine the fate of great affairs, do happen leſſe frequently, according to deſigne, then by accident and occaſion. Our enterpriſes here below, are decided from above; and we are but the engines and actours of pieces, that are compoſed in heaven; *Homo bifrtio, Deus vero poſtaeſi*: He is, Sir, a ſoverain Poet, and you cannot refuſe the part, which he appoints you to bear in the Scene. It is meet we comply to his orders concerning us, and ſubmit our ſelves to the direction of his providence. Nevertheleſſe I dare promiſe you this time, that you ſhall have no need of your ſupream vertues, and my genius prompts me, that your Muſes ſhall yet a long time ſing the triumphs of Monſieur *de Longueville*. Theſe are the vowes which are made for him and you, by,

SIR,

Balzac, 1 July, 1640. *Your, &c.*

LET. XIX.

SIR,

YOu are the laſt of the good and magnanimous, and if there be yet any generoſity upon earth, we may ſay boldly, it is lodg'd in your breaſt, and diſcovers it ſelf in your words. Thoſe which you have written to Monſieur *Coſtard*, in anſwer to his Letter, have ſo wholly ſatisfied me on every ſide, that I know not which moſt to eſteem, either the prudence and freedom that have dictated them, or the wit and

cou-

courage that breathe in them. They would even reclaim Tigers to civility, and to inchant Dragons. *Quid fiet de homine, ut Romani loquebantur, humanissimo, cui est consuetudo cum mansuetioribus musis?*

Non obtusa adeò Costardus pectora gestat.

I doubt not, but for the future, he will be one of your great admirers, and knowing you, as he does, bestow his heart upon you, which is one of the most noble and constant, that I know. I account myself happy, in having contributed something to this incomparable friendship. Being both of you of such eminent worth, it was requisite to the glory of either, that you should be no longer indifferent. I have yet seen no more, then the Epistle of our friend, wherein I was ravished, to see the Verses which he cites from you. This is term'd,

Praesenti tibi maturos largitur honores,
Ornandasque tuum per nomen suscipit artes.

Do me the reason of a most humble acknowledgment, for the other, wherewith he begins his discourse, with that excesse of gratitude, *pro ingratissimâ mihi olim gratiâ*. If one had given him the Consulship, what would he not have said? For one Panegyrick that *Ausonius* made, he would have made a dozen; and if *Domitian* had offer'd him the honour of a dinner, he would have flouted the feasts of *Jupiter*; he would have said, He scorn'd his *Nectar*, and had no need of his *Ambrosia*. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 10 July, 1640. *Your, &c.*

LET. XX.

SIR,

SInce the Letters which you write me, are benefits which I receive, and those I return you, are the acknowledgments which I render; you may well perceive, that it concerns me not to leave you one onely moment in doubt, of the gratitude of my soul. The happinesse is, you are neither a hard friend, nor a proud benefactor. Although I should fail, your indulgence would seek reasons, to justifie my offence, and you would accuse, not onely the Post, *Totila*, and *Rocolet*, but also fortune, the stars, and destiny, rather then believe me

me culpable. You need not doubt, but I am much interested in the great newes of *Germany*, and intend to make a bonefire for my own particular, as soon as your Prince shall have deserved those of the publick; I pray Heaven he may become the Liberator of Christendome, and that I be his Prophet, and you his Historian. But indeed, if a man may be a Prophet and a Poet, at the price you speak of, they are charges of a very cheap rate, and the places of the Sages did not cost more, in the time of *Cleobulus* and *Bias*, when there needed no more to have one, then to have said, "Ἄριστον μέτρον, Οἱ πολλοὶ κακοί, or some such like *quodlibet*. If Mon. [illegible] doe me the honour of a visit, I will receive him with open armes, and my hermitage shall be ever esteemed glorious, for the receit of such a guest. I have no knowledge of the Abbot of *Aubignac*, nor ever heard of his Question of a dozen hours long, neither can I tell who are those *Candidati tam infeliciter ambitiosi*; you will oblige me, by giving me a little light herein. If any one have done you injustice, I will declare it to just posterity, and the Judges that shall condemn my friend, shall not be lesse execrable, then those which acquitted the enemies of *Cicero*; *Cum nempe violatæ Religionis reus, Religioni & Legibus illisis*. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 10 June, 1640. Your, &c.

LET. XXI.

SIR,

WHat is the designe of your Rheum, to set upon you in the month of *July*, and not to be contented to make war against you, in the midst of winter, which is the true time of its Campagne, *ut optimè & ingeniosissimè scribis*: You may with reason reckon it, with the other prodigies, which we have lately seen, and those that are still in breeing. And since your flegme has such an extraordinary inundation, you may be suffered to accuse the starrs, and complain of the dispensations of Nature. As for me, let Rivers forsake their Channels, and overswel their banks as long as they please; let the Dog-star die with cold, if he will, and let it freez and snow upon our harvest; I know, the worst evill is already past, and the succeeding disorders will ever be more supportable to me, then the first. But, Sir, you are good company for a sick person, and it must be confess'd, that the clouds of your rheume,

rheum, do nothing at all disturb the serenity of your minde. Could any man speak better of the affairs of *Germany*, and the peregrinations of your *Theseus*? or with more humanity accuse the miscariage of our new brother of the Academy? Is it possible for earnest and game, to be more agreeably tempered upon the farewel of Monsieur de *Colomby* to themselves upon the curses that he bestowes on the present age, and the small understanding there was, between him and *Tacitus*, even at the time of their greatest familiarity? You become what person soever you please to act, and there is an equall mixture of prudence in all your performances. I have seen within a few daies, a man whom you much prized to me, in two very different postures: And at the conclusion of his Poetry, which pleas'd me extremely, I fell by misfortune upon these Verses, which made me sick at heart, and wherewith I am somewhat conscientious to sully white paper.

Cum spueret vestrum alter ut gravis exquecrearet,
Plurimus & rauci conspergeret omnia tussi;
Nulla horrescentis vultu asper signa dedissem,
Cuncta ferens, vos alacris nimq; ante tulissem
Plura immundas mea, cum cultus nescius infans,
Exdarem toties in canis humida strata.

As I would not have a Poet bear too much upon the wing, and be alwaies soaring above the clouds, so neither would I have him stiffe himself to fall into the dirt, and much lesse into some other matter more unclean. *Viscaffermus* descends and abases his course, when he pleases; but this man creeps and wallowes in these sixe verses, as if he took pleasure in ordure. I do not know Monsieur *Hedelin* any more, then I knew Monsieur the Abbot of *Asnigne*; but I shall be forward to begin our acquaintance, by the way which you have mark'd me out. You must therefore do me the favour, to send me the *pro* and *con*, and I believe me alwaies,

SIR,

Balzac, 1 August, 1640. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXII.

SIR,

I am happy in being beloved of you, and I would not change this good fortune, for that of all the favourites in the world.

This

This is indeed a magnificent ſpeech, but the loftineſs of my words is neither without reaſon nor example. Your *Horace* goes beyond them, when inſtead of the favour of Kings, he appropriates even Royalty to himſelfe, and ſayes, he is more happy then the King of *Perſia*, by a leſſe enjoyment then mine. With how great goodneſſe have you receiv'd the trouble which I put upon you? How many ſouls receive light from your fire? And what is it that you do not for a man, that can only requite you with vowes and wiſhes? You cover me, Sir, with ſhame and confuſion, and I know not how to anſwer your laſt Letter, but with bowing my head, and laying my hand upon my mouth. This religious poſture muſt ſerve me inſtead of the thanks I owe you, and of thoſe I ſhould tender you for the favour of thoſe excellent perſons which you have ingag'd to undertake our affaires. I am not more yours then I was before, *quid enim perfectio adai poteſt?* But I am, as I conceive, more then any perſon in the world.

SIR,

Balzac, 12 Aug. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIII.

SIR,

I Send you here with the Letter of a gallant man of my acquaintance, which he deſired might be communicated to you; and I muſt tell you, he is perſwaded upon my words, that he is a Maſter Artiſt at writing of Letters. It is therefore a juſt judgement of God, that I am now perſecuted with the impertinences which I formerly commended, and that my flattery reaps the thornes which it ſelfe had ſown. He ſeeks occaſions to write to me, and when he cannot deviſe any, he purveys for them abroad in all the world. He alſo injoyns me to return him an anſwer, upon I know not what penalty; and requires, beſides all this, *gratiam celeritatis*, as if it were a buſineſſe of expedition. He ſhall have neither one nor other, neither anſwer nor diligence. I will preſerve the liberty wherof he would bereave me; and if he proceed to moleſt me, make another oath more ſolemn then the firſt. What an imprudence is it, to exact golden Letters of his friends, to demand of me Rhetorical flouriſhes, and *coſi va diſcorrendo*, to the intent he may read me in aſſemblies, and make a Proclamation of our ſecrets? You can teſtifie for me, that I am farre from ingaging in the Trade of a Declamer, which I ſhall ever ſtudiouſly avoid.

avoid. I beseech you let me know, who that person is which takes himselfe for *Scipio Africanus*, and treats his friend with the name of *Lælius*. His presumption certainly deserves severe punishment, and I doubt not but one of these dayes, the fancy will be in his head to prophane the names of *Agrippa*, *Mecænas*, and *Hephestion*, in bestowing them upon some miserable scoundrel, to whom himselfe will be *Augustus* and *Alexander*. That *Vida*, whom we esteem so much, and in whose favour *Scaliger* the Son hath written, *Qui de Hieronymo Vida aliter sentit quàm de summo ac perfectissimo Poeta nugas agit.* This *Vida*, I say, is the true Author of the villany you have seen. It is in the Poem which he addresses, *Gelelmi Vidæ & Leonæ Oscasalæ Manibus.* But we must leave all other matters, & give you a recital of the Heroical enterprise of a gallant man, which pass'd through this Country, and is going in quest of Truth, and good Wine, by Sea and Land. To this effect, he designs a Pilgrimage to Monsieur *Des Cartes*, in imitation of that of *Apollonius* to *Hiarchas*: Nevertheless he will put off truth, and Monsieur *des Cartes* to the next year, and not pass the Sea this Campagne. But his other design deserves the knowledge of the whole world. He departed from *Paris* on purpose to come and see the Sun rise and set at *Balzac*, and so forwards, to eat all the Melons and Figs of *Gascoine*; and from thence to take the way of *Languedoc*, and keep the Vintage of *Bretignac*. *Alexander* had never so rare a thought: The Conquest of the Indies is nothing in comparison to this expedition, and you must be more sparing hereafter in relating to me the voyages of your *Theseus*. You must further know, that his first speech to me, was concerning you, in such manner as I would have all the world speak; and this introduction has so well pleas'd me, that although he had drawn after him, *Menades*, *Sileni*, Asses and Panthers, I could not have shut my Gate upon this extraordinary train. As I had finish'd my Letter, he that is the subject of it, came hither upon the Gallop, and gave me a second visit, *matutinam, siccam & sobriam.* But yet I must tell you, that this sobriety is not without some consideration of interest; and that he did not forbear his breakfast, but for fear it might be prejudicial to a great dinner which attended him at *Angoulesme*. So that even his abstinence has intemperance for its object, and is nothing at all agreeable to that of the ancient Fathers in the Desert. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 24 Aug. 1640. *Your, &c.* LET-

LETTER XXIV.

SIR,

THe great importance is to know, that I am your Favourite; for it is most certain you are a King; and if you will not believe me, hear the Oracle that tells you.

Rex est qui posuit metus,
Et iræ mala pectoris;
Quem non ambitio impotens,
Et nunquam stabilis favor
Vulgi præcipitis, movet;
Qui tuto positus loco,
Infra se videt omnia.

If you desire any more, behold, Sir, a second Oracle, or the confirmation of the first.

Mens regnum bona possidet
Nil nullis opus est equis,
Nil armis dy inertibus
Telis quæ procul ingerit
Parthus, cum simulat fugas:
Rex est qui metuit nihil.

There is nothing herein which is not proper to you, and you are the Soveraign next Monsieur *de Longueville*. But it is true, this Noble affection gives you some disquiets, and you feare all the blowes for so dear a person, which you would contemn if they were directed against your selfe. The Sonnet of the Italian President, and the Letter of the Cavalier of twenty years old, are very agreeable to my palate, and you have obliged me with a feast of two so rare presents. But how many lustres are gone? I had almost said, Ages, wherein we have seen nothing of your Muses. I know well, that

Carmina proveniunt animo deducta sereno.

And there is scarce anything but Vowes made in a Tempest. But yet you might have put those vowes in rime, and told us in Musick, that singing could not be expected from you in your present estate. As for me, nothing disturbs me from my Trade.

Nei-

Neither pain of body, nor affliction of mind, hinder me, from sending you almost by every Post, something of my workmanship. My Enthusialm be ng past, and my last Latine-Letter sent, some have assur'd me, that it was an incomparable piece. Behold, a great word for a Courtier, not very familiar with your *Apollo*, and a Doctor in the vulgar tongue. I have not so much faith, as to believe my self presently a Roman Citizen, because a Provinciall told me so; 'tis you, Sir, who must clear me up this truth, and if you please to associate Monsieur the Abbot of *St. Nicholas*, in the judgment of this important affair; I send you a new copy to be delivered to him. He is, without doubt, *rerum nostratum acerrimus & integerrimus judex, possidetque in supremo gradu, ut Magistri loquuntur, facultatem judicatricem.* Do me the favour, to observe and mark all the faults, to the end I may correct them; for it is a dangerous thing to speak a dead language. I am,

SIR,

Balzac. 4 Septemb. 1640. Your, &c.

LET. XXV.

SIR,

I Have much exclaim'd against the delayes of messengers, and truly not without cause, since they depriv'd me of an extraordinary contentment, and hinder'd me from the enjoyment of Monsieur *Menage*; his Book would have made *Justus Lipsius* jealous, and put *Lambin* in dispair. It astonishes me, and I am confident, satisfies you, though you expresse nothing thereon, to leave me the entire liberty of my judgment. It is true, I have a great inclination for this *grandis prosixatus.* But if I were his profest enemy, I should confesse, that his subtleties are very solid, and his doctrines exquisite; he d awes out of fountains, remote from the common roads, and which the people have not yet soyled. But who would think, that in criticall questions, and those upon the *Heautontimorumenos* of *Terence*, there were any room for courtesie and offices of friendship? and that I should see my self amongst so many Authors and Scholiasts? It seems he did not reprehend me in the beginning, but with a foresight of rendring his commendations of me lesse suspected in the conclusion, nor correct me, for taking the conception of *Hercules* for his birth, but to the end he might say, that the faults which I commit are common to me, with the infallible *Heinsius.* You are too good, Sir, and know

the way of gratitude too well, to leave me in arrear in this particular, and there are no words but yours, that can sufficiently expresse my resentments. Be pleased to grant me them, in this occasion, and preserve me that precious friend, in the same manner as you bestow'd him on me. But must I not hear, that you are returned into the way of the Hostel, of Monsieur the Ambassadour of *Sueden*, and that you are a better Courtier in Summer, then in Winter? Visit that excellent person, and become his Confident. You may possibly see that incomparable History, which he keeps prisoner so many years, for there are neer thirty past since the Author of *Infanticida* writ to him, in these remarkable words: *Ita munus molestissimum sustinuisti Bastenus, ut quæcunque in Republicâ jam restant, aliud agendo sustinere possit; & quod fidem superat, tanquam in otio absolutam patriæ Historiam occupatissimus scripsisti. Quam qui olim legent, obstupescent, salvo Taciti splendore & augustâ Majestate dici aliquid floridius potuisse.* I have read his Book, *de jure Belli & Pacis*, which is of very great learning; and a long time since his *Mare Liberum*, and lately two Tragedies, and some other sacred Poems; but I have lost the volume of his Verses, printed at *Leyden*, which I would gladly regain: He has also compos'd divers other pieces, whereof I beseech you to give my Stationer a catalogue, to the end, I may want none of the works of this great personage: I have a particular esteem of all that comes from him, and besides the solidity of his learning, the, strength of his reasoning, and the graces of language, I observe therein a certain character of honesty, which perswades me, that excepting our Religion, from which he is unhappily a stranger, he may be confided in, for all other things. You do very much honour to my extravagance, in calling it Enthusiasm, and I did not take my self to be of so jolly an humour. 'Tis onely in your presence, that my melancholly leaves me in repose; and had not I been to write to Monsieur *Chapelain*, I should not have so much as remembered the voyage of the new *Bacchus*. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Septemb. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LETTER XXVI.

SIR,

I Pardon our friend his pedantry, if he be assur'd of the Prelacy, and has City-security for it. He, neer whom he would be placed, has sometimes the outside and appearance of an honest man, but the bottom of him is a certain cheat. 'Tis a folly to depend upon any thing from him, though after protestations, both by word and writing. My indefatigable Scribe has laboured for you this week, and will by all means have you see my last Latine, because it seems to him well writ. I do not oppose his will, since it costs me nothing but consent, nor complain of the pains he puts himself to. Let him kill you therefore with this so often recocted *crambe*, provided you do not cease to be otherwise in health, and that it cause not the return of your rheume. Never did any businesse finde more protection, then that which I recommended to you, and we are principally indebted to you for the good successe. You have obliged Monsieur *de Voiture*, to contract his gravity in my favour, that Monsieur *de Voiture*, that never speaks without perswading. You may perhaps think, that I am providing him an accurate complement hereupon; I had indeed once resolved it, but I lately read in my Stoick Philosophy, that a wise man ought to have a friend, to the end, he may not want one to sacrifice his life for, if need be. So that upon this ground, it is apparent, that neither you nor he are yet fully discharged towards me. You have not yet been solicited to Martyrdom, and since you owe me your life and your blood, can you account to me a visit in a coach, and a dozen words? I presume, you did not expect this anti-complement, and will confesse, that I do not take things after the common biasse. This it is to be one of *Zeno*'s disciples, and to have commerce with those lofty soules of Antiquity, whose very extravagances are noble. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 30. Septemb. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVII.

SIR,

I Cannot tell, if I ſhould at preſent admire the Oration of my Lord *della Caſa*; but it is true, that I did formerly admire it, and had a deſign of publiſhing it with Notes of my own making. This deſire is not yet paſs'd, and I beſeech you to procure a very correct Copy of it, to the end, that when I ſend you mine, you may, by comparing them, judge which of the Manuſcripts is the better. In my opinion, this Florentine was perfectly judicious. He had ſeen the Idea of the higheſt Eloquence; and I cannot agree to the ſentence of Monſieur *Guyet*, who wholly condemns his Latine. Onely I think, the advantage is on the ſide of the Tuſcan, which is more free and naturall. I have review'd my ſecond Apology, and ſhall ſend you them both, to be preſented from me, to Madam the Marchioneſs *de Sable*. I think it will be convenient, to make the Dedication of them to her: And though there are many points of Learning treated therein, above the ordinary capacities of Women; yet my addreſs cannot be reproved, being made to one that tranſcends the generality of that ſex. Beſides, I have a great example to juſtifie the action, and you may poſſibly have obſerv'd, that *Diogenes Laertius*, directs his ſpeech to a Lady of his time, in the Lives which he has written of the Philoſophers. Notwithſtanding, he ſpeaks not onely of their actions, and manners, but alſo of their ſects and opinions. Our other incomparable Marchioneſs ſhall likewiſe find a ready obedience from me. I will publiſh the vertue and atchievements of her Fathers, and her brave Romans; and I hope ſhe will be ſatisfi'd with ſomething more then my forward compliance to her commands. If I were capable of joy, I ſhould have received it very ſenſibly from your laſt approbation. You are in effect almoſt the onely man whom I deſire to pleaſe, and I am ready to ſay, that *omnes cogitationes meæ ad te referuntur, & in te conſumuntur*. Therefore I conjure you to love me, if you would have my ſad life ſuſtain'd yet longer by any comfort, and believe not that I labour either for Fortune or Glory. You are the onely end of all my pains. But there is yet one thing which I would obtain of you, that when I ſend you either my Latine or my French, you would not adverтiſe me of my faults. Not for that I think my ſelfe infallible, or you incapable to correct me. But becauſe I am not ſolicitous about my errors,

errors, and do not take things ſo much to heart as I have done formerly. If a ſolecism eſcape from me, I think I ſhould now let it runne as farre as it pleaſes, without putting my ſelfe to the trouble of overtaking it. 'Tis a favour therefore of chance, if I make any thing conſiderable at the firſt attempt. I am.

SIR,

Balzac 8 Octob. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXVIII.

SIR,

I Have obtain'd at length, what I deſired ſo paſſionately, I mean an authenticall Declaration of my favour with you. I poſſeſs'd the thing formerly but I wanted the Title. Now I am provided of a neceſſary Piece to juſtifie my poſſeſſion, and let any one hereafter adventure to diſpute it with me. But do not think, Sir, that I account it in the number of Goods honeſt and unprofitable. I find in your friendſhip, penſions, benefices, offices, dignities, and generally all the advantages that favour can expect from Royalty; ſince I find in it wherewith to ſlight all thoſe graces, and having made me a preſent of your ſelfe, what did ever *Hepheſtion* receive from the King his Maſter, that was comparable to what you have beſtow'd on me? You muſt either confeſs that you know not your ſelfe, or agree with me in this truth, and that there is no rationally ambitious man, that is not of my opinion. But ſince we are upon the Chapter of excellent friendſhip, is that of Monſieur *Silhon*, in as high a degree of heat towards me, as I left it at *Paris*. If it be ſo, as I cannot doubt it, I am doubly happy, and I beſeech you to aſſure him, that he has not a more faithfull ſervant then my ſelfe. As for you, dear Sir, I have no more to ſay to you, only do me the honour to believe, that in receiving you, I give my ſelfe to you, and could wiſh I were of ſome value, that you might not be wholly a loſer in the change. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 19 Octob. 1640. *Yours &c.*

LETTER XXIX.

SIR,

I Have receiv'd so great contentment from the Letter which your friend writ you, as was incapable of addition by a second complement. I did formerly apprehend the inconvenience of this excess like that of two dinners on a day; and you know, that there is satiety even of the best things. He is indeed a very gallant person, and agrees with your description. Oftentimes what he speaks, deserves to be alleadged. But is there no means of obtaining of the Ingenious answers which he recited to you? it is indifferent to me, whether they come from deliberation, or are delivered upon the place; whether they be born in the company, or brought from home, provided they be ingenious. It is not of true jeasts, that the Poet said,

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.

'Tis of those Equivocations you know of, and other studied fooleries, which bad Buffoons fetch as farre as the end of the World. I am an enemy to sowre faces, and affected gravity; and therefore I leave you to consider, if my thoughts agree with yours concerning the Ambassadour. *Fruatur, per me, superbiâ Titulorum.*

Ad populum phaleras; ego te intus, & in cute, novi.

What are his intentions, with his Arminian Divinity, and Schism upon Schism? I could wish he were cur'd of this malady, *quem sacrum jure nomines*; and that some good Angell would reduce him into the right way. The Chancellour of *Sueden*, who does not trouble himself with controversie, ought to perform this good office, and injoyn him upon penalty, of being ill pay'd by his States, to discover the Treasure which he hides; I mean the History which he keeps secret. Be pleas'd, Sir, to know of him, what is his judgement concerning that of Father *Strada*, and let me know yours, upon all the Spanish Comedies; for those which I have seen, have much displeas'd me. I render you a thousand thanks for your excellent Verses, which are besides, prudent; and speak you not onely a Poet, but a Polititian. You have found out the delicacy of a Sonnet and this is a perfect body, whose parts are all admirable. I en-

vy

vie you that *meditation de l'Empire*, and *facinde regner*. Had not you regard to the *sacra fames auri* of *Virgil*, and another paſſage in *Ariſtotle*, which he alledges of one *Jaſon*, *Qui niſi regnaret, ſibi eſurire videbatur*. I never yet ſaw any thing of ſo happy conceit, nor ſo happily expreſs'd, I congratulate with you for it, and am more then ever,

SIR,

Balzac, 1 Novemb. 1640. *Yours, &c.*

LET. XXX.

SIR,

I Am very ill ſatisfied with the proceedings of the ſhee-Pedant, as our friend *Thibaud* terms her; if ſhe did not give order to her Gentleman to lye, he has ly'd of his own head. I have been long ſince diſguſted with the husband and the wife, and think, I ſhould loſe the words which I ſhould ſpend upon them; therefore I am glad of the right I have, to blot them out, and imitate the revenge of *Virgil*, who puniſhed thoſe of *Nola* in this manner, and put *Cra jugo* where there was *Nola jugo. Sed de his hactenus, Maſculo & Fœminâ, marito & conjuge, pedagogis.* You are very injurious, to deſire Monſieur —— to write to me; he would do me no pleaſure, in being perſwaded by you: For though his Letters are admirable, yet it will be neceſſary, that I give anſwers to his admirable Letters. Monſieur —— has ſhown me four long ſheets of his. If ſhe ſhould treat me in that manner, would you condemn me to do the like? Truly, you are a ſtrange perſon! I beſtow'd my ſelf upon you, and my ſoul is joyn'd to yours; and would not you have me keep my fidelity? and do not you conſider, that all other communication would be reproach'd to me? *Bleſſi me* with your judgment, upon my Lord *della Caſa*, and the approbation wherewith you authoriſe my deſigne. I will undertake the work with all ſpeed, and will not forget what I owe to the incomparable Marchioneſſes. If you ſee Monſieur *Menage*, I entreat you tell him, that the German Gentleman, *recens Papinii Commentator*, paſs'd by this way yeſterday, to ſee me; and ſpoke of him and his works ſo advantageouſly, that it is beyond the power of my rhetorick, to add any thing to his Elogy. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 15 Novemb. 1640. *Yours, &c.*

LET. XXXI.

SIR,

I Remain your favourit, during your good pleasure, and I hope, I shall never do any thing to forfeit that title. But, if you please, do not take me for a follower of *Chrysippus*, for if you do, you will have cause one of these daies, to accuse me of lightnesse, and to brand him with apostacy, whom you once termed novice. You will see in my second apology, how I have quitted the Cassock I had taken, and in what manner I had been rebellious against the old Stoicall fathers. Yet I conceive, if I remember well the words of my Letter, I spoke plainly of that proud Philosophy, without much declaration for any side. I am indeed of a Sect more gentle, or, to speak truer, I am of all Sects, *& nequid tibi dissimulem, sine lare & familiâ in Philosophiâ vagamur, & cum nostro Flacco,*

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.

Our friend's Latin seems to me very handsome, but his flattery is insupportable; and as that honest man of antiquity, exclaim'd against *Homer's Jupiter*, because he favour'd the Barbarians, so this new Author displeases me, because he sooths up such people, as are not worth his pains. The Letter I writ to Monsieur *Heinsius*, was neither long nor short, and therefore there must be something more in that, that was told you. For the German whom I mentioned to you the other day, called *Joannes Fredericus Gronovius*, had the like discourse with me; and I know not, if some officious unknown person, has been disposed to make himself pleasant with him and me. *Mascardi* is dead, and we shall all die as well as he. But was he so eloquent as you speak of? I have seen nothing of his making, except some Academicall Orations, which were shown me some fourteen or fifteen years since, and I confesse, that I found his Italian Prose as poeticall, as that of *Ciampoli*. A thousand services to Monsieur *de Voiture*, and all our other friends. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 24 Novemb. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LETTER XXXII.

SIR,

I Should be more ſick then you, if informing me of bad newes, you did not likewiſe give me hopes of better for the future: But you are in the mean time in your bed, and the Phyſitians give your rheume the appellation of a Rhumatiſm. For the love of God dear Sir, have a care of your health, whereof I have more need for my life, then of my own, and conſider me in your perſon. Would not that ſuperſtitious courſe of diet do prejudice, to the nobleneſſe and gallantry of nature? and do you think, the humours would not revolt againſt an abſtinence, that endeavours to bring them into abſolute ſubjection? I do not approve ſuch rules of living, except for ſuch decayed bodies as mine, which are incapable of all action, and overwhelm'd with the leaſt burden. Since you are not in the like condition, you ought to take an honeſt liberty, and indulge your ſelf ſometimes a more geniall fare; I conceive, your blood would by that means become more pure and clear, and that all the ſeditions in the Microcoſm, would be appeas'd and temper'd thereby. But, Sir, you ſpeak very pleaſingly of your malady, your rheumatiſm is eloquent, and every thing flouriſhes in your hands. This gallantry which is mingled with your pains, is an infallible ſigne to me, of your approaching recovery, although you had not otherwiſe given me aſſurance of it; and it cannot be ſaid, there are any ſick people of ſo jolly an humour. Monſieur the Duke of *Rochefoucaut*, did me lately the honour of a viſit, and intermitted for ſome hours the great fiſhing he had, in our fair Rivers, that waſhes five or ſix of his Teritorries, which contain twelve large leagues of our Country. You were mentioned in our conference, with all the elogies and admiration, due to a ſupream vertue. He brought with him a Lady of his kindred, whom I had a little before complemented, for a preſent which ſhe ſent me. I imagin'd, you would not be unwilling to ſee the Letter which I writ to her, and that the ſoft and delicate ſtyle, will not be leſſe pleaſing to you, then the ſublime. But the main is, to know, if a Ruſtick is able to diſtinguiſh of delicateneſſe, and without miſtaking one for another: it is your part to clear this doubt: In

In the mean time, I expect with impatience the newes of your health, and am with all my soul,

SIR,

Balzac, 10 Decemb. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXXIII.

SIR,

I Have been raviſh'd with joy, at the evidences of your recovery; but you ought not to have attempted ſo much already, and ſhould have managed better this firſt favour of Nature. Four lines would have been enough, to have quieted my minde, and given me the information I deſired. But you know not how to keep meaſure, when there is occaſion to oblige; and you account your favours defective, unleſſe they exceed. How few friends are there like yours! and yet fewer Philoſophers, that are able to retain contentment of minde, in the afflictions of the body, and loſſe of eſtate! I know ſuch a Monſieur ——— that would have murmured againſt St ——— for leſſe then a rhumatiſm; and the dammage of eight hundred crownes, upon the calling in of mony, hath rather inconvenienc'd, then troubled you, which would have put *Seneca* into a feet, though inconſiderable to his fortune. You may enquire concerning this of *Dion*, and he will aſſure you, that there is great difference between the flouriſhes of Theory, and the decretory weapons of Experience; between a Sage upon the paper, and a Sage upon occaſions. But yet, Sir, I conceive, this ought not to render you diſaffected towards others, nor yet force hinder you, from having pitty on the feeble and infirm. You muſt ſuffer men to hope, and deſire ſtill at this day, as they have hop'd and deſir'd ever ſince the beginning of the world. And though covetouſneſſe be not of ſo great antiquity, yet you muſt remember, that you live not in the heroicall times, but in the dregs of the year, ſixteen hundred and forty; and that heretofore, one of your predeceſſors was commended, for ſhewing that favour to the world, which he would not allow to himſelf. Monſieur - - ——— pretends to the Prelacy: What is there you find ſo ſtrange and criminall, in his pretenſions? are they not the ſame, with thoſe of the greateſt part of the Preachers at *Paris*, who do not much attend to the Greek Eccleſiaſticall Hiſtory; nor the example of *St. Iſidore* of *Peluſium*. The worſt I ſee in it, is, that he has diſcovered himſelf to

a mocker, and declar'd his deſigne with more freedome, then the hypocriſie of the Court permits. But is he not in the bottom of ſuch ſtuffe, as Patriarchs and high Prieſts are made of? and do not you remember, that in the place where he is, there is not ſo poor a Surplice-wearer, but has an eye upon the Papacy, and prayes to God for the triple Crown. Has he not at leaſt as handſome a name, as the *Signieur de Simeonibus*, whereof he makes mention in his Letter, and which I cannot remember without laughter? Does not he well deſerve a title, *in partibus infidelium*, ſince he is ſo deſirous of a Dioceſſe, that any would be welcome to him? This ambition does not prejudice civill ſociety, and may be ſuffered in a mean vertue. He may have it, without hating his Prince, without violating friendſhip, and without being either a bad Frenchman, or a bad Roman. And therefore, Sir, though you handſomely reproach my indulgence, I ſhall crave the liberty to continue it. I know not how to declaim againſt ſo many imperfections, purely humane, ſeeing ſuch a world of monſtrous and groſſe crimes I ſhould have to combat, if I would undertake to be a Reformer. *Quod ad Eminentiſſimum Bentivolum attinet.* You have all the reaſon in the world to blame me, and I confeſſe, I am the moſt ruſtick Provinciall betwixt this and *Paris*. Nevertheleſſe, ſince you have already performed the complement, to which I was oblig'd, I ſhall reſt there. I am not able to add any thing to the perfection of what you do, and will onely tell you, that they are happy faults whereof you are the amender. I wiſh to heaven, you would as liberally acquit me of the reſt of my debts, It would be a charity worthy of your riches; and I leave you to imagine, if my creditors would have cauſe to complain of their payment. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Decemb. 1640. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LETTER XXXIV.

SIR,

ALl was very agreeable in your Letter, till the concluſion; but that bad tail has ſtung me, and I have much fear of that newes, which would afflict you to the utmoſt, if true; be it the will of heaven it prove falſe, and that your friend be rather victorious, or at leaſt that he be living. Life is a recruit, whereby *Marius* regain'd the power which he had loſt, and our admirall the Armies which were defeated. Having that left, there is ſomething remaining to requite all loſſes; the unfortunate of this year, may be the happy men of the next: *Et durare ac ſeſe rebus ſervare ſecundis*, is the moſt ſure maxime, and greateſt policy I know, in the inſtability of humain affairs. You ſee how I preach at a venture, and anſwer to what you have not told me, or at leaſt in ſuch manner, as to underſtand it; I muſt expect the explication by the next Poſt. You might as well have ſpecified the misfortune which you apprehend, ſince there are many ſorts of them: but in ſtead of making me partaker of your fear, you have put me into all fears imaginable. Eight daies will either cure or confirm my trouble. In the mean time, it is fit we enjoy our good fortunes, as well as we can poſſibly, and get ſome Poet, to make a *Soterion* of thanks to Heaven, for the recovery of your health. You cannot doubt, but it is very dear to me, and that I vehemently deſire the preſervation of a life, by which my own is principally ſupported. If I had loſt you, I ſhould not have known what to do longer in the world. I ſhould have been in worſe eſtate, then widowes and orphans, and gone to eat my heart in the deſerts of the *Thebais*.

Ipſe meum cor edens, hominum veſtigia vitans.

But let us leave theſe bad preſages, and meddle with nothing that is grievous, though in deteſtation of it, upon ſuch a holy day as this. We are now in the declining of a year, during which, your vertue has been exerciſed with a thouſand aſſaults of fortune, and yet remain'd impregnable. May it pleaſe God

God to make the ſucceeding more favourable to you, and that I have fewer occaſions to admire the greatneſſe of your courage. Be you abſolutely happy in your ſelf, and I ſhall be ſo by reflection; for I never ſeparate my intereſts from yours. I am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

The End of the Fifth Book.

FAMI-

FAMILIAR LETTERS, OF M. de BALZAC, To M. CHAPELAIN.

The Sixth Book.

LETTER I.

SIR,

I Suffer with the tenderneſs of women, and your actions ſpeak the ſtrength of Philoſophy. I acknowledge my weakneſſe in extreamities; but I thought you had known it long ſince, & that this vicious virtue of my ſoul could not be hid from him, that ought to have ſeen the bottom of it. Nevertheleſſe you improve it admirably, and make excellent diſcourſes upon the divinity of

of your late ſickneſs. I pray Heaven, Sir, that you be no more a Prophet at that rate, and that the inſpirations from above, may poſſeſs you by wayes more ſweet and eaſie. The agitation that torments the Sybille of *Virgil*, and the pains ſhe takes to deliver her ſelfe from the violence of the ſpirit that ſeizes her, gives me very unquiet thoughts; & it were better to remain in a ſtate leſs rais'd & lofty, that were alſo more gentle and ſerene. The perſon that you know better then I, gave himſelfe the trouble to come bid me adieu, before he left *Paris*, and made me ſolemn proteſtations of his friendſhip. I have obſerv'd in him by experience, whatſoever you had written of him to me before, and find in him a deep judgment, and a great appearance of vertue; ſo that I am throughly perſwaded of his worth and honeſty, and that he receiv'd injuſtice in the character that was formerly given of him. It is poſſible you may have changed him, and that he was converted by your good example. I know you have made many metamorphoſes of the like nature, *& quos probos non invenerat, probos feciſti.* I cannot tell, if the diſpatches you have done me the favour to ſend over the *Mountains*, will have a happy voyage: If they have not, I am already comforted, and the diſorders that appear on all ſides, will cauſe greater miſchiefs then this. I dare not ſpeak any more to you of the continuance of my maladies, and the emptineſs of my purſe, though I ſtill grapple with my pains.

God grant that the firſt moneth of the year, be the beginning of a better age. But I fear I ſhall never again ſee health or good times; and did not your incomparable friendſhip, give me ſome comfort in this world, I would rather go out of it this day, then to morrow, if it were the will of Him, to whom all creatures owe ſubmiſſion. I am,

SIR,

Angouleſm, 4 Jan. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LETTER II.

SIR,

I Am asham'd to tell you, that my indisposition hindred me from writing to you by the last Post, for methinks I scarce ever speak of any thing else. There being onely this cause that could make me fail in my duty, you must allow me to use it in my justification. I should be sick at this present for any other cause, but I am bound to free you from those inquietudes, my silence would raise in you, if the Post should make two returns, without bringing you any newes of me. You may therefore be pleas'd to understand, that I have receiv'd your dispatch, with the Letter of Monsieur *Conrart*, which could not but be welcome to me in the afflicted condition wherein I languish. There came also a third in company, whereof I knew almost all the contents before, and yet did not conceive my knowledge very great. *Sed nihil hoc ad Eudromachen*, and our friend has not understood me. I did not desire any news of those *Antipodes* in manners, as *Seneca* calls them, that turn day into night, and night into day, as was the custome of Queen *Margaret* in our times. I would onely have learnt something of certain strange Princes, who, as I am told, made use of Torches as well by day as night, out of an humorous and mysterious ceremony. The fire that was carried before the Roman Emperours, as a mark of Soveraignty, whereof as I remember, there are extant but three Testimonies in all Antiquity, namely two in the History of *Herodian*, and the third in the Poem of *Corippus*, has a neer resemblance with this of my present enquiry. But likeness and identity are different things; and it is disputable, whether it were a Torch, or a chafer of coals, or a lamp, that was so carried in state. If there be any such proud fools, that would be treated as Gods or Idols, let us leave them to burn day-light as long as they please, and make no further search into the repertories of Paris, which afford us nothing new. Our Monsieur *Conrart* is alwaies an admirable person, I know not if it be possible, to find so many excellencies any other where, as I see in every thing of his. Since he is pleas'd to serve me in my Complement to *Holland*, I accept his offer, and promise him, that I will not often abuse his courtesie upon the like occasions, you can testi-

teſtifie for me, that *ſemper invitiſſimus ſcribo*, I am

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Jan. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET. III.

SIR,

LEt us ſuſpend our judgements for a time, and not condemn the Parricide upon the diſpoſition of a Pedant. Poſſibly this man may have viſions, and has not read what he believes he did. Nor is it improbable, that he has ill underſtood his Brother's meaning, or put the innocent words upon the rack, to make them ſignifie what he pleaſes. 'Tis the ordinary vice of Grammarians, ſuch as he is, *quorum proprium eſt malè interpretari, & à mente Auctorum ſæpius aberrare*. As for my ſelf, Sir, who have known long ſince, and think I have expreſs't as much ſomewhere, that there is no Saint in Heaven, but has been aſperſs'd with unjuſt calumny upon earth; I do not receive all ſorts of teſtimonies indifferently; and before I can believe the evill that is caſt upon a perſon I love, I muſt ſee it clearly, and ſearch it with my fingers. Yet I am not ignorant of the corruption of mankind, nor do I deſire to anſwer, for the honeſty of all the Doctors. But to imagine that all our Societies are full of ——— and ——— is beyond my skill; and I could not do it, though I ſhould be accuſ'd of more then ruſtick ſimplicity, and call'd the ignorant amongſt the great wits of the Academy. Your Jeſuite of *Thoulouſe*, is a perſon of rare merit, and I eſteem his dozen of Verſes you have favour'd me with, above all that I have ſeen of ——— this ten years. Here is ſtrength, wit, and clearneſſe; 'Tis an abſolute Poem, and has all the requiſites of Art and Rule. He delivers all that could be expreſs'd in vulgar Proſe, but in ſuch a manner, that the Muſes themſelves could not have ſpoken better, if they had made uſe of the mouth of *Horace* and *Virgil*. You have much obliged me in copying out that paſſage in the Life of Monſieur *de Peireſk*, that concerns your ſelfe and me. The Hiſtorian has done me right, in regard of my affection, to place me near you. This is to make two favours of one. I could wiſh he had touch'd one word of our friendſhip, *& erat huic locus*, and that in the ſucceſ-

ceſſion of *Malherbe*, he had not forgotten your Lyrick Poetry. I know he underſtands the myſtery of writing, and his Latine is of the beſt age, ſo that he will do great honour to the memory of his friend. I beſeech God comfort you with ſome good news from *Germany*. I tremble at the onely reading of what you write me thence, and unleſſe *fata viam invenient*, I cannot tell how your Heroe can ſave himſelfe. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 30 Jan. 1641. Your, &c.

LET. IV.

SIR,

YOur diſcourſes are according to your cuſtome, prudent and Philoſophicall; and there is ſcarce a ſmall word eſcapes from me in writing to you, but returns me many periods of excellent inſtruction. You treat the ſtupid and obdurate ſect of Stoicks, as they deſerve, and yet do not bend the tenderneſſe of other more mild Philoſophy, ſo low, as to lament the death of Lampreys, Hens, and Parrots, *ut olim Craſſus, Honorius, aliiq; non pauci ridicula memoria mortales*. We do not ſay with *Virgil*,

Nec doluit miſerans ——————

Refute him by himſelfe, and ſay,

Sunt lachryma rerum, & mentem mortalia tangunt.

I am not exempt from ſuch apprehenſions as afflict you, concerning the uncertain condition of the affaires of War. Be pleas'd therefore to let me know what newes you have received, and ſuffer me not to be conſumed in my own feares. Oblige me alſo, by recommending me to Monſieur the Biſhop of *Groſſe*, and aſſure him, he has not a more faithful ſervant then me, nor better perſwaded of his incomparable worth. If there be any of his new Poetry abroad, I beſeech your goodneſſe to intercede for it in my favour, who am moſt paſſionately,

SIR,

Balzac, 6 Feb. 1641. Your, &c.

LET.

LETTER V.

SIR,

THough the Greeks have a proverb, that offends the ſons of the gods, yet I do not believe, that the Counts of *Dunois* of former times, were more honourable perſons, then the Duke of *Longueville*, of the preſent. The laſt miracle, whereof your Letter gives me relation, made me tremble in the reading; my imagination is ſtill unſetled, and I fear for them that are eſcaped, as if I ſaw them yet in hazard, and amidſt the difficulties of the paſſage. Without queſtion, Sir, Heaven has ſome extraordinary deſigne for your Prince. Men are not leſſe frequently deceived in their fears, then in their hopes; and I have obſerved in the Hiſtories of all Ages, that great forces have almoſt ever performed but little, and ſuch as were inconſiderable, very much.

Nil deſperandum Teucro duce & auſpice Teucro,
——Crès ingens iterabimus æquor.

But you muſt remember, that *Teucer* made this Oration amongſt his cups; and likewiſe obſerve, that 'tis from the banks of *Bacchara*, (which the Latiniſts of *Germany* derive by Etymologie from *Bacchi ara*) that the *Nectar Rhenanum* is gather'd, which may perhaps have fill'd your Army with Enthuſiaſm. But, Sir, you return me the title of Philoſopher, with too great humility, I cannot accept an honour, whereof I am ſo undeſerving, nor ſuffer you to call me your Book, who are to me both a Library and an Univerſity. If you provoke me further, I will term you my Tripod and my Oracle, and treat you as *Apollo*, or at leaſt as a Prophet, and a man inſpired by ſome deity. But, out of raillery, you know the high eſteem I have of your great capacity, and the reverence I bear to all that you pronounce, *ex cathedra*; I uſe this word, becauſe you many times ſend me the advices of others, for your own. And though I very much prize the wit and eloquence of our acquaintance, yet I do not acknowledge them for Judges and Soveraigns. Since you are curious to know, who the father *Teron* is, whom I believed, you had known better then my ſelf, I ſhall tell you, that he is a Poet of ſeventy five years old: Soon after

the birth of the King, he compos'd two Poems of little Verſes, which they call *Glyconiques*; and the late King, upon the favourable applauſe that was given them, commanded *Molin* to tranſlate them; they are entitled, *Les Couronnes*, and *Les Dauphins*, and were printed at *Paris*, the Latin on one ſide, and the French *en regione*. Theſe two works are indeed very commendable, and I am aſſured they will find your approbation. I have ſeen other things of his, wherein I obſerv'd an excellent genius; but I know, that he is otherwiſe enclin'd to idleneſſe, and a workman, that of all the world, loves his own trade leaſt. I had good ſtore of other newes to requite you with, and but for this diverſion, you had not been diſcharged at ſo cheap a rate. Monſieur *de Thou*, who turned out of his way, to do me the honour of a viſit, had the patience to relate them four and twenty hours together, which were ſo pleaſing and agreeable, that they ſeem'd to me ſcarce four and twenty minutes. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 25 Feb. 1648. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VI.

SIR,

YOur diligence depends not upon that of the Poſte, nor upon conſiderations of the ſeaſon. Whatever his ſpeed be, and the Sun approach or be more remote from you, I alwaies find my reckoning, and receive tidings from you at the end of the week; for which, Sir, I return you a thouſand remercîments, and for an infinite number of other goodneſſes, whereof I perceive manifeſt teſtimonies in all your Letters. You had formerly declar'd your reſentments of my loſſes; but indeed they were ſuch, as were not much apprehended by me; and unleſſe you had recall'd them to my remembrance, by making your kind ſufferer in them, they had been utterly defac'd out of my memory. I have, I thank God, but little temptations to covetouſneſſe; and 'tis almoſt without trouble or ſtudy, that I contemn that, which the greateſt part of men adore. So that my vertue has nothing of merit, and being not engag'd in combat, cannot in reaſon expect the reward of Crowns and triumphs. I beſtow a thouſand curſes every

day,

day, upon that person, that molests you, and extreamly bemoan your poor Muses, that are scar'd and inquieted, with litigious wranglings and chicanry. *Sunt hæ quidem littera, sed littera illitteratissimæ*, as our *Pliny* terms them. I understand so little in those matters, that I could never recommend a processe, without committing a thousand incongruities, and mistaking one thing for another. As for you, Sir, you will not be in hazard of such inconveniences, whose skill and capacity is universall. But I wish you a more honest employment, and more worthy of the noblenesse of your wit. I know not, if the discourse that I send you, will be happy enough for that purpose; but I hope, you will neither disapprove the sense, nor the words and contrivance, and that you will not take it ill, that I endeavour to oblige a man, that relates wonders of you in all places where he comes; he may peradventure be one of those, that we shall make good by our kindnesse and benefits. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 24 Feb. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER VII.

SIR,

I Know not what it is in my writings, that deserves your applause and esteem; but I know, that all that I write pleases you, and that you read my words with eyes, capable of all the illusions of friendship. She is the fair and innocent inchantresse, that gives me this power over you; 'tis her Magick, that renders me the onely person in the world, that can over-rule your judgment. And hence it is, that that person, that is able to observe blackness in the Milky way, and imparity even in the body of light, will take no notice of my spots and blemishes. Since it is your pleasure to make me happy, it is not fitting I be too curious, in examining the causes of my good fortune, or seek to enlarge the meanness of my worth, which would upbraid you, with the bad foundation of your love. *Rationem felicitatis nemo reddit.* But what appearance is there, that without any designe or intention, I should have uttered a line, which were worthy of your Heroe. He deserves such commendations, as are carefully chosen, and not to be spoken of without study. You must be as solicitous of his glory, as well as of

that of his fathers; and your Trumpet would better beſit him, then our Reeds. *Abſit itaque ut tam illuſtrem materiam familiari dicendi genere & extemporaneitate noſtrâ violemus.* The danger you tell me, our perfect friend has been in, makes me tremble, and my imagination is hurt with all the inſtruments of Chirurgery, and the cruell remedies you ſpeak of, I wiſh him an abſolute recovery; and the Senate and people of *Parnaſſus*, who have ſo great obligations to him, muſt wean for him, as well as for Princes, the lives of gold and ſilk, whereof I have heard ſo frequent mention, and pray, as for their true benefactor;

De noſtris annis tibi Jupiter augeat annos.

I ſhould be glad to ſee the ſix verſes of the Poet, *Perrin'd with Icicles*; and the Duell of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*, or any thing elſe that paſſes through your Territories. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 1 March, 1641. Your, &c.

LET. VIII.

SIR,

YOur proceſſe continues too long, and your Muſes are injuried, with the delaies of the *Palais*. Such a ſuit would have made me hate the world; and though I am a man of peace, yet I ſhould not dread a military expedition ſo much, as the trouble of your cauſe. Nevertheleſſe, your Philoſophy will ſecure you; and having both to combat with your interiour reſentments, and defend your ſelf againſt a viſible adverſary. *Zeno* will crown your moderation at the ſame time, and *Juſtinian* adjudge you the victory. The Verſes of the Poet *with the rattling beard*, are ſuch as you judge them, and accord with your opinion. The concluſion of the Ode, to Monſieur *de Bullion*, is better then the beginning, but the *Amphitrite* is quite contrary, and falling from its firſt height, is onely ſupported upon two bad legges for it would be too ſevere to call it monſtruous, and to ſay of it, as of other divinities of the Sea, that,

Deſinit in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne.

The

The *Wood* is handſome, but not of perfect beauty, in my judgment; and I ſee ſomething beyond, whether the ſtrength of the Poet did not reach. The communicating of all theſe raricies, would deſerve a formall acknowledgment; but you have long ago commanded me, to ſay no more of your favours, then that I receiv'd them. The firſt diſcourſe that I ſent you of eloquence, ſhall be ſuddainly follow'd with a ſecond, wherein I ſpeak of the critick *Longinus*, and of his Treatiſe περὶ ὕψους, whereof the ſeverall parts deſerve conſideration. 'Tis a ſubject wherewith I am much affected, and have great inclination to it in my fancy, though I dare not pretend to the enjoyment of that high Queen of ſouls.

Hanc qualem neques monſtrare, & ſentio tantum.

Concerning the word, whereof I deſired your opinion; 'tis to deride me, to refer me to my ſelf. Pronounce upon it, I beſeech you; for 'tis the Court that muſt give Law to the Village. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 12 March, 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET. IX.

SIR,

YOu cannot imagine the indignation I have, againſt your perſecutors, and the pity I bear for poor vertue, when fraud drawes her before the Tribunall of Judges. There ought to be nothing for you, but Crowns and rewards, and ſo eminent probity as yours, might even deſerve to be reſpected by malice; but if malice ſhould do that it ought, it would be no longer ſuch; the Woolves will never be really reconciled with the Shepheards flock. And 'tis the order, or rather the confuſion of the things of this world, that there be Tyrants of all degrees, grand, mean, and little; ſome to afflict the publick, and others for the torment and ſcourge of particular perſons. I juſt now writ to Monſieur *de la Nouue*, not as I ought, but as I was able, in the midſt of my diſtempers. I conjure him both by alliance and friendſhip, to take charge of your intereſts as of my life; and I aſſure my ſelf, you will find him not indifferent in the buſineſſe. But how am I miſtaken, in imagining, that any body

will consider me, when the propolall is touching your service. Your name is cherish'd and respected of all the earth, and Monsieur *de la Nague*, who is a man perfectly honest, will look onely upon you, in the good justice he will do you. I have endur'd a fit of more then thirty hours, and all the respite that I can obtain from my anguishes, is onely enough to entreat you to believe, that I am, as of old,

SIR,

Balzac, 22 March, 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET. X.

SIR,

I Perceive I must contest no longer with you, about the worth of my words; they shall be rated at what value you put upon them, and be accounted handsome, since they please you. I would onely desire, they were as strong, as by your favour they are gracefull, and that I had the faculty of healing with my words, as well as, in your belief, I have that of praising; I would not deny so easie remedies at this time, but prepare them with all the skill, whereof I am capable, to the end they might operate more effectually, against the feavour of your friend. It should also be permitted, to make experience in my own person, and the Physitian undertake the cure of himself: But there is no medecine, for such old and obstinate maladies as mine; 'tis here, that the rhetorick of *Demosthenes*, yea and the magick of *Zoroaster*, would manifest the weakness and impotency of their Art. There will certainly come better times then these, and we shall be well one day, at least at the day of the Resurrection, *cum mortale hoc nostrum induet immortalitatem, & in gloriâ resurgemus*, by the grace and mercy of our Lord. I think I sent you my opinion, of the Verses of the Lyrick *Madelenet*; for the others of raillerie, whereof you speak, I have no curiosity to see them. The raillery of this man, alwaies seem'd to me so cold and flat, that it was not possible for me to laugh at it; and if I were in the place where you are, and a necessity lay'd upon me to commend them, 'tis so hard for me to go against my knowledge, that I should rather die at that instant. I am astonished at what I hear, of Doctor *Palemon*; I believ'd that he liv'd onely in spirit, and that he was so perswaded of the immortality of the soul, where-

whereof he ſpeaks ſo much, that he held no longer commerce with his ſenſes: But I perceive, he is one of thoſe hypocriticall Philoſophers, who contented themſelves with diſcourſing of vertue, and never took further pains to follow it. It may pleaſe God to give him better thoughts one day, and poſſibly he has permitted the publication of the ſecret of this brave man, to the end he may hereafter make him a great Saint. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 4 April, 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XI.

SIR,

TO loſe nothing in this bad age, 'tis the onely ſecurity to poſſeſſe nothing. If you have ſuffered great loſſes, 'tis becauſe you had great riches; *Magna opes, amiciſſime Capelle, magna jactura locum faciunt. Quid verò inter opes majus & præſtantius veris & bona fidei amicis?* I will believe the perſon you lament, worthy of your tears; and although his merit be ſufficiently problematicall in the judgement of the people: Yet I know the people is but a bad eſteemer of worth, and their averſion is many times, as unjuſt as their love. But however it be, the King of *Sweden* is dead, and ſo is the Duke of *Weymar*: and if a man out-live War and Combats, he comes at laſt to dye in Feaſts and Triumphs. Let us look upon all men as loſt, or ready to be ſo, and account every hour of our life for Climacterical. Let us expect bad news by each Poſt, and conclude, that the onely means to avoid being afflicted, is to be none of this world. In effect, Sir, we muſt either ſee others periſh, or periſh our ſelves; and therefore, what unreaſonable delicateneſs is it, to be in love with life, and not to be able to endure the appendances that accompany it? and what profit is it to bewail an evill, whereunto all the world cannot afford a remedy? I have long ſince left the Stoicks their inſenſibility; yet am not in the contrary extream. I remember a Rime that begins thus, *Thy tender pity makes me pitty thee*, &c. and flouts the good nature of one of our friends. As I do not approve the heart of ſteel of *Zeno*, and his eyes of Pumice; ſo neither can I commend thoſe that were turn'd into

foun-

fountains, in the Regions of Metamorphoſes, or at leaſt become blear-ey'd all the reſt of their lives. This ſoftneſs cannot befoll a ſoul of that firm conſtitution as yours; ſo that you will not fail to maintain your place between the two extreams, where there is honeſt and aſſured contentment. Your Predeceſſour, Monſieur *de Malherbe*, will tell you, that King *Priam*, King *Francis*, and himſelfe, were comforted; and that it is permitted to every one to doe the like. 'Tis very true as you tell me, that the Princes do at length become weary of the Warre, and that the *Caduci* of my Lords the Nuntio's, will have the virtue to ſeparate the Combatants, who are ſo exaſperated and cruelly animated againſt one another. If his Holineſſe be the Author of this great good, he will receive as many benedictions as he beſtowes, and the Orator *Jean Jaques*, ſhall be commiſſion'd to make him an ample Remercîment in the name of all Chriſtendom. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 April, 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET. XII.

SIR,

ACcording to your cuſtome, you ſet a value upon all that I write, and find a perfection in things that ſcarce reach a mediocrity. 'Tis friendſhip that diſguiſes objects to you, and makes you miſtake appearances for truth. I was indiſpos'd when I writ to Monſieur *de la Mame*; and if there were any thing in my Letter that deſerves your eſteem, it ought to be rather aſcrib'd to fortune, then to me, who contributed no more then a good intention. This, indeed is pure, that I will not deny but it merits your allowance; and you muſt, at leaſt, conſider it as an honeſt and generous inability, which having nothing but deſires to give, will never be accus'd of ſparing them. As for the praiſes which are burthenſome to your modeſty, I beſeech you to believe, that they are neither amplifications, nor common places. I am ſo throughly perſwaded of your vertue, that when I render the like teſtimony of it, I imagine that I am holding up my hand, and ſwearing before a Judge. If the Demon of *Socrates* did report you, all that paſs'd in your abſence, you would know, that I never ſpeak of you, but I am tranſported,

ported, and that in this I imitate the Syb ills, who delivered their predictions with fury. Concerning the other part of your Letter, I declare unto you, that I will not undertake to plead the cauſe of the accuſed; and that I neither juſtifie nor condemn at the firſt ſight. Yet I know, that all the witneſſes againſt him are not ſo faithfull as I, and that the greateſt part of advices, are like Heroick Poets, who upon a ſmall foundation of truth, build a prodigious ſtructure of Lyes. How many wicked minds are there, that wiſh an eternity of the Warre, that are onely fit to break friendſhips, to hinder reconcilements, and to cheriſh and improve the ſeeds of hatred. But the buſineſſe muſt be further cleared, and our judgments ſuſpended till then. I know not what to ſay concerning Monſieur *Conrart*, but onely that old word, which I have repeated ſo often, *I ſhall live and dye in my ingratitude*. He is exceſſivly obliging, and unleſſe I have your aſſiſtance, to acquit me from ſo many engagements, I confeſſe I am inſolent; and I yield him up my words, which are the onely goods of a poor Rhetorician. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 1 May, 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET. XIII.

SIR,

YOu remember what the Crow ſaid of old upon the Capitol,

Eſt bene non potuit dicere, dixit erit.

She is in the ſame note at this day; and therefore let us hope well for the future. Let us judge favourably of our affairs in *Germany*, and not imagine, that the fortune of our Army is dead, with its firſt Generall; at leaſt, let us content our ſelves with preſent loſſes, and the miſeries that arive every hour. Calamities come faſt enough, without being anticipated by our fears; as it alſo continues to long, although we take no pains to preſerve it in our memories. I expect the book of Monſieur *de la Chambre*, with much zeal and devotion, ſince we are now entred upon the holy week; without doubt, he has made ſome new diſcoveries touching the Paſſions, for he long ſince deſign'd them an argument for his pen, and told me, he would treat of them, as a Phyſician,

and in another way then that of *Ariſtotle*. He has a wit piercing and confident, and a ſtyle not unpleaſing. When I was at *Paris*, he gave me a view of a great ſtore of his excellent Merchandiſes. So that to do well, he needs underſtand no more, then to make a good choice, wherein the goodneſs of his judgment will ſecure him from errour. But, I beſeech you, who is the Author of the French Verities, that did me the favour to ſend me his books? The ſame day I receiv'd them, they were taken from me by a friend; ſo that having not yet read them, I cannot tell you my opinion of their worth. In the mean time, be pleaſed to let him know, that I am obliged to him for his preſent, and give him all the thanks I am able. I am more troubled for the health of our dear Monſieur, the Abbot of *Bois-Robert*, then for my penſion. If by your credit and his, it happen to be paid, this little ſuccour will come conveniently, to repair ſome breaches of the laſt year: But I ought to thank none but you and him for it, ſince you will procure me a thing, which was not ſo much in my thoughts as to ask it. I was formerly yours by abundance of titles, but I ſhall moreover be now ſo, by that of your moſt humble Penſioner. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 12 May, 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET. XIV.

SIR,

Since I every day receive new teſtimonies of your affection, I am obliged to expreſſe my acknowledgments as often. Did I not readily embrace them, I ſhould be an enemy of mine own happineſſe. Your tender inclinations are the fountains, from whence I continually draw comfort to my miſeries. But the condition of Monſieur *de Benguiere*, renders him incapable of receiving any. I did not write you ſuch words, as that I conſented with the people, in that which concerns his reputation; for I could never favour the injuſtice that has been done him, by ſome perſons miſ-informed; yet I am glad, that I have given occaſion for an apology of a dozen lines. You defend his life more vigorouſly, then I related you his death; and having moſt judiciouſly alledged the examples of many illuſtrious unfortunate perſons, 'tis infinite pleaſure to ſee, how roughly you deal with the Beaſt of many heads, and intereſt almoſt all perſons

persons of honesty on your side, against her. Every drop of blood that remains in the veins of the old Jesuit, is clear and sprightly, and even his declining is full of lustre and glory. But is it not strange, that the name you know of, should be as essentiall in Verses, as those of the Saints in the Testaments? and that it must be thrust into all compositions, whether good or bad, and to the purpose or otherwise? I am confident, he will be the first, that will deride these extravagances; and as he deserves infinite commendations, so he desires, that the praises bestow'd on him be not ridiculous and impertinent. I am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

LETTER XV.

SIR,

I Have read your Letter of the two and twentieth of the last month, not onely with joy but profit, and have already provided those prospectives of your invention, which I intend to use upon opportunity of time and place. It is indeed sometimes good, to be a creature lesse reasonable; and too curious providence gives us trouble, by adding the evills of our imagination, to those which really afflict us. But, under your pardon, Sir, I do not believe you one of those, that use to be sick by anticipation; and to what end were your philosophicall reason, which corrects common apprehension, unlesse it enabled you to contemn all that, which others fear, hope, admire, &c. I have at last received the excellent Book of Monsieur *de la Chambre*, and am now about the middle of it; I could wish it were as great a volume, as *Calepin*, to give me a more durable contentment. I protest to you, I never read any thing with greater pleasure, or that affected me more sensibly. Some others have heretofore furnish'd us with pieces of brokage, and disguised translations; but he presents us with a true and perfect Originall. And if all the parts of Philosophy were made French in this manner, *non esset cur Græcia suos Platones, Xenophontes, & Theophrastos invideremus.* I know not how I came to omit *Aristotle* here; whose acuteneſse I also observe in it, and his methodicall style, so necessary to the inquiry and clearing of truth. In my opinion, the Latin of *Celsus* is not more gracefull, then his French; *Imò verò tersam & elegantem di-*

ſtionem,

Sionem, ipſe gratia videntur mihi iis manibus formâſſe quibus, ut vos vos Poeta vultis. Domina veneri miniſtrant. As for my ſelf, I would willingly ſay ſomething to our Heroeſſe, upon the ſubject of the *Bruti, Scævolæ, Camilli, Fabritii, Scipiones, Catones, Cæſares, & Mecenates*; but this requires more cheerfulneſſe, then I am owner of. And unleſſe you entreat your God of ſpirit and light, to diſpell thoſe clouds and ſadneſſes that oppreſſe my ſoul, all that's there will languiſh with more night and darkneſſe, then is imaginable in caves and dungeons. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 15 June, 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVI.

SIR,

IT ſeemes, the great diſcourſe has been diſplayed at *Rambouillet* Hoſtel, and you had courage enough to read it, as well as Monſieur *de Voiture* patience to attend it. This is indeed too much already, and I dare not believe the reſt, nor imagine, that I merited thoſe acclamations you ſpeak of. Thoſe Ladies are for the ſublimity of eloquence, and cannot reliſh the meanneſſe of mine; *Demoſthenes* is a more agreeable Author to them, then I, and they have rather applauded the Text then the Preacher. I have conſidered what you write me of the ironical Doctor, and I ſhall one of theſe dayes know, *An ſit deplorata ſalutis, aut ad meliorem frugem redire poſſit.* In the mean time, I will communicate to you, what I lately read of *Florent Chreſtien*, who was almoſt of our mans humour; *Adeò ut adoleſcentiæ annos nondum egreſſus, Ronſardum ipſum jam tum inſigni laude florentem, mordaci & amarulento Poemate lacceſſeret; quam ætatis intemperantiam ſummus ille vir, quâ erat animi magnitudine, non modo contempſit, verum etiam doctiſſimi adoleſcentis ingenium exoſculatus, in amicitiam illum avidiſſimè recepit.* The difference between them is, that this has paſſed his fiftieth year, and his obloque is a diſeaſe, and not youth; nevertheleſſe, it is poſſible he may be converted, and perhaps will tranſlate ſome of our pieces, or make us honourable amends in ſome other faſhion; we ſhall ſee the event. I heard a report, that the Lord *Paul Pieſque* is at Court, and that he undertakes the affair of the Peace; if ſo, I ſhall hope good ſucceſſe, for he is an Angel in negotiations, and not a man,

man; and I believe, all the world cannot afford another perſon ſo pliable, dextrous, and intelligent, as he. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 14 June, 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XVII.

SIR,

I Am of late become deaf to the bruit of applauſe, and inſenſible of all the allurements of glory. Yet I have very quick reſentments of friendſhip, and it is that which makes ſomethings pretious to me, which otherwiſe in themſelves I ſhould look upon as indifferent. Therefore the praiſes of ſtrangers do no longer pleaſe me as formerly. I call them of ſtrangers, with diſtinction from yours; whereof I am never glutted, *tam gratum eſt à te laudari*. All the reliſh that I finde in the elogies of others, proceeds from the ſeaſoning that you give them. 'Tis not Monſieur *de Thou* that deſcribes *Florent Chreſtien* ſo graphically, but one of his friends. *Secvola nempe Sammarthanus in aureolo Elogiorum libello, digno, me judice, omnium Bemborum & ſadoletorum invidiâ.* But are you ſerious, when you ſpeak of *Ronſard*, and give him the title of Grand? or is it onely out of modeſty, and to oppoſe his greatneſſe to your tenuity? As for me, I eſteem him not great, except in the ſenſe of the old proverb, *Magnus liber, magnum malum*; and I have declared as much in one of my latin Letters, which you ſuffered to paſſe, without making any oppoſition. Since the thing is done, there is no place left for denial; and Monſieur *de Malherbe*, Monſieur *de Graſſe*, and your ſelf, muſt come into the number of ſmall Poets, if he be allow'd to paſſe for great. I dare not preſume to give ſo much trouble to Monſieur the Abbot of *Bois Robert*, who could not bear it, without notable prejudice to his health. Oblige me therefore to tell him, when you ſee him, that provided he recover, and God preſerve me ſo dear a friend, I will no more lament my particular unhappineſſes, or thoſe of the times. If he ſhould hereupon offer to make me a complement of two lines, I conjure you to reſtrain him from it by violence, and do not ſuffer, that I become the occaſion of a ſecond malady, which would add nothing to the aſſurance I have already of his affection. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 1 July, 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LETTER XVIII.

SIR,

SO long as you preach in this manner, I shall take great pleasure to be of your parish; and you need not fear I will ever complain, that Monsieur *Curat* is too tedious. All that you say is extreamly handsome, and the little *Astyanax* smiles, not onely on his father *Hector*, when he is going to die by the hand of *Achilles*, but also upon *Ulysses* his executioner, as he casts him headlong from the Tower. Nor does the Swine make good chear onely in the tempest, whilst men are at their prayers and vowes; but at the same time the knife is put to his throat, he knowes not whether he is tickled or hurt. O free and naturall Philosophy! much less artificiall and dissembled, then that of the Philosopher *Polemon*! We professe one sort, as you say excellently, that was discover'd for the ruine of all others. Let us follow its maxims, and the doctrine of the Gospell, and we shall have compassion of all Sects and Sectaries. I read with joy that article of your Letter, wherein you speak of Monsieur the Abbot *de la Victoire*, and am infinitely pleased with the renovation of that society. *Nobile certè par, sed utinam per Balæcium impar.* Besides the affection I bear him, there is scarce a Prelate in all our Hierarchy, of whom I set a higher value. His ordinary communication is, in my opinion, beyond the meditated speeches of most of our Gentlemen. Live happy, and pitty the condition of your friend, who am destitute of the enjoyment of either of you here, and cry incessantly to the Trees and Rocks, as heretofore,

Frustrà revocabere votis.

I am with all manner of respect,

SIR,

Balzac. 12 July, 1641. Your, &c.

LET. XIX.

SIR,

I Have told you a thousand times, and tell you this one more, that you alwaies discover reason in whatever place it is hidden. I know not what opinion *Cicero* had of glory, in the books that he made; but I am confident, Praise is worth

worth neither more nor leſſe, then as you rate it; you have ſet it at a juſt priee, and not onely the rigour of Philoſophy, but even Chriſtian humility, might daim to taſte it of your preparation. I think, he on whom people caſt their eyes, for inſtructor to the Prince, is the ſame whom they deſire to employ, in the negotiation of the Peace. Theſe thoughts do him no injury, and the deſtination, that judges him worthy of ſo high and important affairs, ought not to diſpleaſe him, though he have no deſigne to undertake them. My judgment herein ſhall alwaies conform to his. And be it, that he go to *Collen*, or lodge in the Palace-Royall, or keep himſelf in his Cloſet, I will believe, he could not poſſibly do better then he will choſe to do. Monſieur *de la Mothe le Vayer*, has taught me many things, whereof I was ignorant, and confirm'd me in ſome that I knew before. There cannot be a work more rich and abſolute then his, and he has infinitely obliged me with his preſent. I beſeech you to aſſure him, of my acknowledgments for this favour, and preſerve me in his good opinion. You ſee, Sir, it is by you, that I entertain commerce with honeſt men; and I am priz'd by them, onely according to the eſteem you make of me. But there can nothing be added to my gratitude, for your goodneſſe, and I am more perfectly then any perſon in the world,

SIR,

Balzac, 25 July, 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XX.

SIR,

YOu may write to me in haſte, as long as you pleaſe, and beſtow what appellation you will upon the things, you do me the honour to ſend me. *Divina reſponſa, propoſitiones æternæ veritatis*; and if there were any terms more noble, I ſhould employ them upon this occaſion. It is certain, that a genius and judgment, are the two eſſentiall parts of a Poet; and I reſt ſatisfied, with all that you have told me thereupon. But having ſubmitted my ſelf intirely to your authority, you would have me a little content my reaſon. Permit me therefore to read *Ronſard* again over, for upon the laſt reading,

ding, I thought him rather the matter and beginning of a Poet, then one accomplish'd; and in the fire wherewith his imagination was heated, there was much lesse of flame, then smoak and soot. You know the fancy of the late Monsieur *de Malherbe*, that blotted out a whole Volume with his own hand, and did not pardon one syllable; I do not approve his rigour so universall. But if all the Sonnets, all the Tragicodie, and all the Odes were lost, I think, I should no need much comfort against my sorrow. I have written a Latine to Monsieur *Sirmon*, what I conceived both of the one and the other; I mean, of the Martyr and the Tyran, *Ronsard* and *Malherbe*. Be pleased for my sake, to read the part over again, and send me your opinion of it, to the end I may know if mine be right, and I may hold me to it. I am ravish'd with the second article of your Letter, and cannot sufficiently commend the judgment, prudence, and magnanimity, which you manifest in the Treaty, whereof I made the overture. I hope the successe will be happy, and that you will have no cause, either to reproach my credulity, or repent the confidence you have put in me. God forbid I should have a designe to deceive you; I have all the most assurances that can be had, of the faith of another. And if I were not certain, that I bestow a try'd friend upon you, I should not be so forward, to be the instrument of the new friendship, which I propose you; if any evill ever come of it, *Dii in me convertant*. I am passionately,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 August, 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXI.

SIR,

I Am not very healthfull, and yet you must know, that amidst my grief, I have been guilty of an infidelity, (*quæso verba mea amicissime & elegantissime Capellane*) for I have been with another fire then yours; you will discover it in the Letter I writ to Monsieur *Menage*, which is full of passion. Be pleased to tell him, that I have answer'd him in the vulgar language, for the same reason that *Statius*, being to speak of Lucan, durst not venture to do it in heroick Verse:

As

Ego, saith he, *non potui majorem tanti authoris habere reverentiam, quàm quod Laudes ejus dicturus Hexametros meos timui.* I fear'd as much for my Latine, and did not think it worthy to be oppos'd, to that of his excellent Letter; although in the Apostill, I forgot my self more then once, and deliver'd both Prose and Verse in that Mistresse of Tongues; but according to my custome, more out of caprichio, then designe. Since he is as earnestly desirous, to see his name in my Letters, as *Cicero* was to see his, in the Histories of *Lucceius*, and borrowes his words, *Ardeo cupiditate incredibili rerum meum &c.* to signifie his intention; I beseech you to tell him, that I love him so well, that though I abhor every thing that is called a Letter, I will for his sake print a Volume; *Et quidem brevi, ut primo quoque tempore compos fiat voti non ambitiosi.* You have no cause to wonder, that I am a sworn confederate, of the excellent persons you speak of. Were it your pleasure, I would side with my enemies, if I have any yet remaining. And how can it be, that I should not esteem goddesses upon your recommendation, who am ready at your instance, to compose Hymns upon the Harpyes. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 22 Aug. 1647. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXII.

SIR,

YOu ever make the two hardest parts of the argument, and leave me onely the pains to draw out the consequence. Let this glorious liberty flourish, and let us dethrone all Tyranny in the affairs of Philosophy. You speak admirably, that *our reason ought to yield obedience to nothing but reason*, and that *Authority is a yoak, which Religion onely has right to impose upon the judgments of men.* Upon these considerations, I shall take the freedome, to dissent sometimes from the Paradoxes of *Zeno*, to debate the opinions of *Aristotle*, and to question the maxims of *Aristippus*, especially when he speaks Latin, to a man that understands it not. For the Letter of Monsieur ——— which I send you, I had much ado to arive at the end of it; it seemed longer to me then the

Ecclesiastes, the *Proverbs*, and the book of *Wisdom*; yea, then that stupendious volume, wherein he treated of the Universe, and the properties of all Plants. Is it possible, that a man should write Letters of supererogation, to another man that he knowes not: and that the same man should have an imagination, strong enough to perswade himself, that he knowes that man, and that he received Letters from him, and the History of the Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, and communicated his own with him. Without question, this is one of my Antipodes, and of a contrary nature to the negligent person, that never writes Letters when civility requires it, or his affairs urge it, or even necessity seems to enforce it; I had almost slipt a great word, nor when Monsieur *Chapelain* appoints it, which is more powerfull with me, then necessity it self. But you say nothing of Monsieur *l'Huilier*, who is an antient Roman disguis'd, and makes Elogies of neer resemblance with those of *Ovid*; I would gladly see them at the end of the life of his friend, Monsieur *du Peiresk*, with all the pomp and gallantry of the Impression. I had delivered your three Italian Books to Monsieur *Girard*, if he had taken my house in his passage, according to his promise: But I hear, he was necessitated by his occasions, to go another way. He will not be backward, to enjoy the honour of your company, and verifie all that I have said or written of him, at several times. I have added five or six Verses to the last Latin Letter, which I writ to Monsieur *Maynard*, wherein you will perceive, that I spend all my gall against the old Court of *Rome*, to the end I may take away all ambiguity and equivocation. *Scis enim iis temporibus Poëta objectum esse, quod Agamemnoni maledixisset.* I am,

SIR,

Balzac 25. Aug. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXIII.

SIR,

THe pains which I endure, make my complaints perpetuall; there is nothing of the Comedian in the relation I make you of them; and there passes not a day, but I have cause to exclaim against Physick, which affords me no re-

redreſſe. You may judge from hence, if thoſe that ſend me kind Letters, have reaſon to require anſwers from me in the ſame ſtrain; and if the complement which I ſent you, for the great ——— is not more then he ought to expect, conſidering his quality, and my diſtempers. But if he be diſtaſted at it, the repoſe and ſilence I ſhall enjoy, will comfort me, for the loſſe of a talkative and ambitious friendſhip. Nevertheleſſe, I will not yet condemn him; and its poſſible, he may become one of your converts, for there is ſcarce any that approaches you, but is made an honeſter man by it. I am obliged to Monſieur the Counſellour of *Tholouze*, for his Latin traduction. You may be aſſured by that, of the richneſſe of your Verſe, ſince he returns you nothing but gold for them, and four words for one. I never heard before of that learned Dutch Lady, and I confeſſe, I am ſurpriſed with her Epigram; There is in it both ſenſe and Latin, and the Roman *Sulpitia* could not have made a better, upon the equivocall tranſlation of *Aſtrea*. As for her Hebrew, I humbly kiſſe her hands. But is it alſo true, that Madam ——— undertakes to play the Rabbin, and that ſhe ſtudies the *Talmud*, inſtead of ſaying her Oraiſons? Truly this is excellent, and ſhe will triumph over the Italian and Spaniſh of other Ladies. The *Hiſtory* of Monſieur *Grotius* will be handſome unqueſtionably, and his Politicks cannot be bad. I have ſeen a book of his compoſing, *de Antiquitate Reip. Batavica*, after which I held him capable of all things. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 30 Aug. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXIV.

SIR,

YOu receive this from the Monſieur *Girard*, whom I ſo often promiſed you, and who came on purpoſe to *Balzac* to have his paſſport, being not willing, as he ſaid, to preſent himſelf before you, without one of my Letters. I will not here repeat his, becauſe I do not diſtruſt your memory; nor tell you any thing new of him, having left him in perfect health, the laſt time I ſaw him. I will onely tell you, that he ſeemes to me deſerving of your friendſhip, and that in

this transaction, I give you not much leſſe then I demand of you. Good men are ſo rare, that ſometimes it is difficult to find half a one in a whole Nation. I ſee a great deal of complaiſeney and politeneſſe on every ſide, but I can ſcarce diſcover any ſtrength or ſolidity. Notwithſtanding, this perſon is no rough Diamond, he has been cut with ſo much art, and by the hands of ſo great a Maſter, who looks upon him, as one of his principall pieces of workmanſhip, that you cannot but acknowledge, the faſhion well worthy of the matter. If you had not believ'd me upon my word, I could have produc'd you ſeverall great witneſſes, and alledged *St Auguſtine*, *Ariſtotle*, and the Count *Balthazar*; that is, in the vulgar tongue, Monſieur *de Lyſieux*, Monſieur *Silhon*, and Monſieur *de Voiture*. After all this, your approbation is neceſſary, without which, the depoſition of a Father of the Church, the ſoveraign reaſon of the *Lyceum*, and the extream delicacy of the Court, are not ſufficient confirmations of an honeſt man. His dear brother is my daily comforter, and I cannot expreſſe to you the advantage that I receive, from his ingenious amity. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 6 Septemb. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXV.

SIR,

MAy I believe, that my melancholly is prophetical, and that my Grace ſpeaks Greek; that my praiſes make the iron face of the Epicure *Colotes* bluſh, and that my Letters received the applauſes of a company, that aſſembles twice a day, to hiſſe at all the reſt of *France*? Since you have ſolemnly affirm'd it, there is no room for incredulity; and I dare not ſuſpect the leaſt part of untruth, where your credit is concern'd. But theſe fine things pleaſe me no further, then you approve them. It is certain, they had their birth in pain and ſorrow, amongſt complaints and ſad faces. In that miſerable condition, from which I am but ſeldom free, I do not fail of comfort, as often as I contemplate your face, and think of your affection, and that of Monſieur *de Voiture*.

It

Be pleased to assure him, Sir, of the vehemency and constancy of my passion, and that I esteem him in all Languages that he speaks, and that my note-books are full of the excellent things, which he has told me. I must acknowledge, that the thanks you intend to render in person, to Monsieur *Menage*, is a favour suitable to your goodnesse, which is so industrious, in seeking new wayes and manners to oblige me. I shall make good my engagement, you need not scruple it. But I must crave your assistance, to render the volume more uniform, and the return of some of my Letters in your hands, which may be communicated to the publick, without profaning our mysteries. As I apprehend, you ought to content the passion of Monsieur the Ambassadour, who desires your *Pucelle*, too violently to be refused; she will not be in danger of her honour, with so vertuous a person; and what means have you to resist that, *furtim, clàm, precario, dummodo potiar.* I am eternally,

SIR,

Balzac, 16 Septemb. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LETTER XXVI.

SIR,

I Am much obliged to you for those things, for which, according to your custome, you make excuses. After an entertainment, that might befit *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, you are ashamed of your good cheer. As for me, it gave infinite contentment; and could I do it honestly, and without incivility, I would conjure you, to persecute and annoy me alwayes in that manner. The royalty of reason could not be more stoutly maintained, against the usurpation of authority. And notwithstanding your endeavour, to hide and represse the power and vigour of your eloquence, yet there breaks from you such rayes and evidences of it, as did of courage and manhood from *Achilles*, when disguis'd in the habit of a virgin. Thus we repay the censures, which the vulgar passe upon us; and neither the respect of number, nor the continued series of Ages, nor the good fortune of Sects and Schooles, are able to misguide us in our sentence. That which you say of *the soveraignty of Reason, and the seat of her*

Empire, of her dresses and attendants, and the Grotto whither she retires, &c. What is all this, Sir, but to proclaim a truth magnificently, and to attire your Queen with purple and cloth of gold. But to passe from the Throne of this Queen, to her Chariot of Triumph; that is, from your Prose to your Verse, wherein your Virgin transcends the splendour and glory, of all conquerours of the other sex, and is no lesse beholding to your Pen, than her own Sword. In requitall of your French, I have sent you some Latin numbers, which your Letter told me you desired; but instead of six Verses, which I formerly mentioned, you may perceive them multiplyed to thirty. Perhaps they will please such as know the Court of *Rome*, as you do, and have seen the ambitious poverty of its Courtiers, where there is choice of Cavaliers of five or six sorts for attendants, at the rate of a *Julio* a piece by the day; with which miserable pittance, they quiet their eager appetites. But, as I conjecture, that which will least displease you, is my *Bacchus Laborans*, who does no longer remember that he was once a conquerour, and the three goddesses that accompany him. One, half-learn'd, and that never heard, but of *Priapus*, or at most of *Vertumnus*, will haply wonder to see *Venus* in the place, that he thinks belongs to them; but not you, Sir, who have shown me, *Hortos olim tutela Veneris assignatos, Plauto & Plinio testibus: & meminisse etiam illud Nevii.*

Coquus edit Neptunum & Venerem & Cererem.

Pisces nempe, olera, & panem. I forbear to speak any thing of *Neptune*, because we are more then twenty leagues distant from the Sea. The tongue of *du Moustier* has already discharg'd all its venome against me, and he has nothing now to do, but to enjoy the fruits of his old malice. But you remember, Sir, the place that designes him; for me-thinks I speak innocently, that the pourtrait of *Phylarque* was drawn, by the Painter of Heroes and Heroesses, since he styles himself amongst other titles, the Painter of the King and Queen. If these words are injurious, I have no understanding in quarrells or injuries. And I would ask of *Socrates* himself, what is calmesse and moderation, if this be not wholly such. He that term'd him heretofore an Artificer, and

and his Closet a Shop, us'd him more rudely. But as he made himself pleasant in appearance, with his resentments of that reproach, so shall I do really with his despair. I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Octob. 1641. Your, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

SIR,

YOu see, I do not promise true Diamonds, with designe of putting false upon you; and that I need not fear the threats of that sentence, so often thundred out by *Petrus Valens*, in the Chair of *Boncour*;

Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam aspice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.

Nevertheless, Sir, I must assure you, that the glory of my judgment is not so dear to me, as that of my friend; and that I affect Monsieur *Girard* more then you believe, upon his own peculiar merit, rather then the recommendation of others. He is a person of extraordinary value, and you will understand him further, in the progresse of your commerce. But I am glad of the happy meeting of Monsieur *l' Huilier*, in that first conference, whose name rejoyces me, in what place soever of your Letters I meet it. As for the fat person, I will believe, that he spoke to you in earnest, and without fiction; and therefore you may please to tell him, that he shal be more then once in the Volume, that I am purposely composing for Monsieur *Menage*; He shall likewise have a room in my Latin, and in my Discourses: And if he loves me onely for putting him in print, I think this will be enough to satisfie his vanity, and by consequence to redouble his affection. I could wish also, that you would do me the favour to certifie Messieurs *de Maire*, with the help of some kinde of Trunk, (for I dare not request this trouble so frequently) that I honour and estoem them infinitely. They are persons that have given me high testimonies of their friendship, and from whom I have received a thousand civilities.

And

And you know, that the Muſes, are the daughters of Jupiter, &c. and that,

A brave and generous vertue makes them hate,
Above all other faults, to be ingrate.

He, of the two brothers that is ſtyled the Cavalier, is a Poet, and underſtands Latin, in the ſubtlety and delicacy of it. I remember the ingenious obſervations he made, upon many paſſages in the Poets, which I had never conſider'd. I importune you, Sir, to love, not a little, as mild natures do, but violently, and with all your power,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Octob. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXVIII.

SIR,

BY the laſt Poſt, I received the diſcourſe and the Verſes, you were pleaſed to ſend me; I have a great obligation to you for them, but yet a greater, for four lines I read in your Letter, then for all beſides in the Packet. You was ſcrupulous, of letting it come into my hands, and there was a great combat hereupon, between your inclination, and your engagement. Theſe words, Sir, are infinitely obliging, although they ſhould not be true; but being moſt certainly ſo, they affect me very ſenſibly, and I declare unto you, that I am ſufficiently comforted for all my afflictions, by the preference that you give me above all the world, in the honour of your friendſhip. That which the famous Drinker told you, hath freed me from my jealouſie and unquiet; for as affection is ingenious to preſage ill, and ever concludes to the worſt, I did already apprehend ſomething more fatall, then a rheume. I was in fear, that our friend was gone a longer voyage then he promiſed; or, if you pleaſe, that I ſpeak leſſe vulgarly, I miſdoubted, that *Menander*, the maſter of Epigrams, was gone to finde *Menander* the writer of Comedies; I mean onely of his death, for God forbid that I ſhould aſſigne him the ſame place of reſidence in the other

life.

life. The nineteenth of this month is past, and four daie would have brought him from his own house to *Balzac* This is a cause of new trouble, unlesse he come speedily, or make me understand the reason of his delay. The inclemency of the season is an excuse too allowable to detain him. And though I passionately desire to see him, yet I know not, if I ought to wish a person so dear to me, expos'd unto all the injuries of an intemperate aire, and that at the age of neer sixty yeers: he should sleight the menaces of the god *Feretrig'd with Icycles*, & Winter with his rattling beard, which another Poet calls, The god of old age. My Stationer lately sent me a Treatise of Monsieur *de Priesac*, wherein I have observed a great number of rarities. Whatever he delivers of his own invention, is alwaies good; and he appropriates so handsomely, that which he borrowes from antiquity, that it is hard to distinguish the forrain from the native. His style is otherwise noble, and he has nothing of the barbarity of our Provinces. But besides all this, it must be confess'd, that he improves his art to admiration, and that as often as he has occasion to use the Civill Law, he does it in such manner, that the most dry and thorny pieces, become flourishing and glorious in his hands, and that even they read him with delight; *qui voluptatis tantum causâ legunt*, and have gust for nothing but Romances. As soon as you meet him, I beseech you assure him of my humble service; and moreover, if you please, that my esteem and my affection are two separate things; and 'tis not for love of him, that I commend the Book of his that was sent me. I should be glad to see the oratoriall Prose, of Monsieur *de St. Blancet*; he has both wit and confidence, and *si peccat, imitatione tantum peccat*, I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 29 Novemb. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET.

And you know, that the Muſes, are the daughters of Jupiter, &c. and that,

A brave and generous virtue makes them hate,
Above all other faults, to be ingrate.

He, of the two brothers that is ſtyled the Cavalier, is a Poet, and underſtands Latin, in the ſubtlety and delicacy of it. I remember the ingenious obſervations he made, upon many paſſages in the Poets, which I had never conſider'd. I importune you, Sir, to love, not a little, as mild natures do, but violently, and with all your power,

SIR,

Balzac, 20 Octob. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET. XXVIII.

SIR,

BY the laſt Poſt, I received the diſcourſe and the Verſes, you were pleaſed to ſend me; I have a great obligation to you for them, but yet a greater, for four lines I read in your Letter, then for all beſides in the Packet. You was ſcrupulous, of letting it come into my hands, and there was a great combat hereupon, between your inclination, and your engagement. Theſe words, Sir, are infinitely obliging, although they ſhould not be true; but being moſt certainly ſo, they affect me very ſenſibly, and I declare unto you, that I am ſufficiently comforted for all my afflictions, by the preference that you give me above all the world, in the honour of your friendſhip. That which the famous Drake told you, hath freed me from my jealouſie and unquiet; for as affection is ingenious to preſage ill, and ever concludes to the worſt, I did already apprehend ſomething more fatall, then a rheume. I was in fear, that our friend was gone a longer voyage then he promiſed; or, if you pleaſe, that I ſpeak leſſe vulgarly, I miſdoubted, that *Menander*, the maker of Epigrams, was gone to finde *Menander* the writer of Comedies; I mean onely of his death, for God forbid that I ſhould aſſigne him the ſame place of reſidence in the other

ſide.

lde. The nineteenth of this month is paſt, and four daie would have brought him from his own houſe to *Balzac* This is a cauſe of new trouble, unleſſe he come ſpeedily, or make me underſtand the reaſon of his delay. The inclemency of the ſeaſon is an excuſe too allowable to detain him. And though I paſſionately deſire to ſee him, yet I know not, if I ought to wiſh a perſon ſo dear to me, expos'd unto all the injuries of an intemperate aire, and that at the age of neer ſixty yeers: he ſhould ſlight the menaces of the god *Petewig'd with locks*, & Winter with his ratling beard, which another Poet calls, The god of old age. My Stationer lately ſent me a Treatiſe of Monſieur *de Priſot*, wherein I have obſerved a great number of rarities. Whatever he delivers of his own invention, is alwaies good; and he appropriates ſo handſomely, that which he borrowes from antiquity, that it is hard to diſtinguiſh the forrain from the native. His ſtyle is otherwiſe noble, and he has nothing of the barbarity of our Provinces. But beſides all this, it muſt be confeſs'd, that he improves his art to admiration, and that as often as he has occaſion to uſe the Civill Law, he does it in ſuch manner, that the moſt dry and thorny pieces, become flouriſhing and glorious in his hands, and that even they read him with delight; *qui voluptatis tantum cauſâ legunt*, and have guſt for nothing but Romances. As ſoon as you meet him, I beſeech you aſſure him of my humble ſervice; and moreover, if you pleaſe, that my eſteem and my affection are two ſeparate things; and 'tis not for love of him, that I commend the Book of his that was ſent me. I ſhould be glad to ſee the oratoriall Proſe, of Monſieur *de St. Blancart*; he has both wit and confidence, and *ſi peccat, imitatione tantum peccat.* I am,

SIR,

Balzac, 29 Novemb. 1641. *Tour, &c.*

LET.

LETTER XXIX.

SIR,

YOu never make any excursions, but you perform the most graceful & exact courses in the world; or, to speak better in your own figure, you never preach, without the extreme edification of your auditors. *Non apte tantum ad persuadendum dicis, verum omnino persuades, neque usquam à te nisi melior & doctior, &c.* If *Totila* were here, I would proceed further, and after my fashion, examine your reason, and all the anti-reasons that counterfeit and act it. But with fortune for you and your reason, I employ my own bad hand, which is soon weary of my service. You are, Sir, to me, not onely in the place of *Augustus* and *Mecænas*, but also of *Agrippa*, *Asinius Pollio*, *Messala Corvinus*, and all the rest of that gallant and learned Court. Therefore if you approve my compositions, that approbation alone does Crown me; and I shall say to you, as to one of those great ones, *Quod si me Latiis vatibus inseres, Sublimi feriam sydera vertice. Quam vis, ut de Latiis taceam, inepti sunt populares nostri?* And how groundlesse are the suspicions of ——— when he is jealous of your enterprises, and imagines himself worthy of your envy. I have no remembrance of the Letter, out of which he takes occasion of such regret. But this is an affair of great importance, both in respect of himself, and his Antagonist. There are more opinionated fools, in the little houses, besides these discoverers of plots and designes. Nevertheless, since we are obliged to give every one as much satisfaction, as we are able; if, I say, *the people talk* so, or *the report runs*, instead of speaking affirmatively, you may believe it a sufficient qualifying, to satisfie the suspitious. For, as you know, the greatest part of reports are not free from falshood, and many things are told me every day, that are not true. I am,

SIR,

Rodez, 3 Novemb. 1641. *Your, &c.*

LET.

LETTER XXX.

SIR,

MY friendſhip is ever inconſiderable, and although it were not troubleſome, yet it is ſo barren and unprofitable, that it cannot be eſteemed of any value, but by one that is wholly diſ-intereſſed from it. But as for yours, how infinitely precious is it! I dare not engage my ſelf into a matter, ſo vaſt and ſpatious; and it ſuffices me to tell you, as I am wont, that it is the onely joy of my life, and all the delight of my ſoul. So that although I move not out of my own juriſdiction, and am forc'd to deliberate concerning the journey of a league, I ſhall become man enough, to creep as far as *Paris*, for the onely deſire I have to ſee you; where I will appear on a ſuddain in your chamber, and break out of the cloud with theſe words, *Coram quem diligis adſum*, with a deſigne too of continuing ſome time with you; but abſolutely *incognito*, and without diſcovering my ſelf to any other whatſoever. Then it ſhall be, that we will ſurvey all the graces and beauties of the Virgin, to our wiſh; and I wil give him cauſe that ſhal write your life, to inform poſterity, that a poor Paralytick went from the River of *Charenta*, on purpoſe to hear the melody of the Swan of *Seine*. Is it not true, Sir, that the Hiſtory of the Man of *Calis*, is not very excellent? And do not you believe, that I have more eſteem and paſſion for you, then he had for *Livy*. He that I term'd the vertuous man, appear'd ſuch to me, the day that I gave him that title; but another time, I ſhall poſſibly call him by another name, becauſe he may appear in another ſhape, or I look upon him with other eyes. So it is, that I will not warrant my courteſies, or undertake to make good any thing, except what I ſay of you. *Non enim hic prolixus laudator, ſed juratus teſtis Balzacius eſt.* The divers employments that Monſieur *Girard* has for his Maſter, are without doubt nothing, but the jealous and treacherous perſons, of whom you complain, and who have detain'd him from giving you a ſecond viſit. His brother, to whom, with your conſent, I ſhew all your Letters, has not fail'd to repreſent him your diſcontentments, and the diffidence which you have taken as unjuſtly againſt your ſelfe, as you expreſſe it agreeably and with applauſe. The rigour of the weather hinders me from

from saying more to you at this time; for this winter kills me, and I am ready to choose my habitation in the fire. I call it not onely rough and troublesome, but cruell, unmercifull, Scythian, Swedish, and Norwegian: If it continues thus, I shall be constrained to take my leave of you, till the mid spring of the next year. I am passionately,

SIR,

Balzac, 28 Decemb. 1641. *Your, &c.*

The End of the Sixth Book.

FINIS.
